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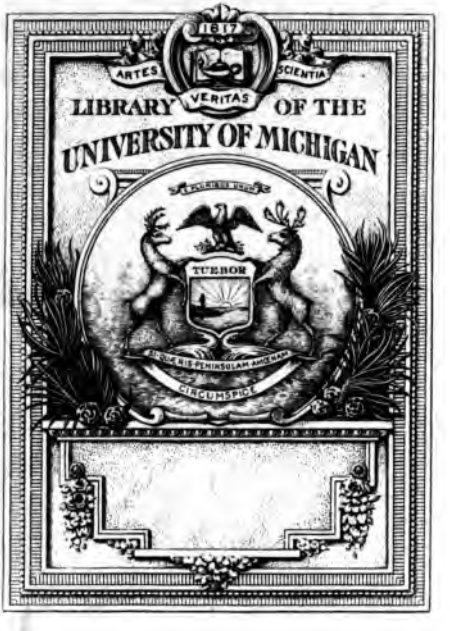
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DEDICATION.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. LORD CLONCURRY,

ONE OF THE FEW OF HIS ORDER,
IN IRELAND,
ENTITLED TO THE HONOUR AND ESTEEM
OF HIS COUNTRYMEN:
WHO, IN EVERY STAGE OF HIS PUBLIC CAREER,
AND EVERY SPHERE OF DUTY,
WHETHER AS A PEER OF PARLIAMENT,
A RESIDENT LANDLORD, A MAGISTRATE,
AN EMPLOYER AND PROTECTOR OF THE PEOPLE,
HAS PROVED HIMSELF DEVOTEDLY ATTACHED

To the Interests of his Country:

ONE, WHOSE STEADFAST PRINCIPLES,
AND UNSULLIED PATRIOTISM,
HAVE PROCURED FOR HIM THE WELL
DESERVED TITLE OF

AN HONEST IRISHMAN,

These Memoirs

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,
BY HIS LORDSHIP'S
MOST OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

R. R. MADDEN.

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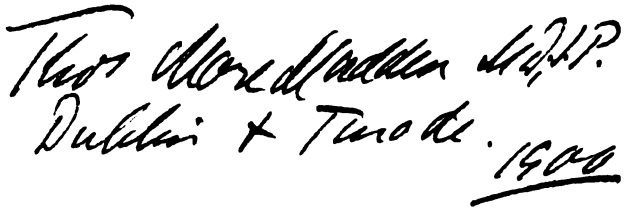


NOTICE.

It has been very generally complained of, that the arrangement of the materials of the preceding series is defective. I acknowledge the defect; but had it been wholly avoided, I must have dealt with original documents and authoritative statements, in a way that would have taken from their value—namely, by omissions and transpositions of matter, which, no doubt, would have made separate portions and particular subjects more distinct and clear, but, as I believed, would have taken from the real value of the work, which consists in the large amount of unbroken information of an authentic kind, and of materials collected with much labour, and published without mutilation or addition. Much of the matter, however, might have been arranged better, and, I trust, will be so arranged in another edition. A French author has observed—"Il y a des gens qui disent de bons choses, qu'ils arrangent mal. On dit d'eux, que les perles quoique mal enfilees ne laissent pas d'etre precieuses."*

For the word *disent* I would substitute *recueillent*, and make the application of this remark to my labours. I put forward no pretensions to the merit

* Bon mots de Monsieur Menage.

of having done the full justice to my subject that it required. I am quite sensible how much the work falls short of its requirements; but I am conscious of having done more than has been hitherto effected towards collecting materials that will serve for a faithful history of a very memorable period in the annals of British imperial rule, and a record of some of the most remarkable men that Ireland ever produced. The result of those labours has been to bring together a mass of information, which, but for such efforts, must, to a great extent, have perished with individuals, who were actors in the struggles of 1798, over a great many of whom the grave has closed since my researches were commenced. Though I have stated this fact before, there are circumstances which may hold me excused for the repetition of it.

The want of a well digested comprehensive index in the former series has been also complained of. That defect, I trust, will be less apparent in the present volumes; but before I can say my arduous task has been completed, I will have to lay before the public a small supplemental volume, containing a general index to the whole work, as comprehensive and useful for reference as it is possible to make it; and likewise an Appendix, consisting of a number of official documents of great value. All the proclamations and orders which were promulgated in 1797 and 1798, by the government, and its military and magisterial functionaries; original minutes of courts-martial; correspondence of many of the actors in those times of terror; and corrections of errors in each series, will be published at a price barely sufficient to cover

the expense of publication, and solely with the view of enabling the purchasers of the past and present series to complete the work in a more perfect form, on easy terms.*

And now, nearly at the close of an arduous undertaking—which, at times, I have felt as if it never would be accomplished, and at others, as if it had been better for me and mine it had never been commenced—it may be pardonable for me to refer to the constant encouragement, and the willing assistance, under all discouragements and impediments to my task at various times, which ultimately led to the completion of it. Without such help and urging on to labour, assuredly the publication would never have been effected. That assistance and encouragement, day after day, nay, year after year, I received from an Englishwoman, who loved her country well, but loved truth and justice better—who had a never-failing confidence in the ultimate triumph of its interests, and the success of every honest effort to advance them.

If the memoirs of the men whose lives I have attempted to record, have any claims to public attention, the "Saxon" influence I have referred to has some claim likewise on the kindly feelings of the surviving friends of the United Irishmen.

I would also beg to acknowledge the obligations which I owe to a noble English Lord, whose name of late years has unhappily been connected with the support of men in power, who have ever been hostile to Ireland and its people. To Lord Brougham,

* The supplemental volume will be published by subscription, and subscribed for at the Publisher's of this series.

however, I am indebted for an introduction to the first living French historian, wherein his Lordship called on that distinguished person to facilitate, by every means in his power, the object I had in view—the elucidation of an important period of Irish history—by obtaining access to me for documents connected with it, in certain public offices in Paris.

I make this acknowledgment with pleasure and with gratitude to his Lordship. But there is another reference to a noble Earl, whose conduct in respect to Ireland I allude to with much pain, and whose opinions in regard to it, I confess, I was entirely mistaken in interpreting.

I terminated the first series of this work, by expressing my conviction that the newly-appointed Irish Secretary, Lord Eliot, who had been employed a few years previously, with honour to himself and advantage to humanity, on a mission of benevolence in Spain, would realise in Ireland every expectation that might be formed from his antecedents, of a liberal and just course of conduct in his new official career amongst us; that it would have been based on the policy recommended by Sir Philip Sydney to Elizabeth, when he wrote to her from Ireland—"*You must plant justice here.*" I feel bound to confess that I formed an erroneous opinion of his Lordship's intended course of conduct; it was not justice but tyranny which Lord St. Germain's measures were calculated to plant in Ireland. The two bills which he introduced into parliament—the Arms Bill of 1842, and the Coercion Bill of 1846—are strange measures to be handed down to posterity, alongside of the Spanish negotiations of his Lord-

ship, for the establishment of a claim to the character of a humane just man, consistent in all his benevolent views for the happiness of his fellow creatures abroad and at home. All that I have said of his Lordship's love of justice I retract; coercion for him as an element of government was in the stead of justice.

So much for my obligations and my errors. A word or two of my objects. They are worthy of patience and perseverance, however they may be misrepresented or mistaken. I commenced this work by stating what those objects were. I will conclude it with this brief repetition of them. To do justice to the dead, and a service to the living, by deterring rulers who would be tyrants, from pursuing the policy of 1798; and men of extravagant or lightly weighed opinions from ill considered projects against oppression, whose driftless efforts against potent despotism never fail to give new strength to the latter. To effect these objects it is only necessary to exhibit the evils of bad government; the mischievous agency of spies, informers, stipendiary swearers, and fanatical adherents; the foul crime of exasperating popular feeling, or exaggerating the sense of public wrongs; to make the wickedness fully known of fomenting rebellion for state purposes, and then employing savage and inhuman means to defeat it; to convince the people, moreover, of the folly of entering into secret associations with the idea of keeping plans against oppression unknown, through the instrumentality of oaths and tests; by shewing the manifold dangers, in such times, to which integrity and innocence are exposed,

from the temptations of all kinds to treachery; and, lastly, by directing attention to the great fact of modern times—the power of breaking down bad government, when there is a stage for public opinion, a virtuous people, and earnest leaders resolutely honest, by peaceful means, and by resistance of a passive kind, to all the illegalities and acts of violence of any administration that departs from the purpose for which it was created—namely, for the distribution of justice, equal and impartial, to all classes of the community.

The people, under such circumstances, have other and better means of protection than those which involve great sufferings and uncertain issues. The redress they seek is to be obtained by a peaceful struggle with oppression, legitimate in its nature, and, if defeated for a time, not necessarily fatal, in its consequences, to the cause of freedom. They must make no offensive wars, and, if they who represent them undertake, with their consent, to pay for wars made on them, or on other countries, unjustly, they deserve to live and die under the dominion of "sword law." In the time of the second Richard the question with the ruling powers was—"How shall we do for money for these wars?"

There was then virtually no constitutional voice to answer that demand, nor, indeed, at a much later period. In our time the people are held to have a voice in the great inquest of the nation. They must teach their representatives to return a decisive answer to all applications for the means of waging wars which are unjust and unnecessary to them. "The nation's money can be only given to govern-

ment in order to enable it to protect and benefit the people, for the glory of the empire, and the true greatness of the sovereign, is comprised in one object, which should be the aim and end of all good governments—namely, the grand design of making the people happy." I take it for granted either that the people are represented, or have a right to be so. But, if they are not, they must be represented, unless they should be unworthy of freedom, or unable to make their just demands, to be heard by their rulers with due attention.

One object more I have had in view to expose and prevent a recurrence to a system of government carried on by means of dissensions, rancours, and divisions industriously fomented, by means of religion made subservient to a policy that might be supposed to prevail only in a heathen land. The necessity for such an exposure still exists. Recent occurrences and declarations of a British minister in parliament prove that the old system has not passed away. Whether we contemplate past or present rule in Ireland every thing offers a warning against dangers, and woe betide the people, in such circumstances as ours, by whom it would be despised.

The last measure of the government against Ireland sends back our thoughts to the old records of British rule in our country, and there we find, from first to last, a similar injustice, insolent as wanton, that may be chronicled in a few emphatic words—

> God made the land, and all his works are good,
> Man made the laws, and all they breath'd was blood;
> Unhallowed annals of six hundred years,
> A code of blood—a history of tears!

R. R. M.

INTRODUCTION.

BACON was of opinion that "it greatly concerned the shepherds of people to know the prognostics of state tempests."* But now it seems to be considered a sort of political "bienseance," to reprobate the act of referring to the history of the rebellion of 1798, as a renewal of painful recollections, which ought not to be recalled. The desire to bury in oblivion the wrongs of the injured, is one of those benevolent recommendations, whose cheap charity is intended to cover a multitude of sins against humanity and justice. The recommendation, however, evinces a more tender regard for the character of the evil doers, than any feeling of regret for the ills that have been inflicted or endured. So long as the persons who hold this language are not called upon to look upon the sufferings of a maltreated people, or that the outrages committed on the latter are not done at their own door, the danger of the repetition of such evils is of little moment, compared with the injury done by the publication of them, to the character of an expiring faction whose interests they had formerly espoused, or compared with the expense of sensibility which a knowledge of those evils might occasion.

They have no objection to the history of the wrongs of the people of any other portion of the globe, but there is something sacred in atrocities perpetrated in Ireland. They are regarded by such persons with a feeling it is not easy to define, wherein pride and pre-

* Bacon's Essays, Ed. 1742, vol. I. page 77.

judice predominate, combined with a vague recollection of the oppressors having been originally of their own land and lineage, and with a disposition to recognize the justice of the old plea for plunder and oppression, namely the barbarity of the spoiled and the enslaved.

It would seem as if such persons thought that the laws of God and man might be outraged with impunity, if a decent covering was only thrown over the naked enormities; and once they had been shrouded by those, who had perpetrated them, that it was an act of indecorum to lift the pall.

There is a mawkish sensibility very prevalent in this country, which resembles a good deal the intense selfishness of Goëthe in his latter years, who never suffered his friends, or his domestics, to speak in the presence of himself, or his family, of any calamity that might have happened in his immediate neighbourhood. He could pour out his tears, or cause those of others to flow over the romantic sorrows of *his* "Werter"—but he had none to shed for the real miseries of life around him; and, rather than pain his feelings, he thus deprived himself of the opportunity of administering relief to the unfortunate.

This feeling of reluctance to be incommoded by the disclosure of sufferings, which do not fall under personal or immediate observation, influences the conduct of a very large class of persons when they hear of the wrongs that have been inflicted on our people. They shrug their shoulders at the recital, and wonder why the Irish never are at peace, why they never learn wisdom! and never cease to wrangle among themselves! Such is the language even of a portion of the press, which affects to hold Orangeism, and its antagonists, in equal contempt.

The fact is, though Orangeism in England is not in repute, and its Irish Orgies, like the Eleusinian mysteries, are a little too incomprehensible at times, to be objects of unmixed admiration, there is no mistake, in respect to the repugnance that unfortunately is felt, to any statement of the wrongs of the Irish

people. It is not because there is any peculiar affection for the Sirr's, the Sandy's, the Swan's, the Beresford's, the Castlereagh's, or Reynolds, the Verner's, the Roden's, or the Blacker's, but that a mortal prejudice exists against the Irish "Rajahs."

It requires, in France, all the genius of Mignet and Thiers to consecrate the doctrine of fatalism, as applied to the consideration of terrible events, and of atrocities on a grand scale, like those of the French Revolution. We have the doctrine in our own country; but we have only the pitiful talents of a Musgrave, or persons of his school connected with the English press, to transform similar atrocities into political beatitudes. With them the end always sanctifies the means; "ils ne vous disent pas—admirez Marat, mais admirez ses œuvres: le meurtrier n'est pas beau, c'est le meurtre qui est divin."*

But some of them do contend that not only the murderous acts are useful, but the Marats of our country are men of "the right sort." This goes far beyond the system of Thiers. According to his doctrine, says Chateaubriand, "It is necessary that the historian should recount the greatest atrocities without indignation, and speak of the highest virtues without love: that with a frozen glance he should regard society as submitted to certain irresistible laws, so that each event should take place as it must inevitably happen."

Those, however, who think, with Chateaubriand, that an act of cruelty can never be useful, or one of injustice never necessary—who bear in mind that the remembrance of a single iniquitous condemnation, that of Socrates, "has traversed twenty centuries, to stigmatize his judges and executioners"—are not likely to adopt this system, or to deem it advisable, if practicable, for those who have to recount great acts of barbarity, to divest themselves of all that is humane in their feelings, and retain only their powers of perception and examination, to find in every massacre, or

* Edudes Historiques, par le Viscomte de Chateaubriand, p. 277.

extensive violation of justice, that which may seem to turn to the account of our political opinions. Hardly any motive could induce a man, who was not an Atheist, or the hireling of a faction, to wade through the iniquities of 1798, and to give a faithful account of the events, or the actors in the scenes of that dark period, except the hatred of oppression, injustice, and inhumanity.

That motive I avow induced me to take up this subject. The circumstances in which I have been placed, in connection with the efforts that have been made for the suppression of slavery and the slave trade, during many years past, were not calculated to make a man a bad hater of oppression in any country. In fact the struggle against slavery, whether in the West Indies, or on the shores of Africa, served, in my case, as an apprenticeship to the cause of general freedom, and tended to make contrasts between personal and political slavery familiar to me. I could not understand that sort of philanthropy which was to be permitted to battle only for the interests of humanity and justice, when they were outraged in the persons of black men, and to make the world ring with the echoes of the cart whip and the cries of the slaves who were four thousand miles off; to have one set of nerves exquisitely sensitive to the sufferings of men, who were victims to the cupidity of West India planters, and another callous and insensible to the wrongs of those who were persecuted at home. Whether African negroes were held "guilty of a skin not coloured like our own," or the "mere Irishry" were deemed culpable of a creed not conformed to the fashion of their provincial Bashaws—the same spirit of injustice in either case prevailed; and to pretend to sympathize alone with the victims who happened to be natives of Africa, or descendants of Africans, it seemed to me, would be a spurious kind of benevolence. The cruelties inflicted on the Indians, of the new world, were reprobated by mankind, their authors were stigmatised by our historians, as men of barbarous and

sanguinary disposition. The cruelties perpetrated on the people of Ireland, in 1798, were chiefly the results of the iniquitous measures, of which Lords Camden, Clare, and Castlereagh, were the authors, or advisers, and for the guilt of which those noble Lords must ever be considered responsible, but not chiefly culpable, the great culprit was the British Minister, William Pitt, whose policy required such atrocities for its accomplishment. A licentious soldiery and an infuriated faction were let loose on the country. The free quarter system, and the general practice of scourging people, for the purpose of extorting confessions of criminality, were carried into effect with the full knowledge, the silent sanction, and virtual approval of those agents of his in the Irish Government.

For their memories it might be wished that Ireland had no history, but for their country it is not to be desired that the story of her wrongs should be consigned to oblivion.

And I might ask how was that history to be told, and to leave the public conduct of the Clare's, the Castlereagh's, and Cook's, uncensured?

Were the subordinate agents of their government, the spies, and the informers, the terrorists and the lictors of that day, the O'Briens, and the Reynolds, the Beresfords, and the Sirrs, and Swans, the men who "measured their consequence by the coffins of their victims," and estimated their services by the injuries they inflicted on the people, were they alone the official insects of the hour, to be preserved in the amber of the eloquent invective of a Curran or a Grattan, while the acts of their exalted employers and abettors were to be sponged out of our memories, and over-written with reminiscences of their rank, and the better qualities which in private life they might have exhibited.

In modern times, the cruelties committed by slave dealers on the coast of Africa caused even the introduction into our official vocabulary of such epithets as "miscreants," "monsters," "enemies to the human

race," &c., &c.; for with such epithets we find the parliamentary slave trade papers teem. The tortures, however, inflicted in Ireland on human beings who were more immediately entitled to British sympathy, because they were more within reach of its protection, in point of national consanguinity who were more of its own flesh, and in respect to religious relationship, bound to it in stricter bonds of Christian fellowship, deserved, in my humble opinion, to be placed in the same category of crimes, as those in which are recorded the atrocities of the Spaniards and Portuguese, and to be ranked among the worst outrages on humanity that have ever been committed. We are fully as subject as the people of any other country on the face of the earth, to the fitful influence of that variable atmosphere of the feelings which modifies our notions of the obligations of benevolence, and carries a spirit of conventional Christianity into our dealings with the wrongs and grievances which are brought before us, which at one period and for one class of sufferers enlivens sensibility, and at another time and for another description of unfortunates stifles every emotion of compassion.

The nature of oppression is surely the same wherever it is practised, whether the violaters of human rights be Spaniards, Portuguese, or members of any portion of the British empire; whether they lived in a byegone age, or within our own remembrance; in whatever language their acts are execrated; whether their infamy is connected with the names of the "Conquistadores" of the New World, and the slave dealing ravages of a large portion of the Old, or with those of the abettors of torture and cruelty in a country which is governed by British laws, or with those of Lords Clare and Castlereagh in one of the darkest pages of the history of British rule in Ireland.

I am well aware that it would not only be conformable to Christian charity, but most highly conducive to human happiness, were we to bear in mind the infirmities of our nature in all our dealings with the

faults, and even the crimes, of our fellow-men, and, to use the words of a very wise man, if we were to consider that, "after all, the men we depreciate are our kinsmen." Instead of crucifying their misdeeds, if we occupied our thoughts with thankful emotions that we had been placed in happier circumstances than those persons had been surrounded by, and that we had not been subjected to the same temptations, by the possession of power without limits to its exercise, and of interests that were incompatible with the natural rights or civil privileges of other men.

The only good that can arise from the history of such times as those of 1798, and from preserving the remembrance of the enormities committed in them, is the prevention of similar evils, by pointing out the inevitable result of them in the long run, the calamities which overtake the perpetrators of cruel and barbarous acts, the retributive justice, slow but sure, which sooner or later, visits every signal violation of humanity with its proper punishment.

I fully admit, in aiming at similar objects, charity oftentimes is grievously offended, and by those who treat of such times, the prominent actor in each scene is too often looked upon as "aut deus, aut demon."

Men forget, in treating of those whose deeds they condemn, that the actors are "their own kinsmen," and, speaking of them with ignominy and contempt, to use the words of Isaiah, "they despise their own flesh."

Amongst the papers of the United Irishmen which have fallen into my hands, in a letter addressed to one of them by Sir J. Egerton Brydges, I find the following passage, speaking of the obligations of those who love letters, to the characters of the votaries of learning:—

"To me, literature has always appeared one of the very few unchanging and inexhaustible balms of life, and if we love literature, it seems to me very strange not to feel a warm benevolence towards its professors."

It would be well if literary men felt that this obligation of benevolence applies not only to one class, but to all persons, whose deeds they have to deal with; but it is one thing to feel that it is thus applicable, and another to carry the conviction into practical effect.

I have endeavoured to place the characters and the acts of the men who are the subjects of the various memoirs in these volumes, in their true light before the public, most of whom, in their private characters, had been grievously traduced and vilified by the malignant press which is at the command of Orangeism in both countries, and, by a faithful exhibition of the crimes and calamities of civil war, to contribute (as far as it was in my power to effect this object) to prevent the entertainment of a thought, unaccompanied with horror, of a recurrence to the evils, which it has been my painful task to record.

In concluding my undertaking, I would beg leave to observe, if I have not brought abilities to its performance worthy of its character, perhaps the humble merit may be accorded to my efforts, of having devoted to this work a vast amount of labour in the collection of the materials and the verification of disputed facts. There is little danger, perhaps, of an exaggerated opinion being formed of the extent to which that labour has been carried. I commenced this work with the determination of bringing the subjects of it fully before the people of England, to get a hearing from them for the history of the men engaged in the rebellion of 1798. That determination was based on the conviction that the people of England, in common fairness, were bound to hear what those men had to attempt to say in their own defence, or those most closely connected with them, who considered themselves charged with the protection of their memories; inasmuch as their character, conduct, and proceedings had heretofore only been made known to them by their mortal enemies.

In dealing with the authors of those many acts of

injustice and inhumanity it has been necessary to refer to in this work, though I am fully aware of the error of considering the conduct of such individuals too much apart from the circumstances by which their passions were engaged, their proceedings entrained, and their interests arrayed against the better feelings of their nature. There is another error which, in common with many writers on the subject of the rebellion of 1798, I am aware of having been betrayed into, not less to be reproved—namely, that of devoting too much attention to the subordinate agents of the government, to the reprobation of the miscreants by whom the various tortures of scourging, picketting, pitch-capping, and half-hanging were inflicted, or the wretches of that train of stipendiary informers, best known by the appellation of "the battalion of testimony," who were domiciled in the purlieu's of the viceregal residence, and drilled, dieted, and dressed up for production on the trials of persons charged with offences against the State, as reputable witnesses, by the Verres of his day, the redoubted Major Sirr.

Too much notice has been taken of the vices of those menials of the Government of that day, for "servants must their master's minds fulfil;" and a great deal too much impunity has been accorded to the crimes of the Prime Minister, who tolerated and countenanced, or left unpunished, their atrocious acts, for ministers must know, it is their misfortune, as

> "It is the curse of kings to be attended
> By slaves that take their humour for a warrant
> To break within the bloody house of life,
> And, on the winking of authority,
> To understand a law."

The conduct of the men whose lives and actions are the subject of this work, it would be absurd to consider apart from the nature of the government under which they lived. In forming any opinion of their conduct in relation to it, the grand question for consideration is, whether the system of corruption,

rapacity, terror, and injustice under which Ireland was ruled at the period in question, deserved the name of government, or had totally departed from all those original principles and intentions, on which it claimed to be founded, and with which it was presumed to be endowed for the public.

The aim and end of the government of Ireland in 1798 was to perpetuate rapacity, and break down the national spirit and national independence that menaced its existence; to make the people poor and powerless, and to keep them so, by fomenting religious dissensions, to promote the interests of a miserable minority, while affecting to ignore the sordid views that were covered, but not concealed, by the veil of a holy zeal for religious interests: to bestow all its honours, patronage, and protection, on that small section of the community which my Lord Stanley in one of his fitful moods, was pleased to call "the remnant of an expiring faction." Against this government, the society of United Irishmen reared its head, and raised its hand, and failed in the daring struggle with its power. Whether it deserved success, or took the best means to ensure it, are questions which the perusal of these volumes may enable the reader to determine. As far as my own experience goes, and it has not been confined to very narrow local limits, the results I have witnessed in various countries, of recourse to violent measures, in the resistance of oppression, even where they have been momentarily successful, would lead me to expect more happiness, to look for surer grounds of hope for liberty, and a better lot for the great body of the people in these countries—in the abstinence from physical force proceedings, and the employment only of moral means, for the purpose of defeating the wicked objects of a bad government. That experience would not lead me to think lightly of the evils of civil war, nor to indulge very flattering hopes of any lasting benefits accruing from it, nor to build in the air "chateaux d'Espagne," nor utopian theories, based on notions of the perfectibility of human beings. The

day dream of young philosophy does not long outlast that sort of practical knowledge of the realities of revolts and revolutions. However great might be the success, or extensive the change, the disorders of society and the miseries of mankind, it still might be feared would have to be encountered and endured, traces and fragments of the wreck of man's original intelligence, that must continue to the end of time, to obstruct, not altogether to impede, the best designs for the advancement of human happiness.

Is there no resource left after all but the sword, to remedy the evils of bad government. Are there no means but those of violence, to resolve or to repair the bond of union? There is at all events an overruling mind that watches over the destinies of nations that regulates the movements which determine the rise and fall of empires, a compensating power that adjusts the balance in all political contingencies, that ultimately restores the equilibrium, or at least lessens the weight of preponderating evil!

All experience tends to shew us that the day of reckoning for a people's wrongs, come it slow, or come it fast, is sure to arrive, and we have only to turn our eyes to the events that are passing in countries that once vied in prosperity and colonial greatness with our own, to see that the measure of the iniquity of their governments having been filled up, the hand of Divine retribution has been laid heavily upon them.

Who can reflect on the calamities that have fallen on Spain and Portugal—on the loss of the immense possessions of the former, the succession of revolutions that has followed the ordinary course of government, as it were in the natural order of cause and effect, for the last five and twenty years; on religion trampled under foot, its temples pillaged, its ministers despised and spoiled, party after party succeeding each other, one military despotism treading on the heels of another, proscription and decimation the rule of each, the people plundered by all—without feeling that the heavy hand of Divine retribution has been

laid upon that land in punishment of its terrible violations of humanity and justice in the new world. Who can consider the condition of the adjoining kingdom, its past, its present visitations, the destruction of its power, the vain result of all its discoveries and conquests in both hemispheres; its chivalry broken in Africa, the most warlike of its kings slain in battle with barbarians, the most powerful of its armies routed by them, and so signally defeated as never again to be restored to former strength; its valuable possessions in America, in Africa, and India, wrested without a struggle, from its enfeebled grasp; the visitation of awful calamities on its proudest cities, thousands of whose citizens, and the guilty gains of their nefarious traffic, were swallowed up, or consumed, or swept away in a few hours, in the course of which earthquake, conflagration, and inundation combined their terrors in the metropolis, at the very hour in which the churches of that city were crowded with inhabitants, and on the very day when the celebration of a particular festival caused the people to congregate in them; the consequent scourges of pestilence and famine, and lastly, the crowning calamity of the frightful series of unfortunate events, the establishment of the despotism of the imperious minister of Don Joseph the First,—of modern times one of the most inhuman of the monsters who, on account of the grandeur of the scale of their despotism, have been lauded by contemporary parasites, or looked upon in foreign countries with admiration of their indomitable will, and reckless energy of character—the ruthless, tyrannical, and sanguinary Pombal;—who can look upon that country, and not feel that its crimes against humanity have "pierced the clouds?"

Its present condition, its pride, its poverty—its revenue dwindled away, its expenditure augmented —a history that is a continuous record of wars of succession, engendered by the folly and unnatural dissensions of its sovereigns and their sons, a military government, a ministry chosen and changed by means

of revolutions, a foreign debt of nine millions to the money-lenders of Great Britain, a plundered church, a venal magistracy, a sordid, rapacious "bureaucracy," a wrecked nobility, and poverty everywhere staring people in the face. Who can ponder on circumstances such as these, and not feel that God has a controversy with the people and the rulers of the land?

England would do well to profit by the examples of Divine retribution which those countries afford—to pause in her career of blood in the East Indies, and of injustice elsewhere; the laws of humanity and justice are not outraged with impunity, the wrongs of nations are never suffered to pass unpunished, and the cry of the oppressed will be heard, whether of the poor in the ill-ruled land, or of the multitude driven to madness by oppression. The due time of retribution, and the fitting instruments of it, are known only to Him to whom the vindication of those laws belong.

Perhaps it is not too presumptuous, to trace to the guidance of that power to which I have referred, the agency of moral force which exercises such a mighty influence over oppression, by bringing it into perplexity, disrepute, and disability for evil, which serves as the palladium of downcast liberty, to enable it to rise up under its shelter, to renew a bloodless fight with tyranny, and in every change of circumstance and of fortune in the conflict with corruption, avarice, or despotism, whether the good cause be worsted for a day, or overborne for a season, still to enable it to linger on the field, and take advantage of the public enemy at every opening in its mail. There are times, however, when public opinion has no such power, and no such field for its legitimate warfare, when it has no such weapons to oppose to tyranny, and the times of which this work treats were peculiarly of that description.

But even in the worst of times, and in the most despotic countries, Providence seems to direct the career of a small mass of virtue and intelligence that tyranny cannot subdue, that Mammon cannot corrupt,

nor prevailing folly, ignorance, nor debasement, discourage nor obstruct, an illustrious minority that under good report and bad report pursues the even tenor of its way, and, unsuspected and unnoticed, undermines the outer walls of despotism, working onward like the worm in the book that pierces every day page after page, till at length it makes its way through all its substance.

I have noticed, even in countries where despotism is supposed to be all powerful, an undercurrent of political literature that flows smoothly and silently, and wends its way through the land, without attracting observation, till it becomes a broad stream, on which the bark of freedom is destined to be borne. An agency by which the best hopes for the liberty of our own land may be looked to for a successful issue, is the spread of a literature that of late has been happily commenced, calculated to elevate the mind, to create just notions of the value and obligations of freedom, and to infuse that knowledge which is the true foundation of self, and national independence.

UNIV. OF MICH

WILLIAM COBBETT.

From an original portrait in the possession of his Sister Mrs Lyons.

Published by Madden &c.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM CORBET.

" Togliete un momento ai vostri piaceri per condurvi nelli carceri, ove piu migliaja de' vostri sudditi languiscono per vizii delle vostri legge, e per l'oscètanza de' vostri ministri. Gittate gli occhi sopra queste tristi monumenti delle miserie degli uomini, e della crudelta di coloro, che li governano. Approssimatevi a queste mura spaventevoli, dove la libertà umana è circondata da ferri, e dove l'innocenza si trovà confusa col delitto."—*Filangeri Sciencia della Legis*, Liv. 3, cap. 6.

CHAPTER I.

I AM chiefly indebted to the only surviving sister of the late General Corbet, Mrs. Lyons of Cork, for the materials which enable me to present this memoir to the public, of one of those Irishmen who were driven from their country in 1798, and who rose to honour and distinction in the service of another.

William Corbet was born of respectable parents, at Bally Thomas in the county of Cork, in August, 1779. His father was a classical teacher of some eminence; his mother was of the Purcell family; and both were members of the Protestant Church. He had three brothers and four sisters. He was educated at Bally Thomas, and entered Trinity College in 1794, being then only 15 years of age. His elder brother, Thomas, had likewise entered college, I presume, at an earlier period. William was a distinguished member of the Historical Society, and filled the office of secretary in that Society for some time. He was intimately acquainted with Thomas Addis Emmet, Hamilton Rowan, Curran, and other lead-

ing men of the Irish liberal party of that period. It is stated by Mr. Dodd in his obituary for 1842, in a notice of the life of General Corbet, and likewise in a similar notice published in the Times newspaper in September, 1842, communicated by a gentleman in Paris, that in April, 1797, it was agreed to present an address to the viceroy by the provost, vice-provost, scholars and students of Trinity College, in full academic costume; that the young men of opposite political sentiments, chiefly members of the Historical Society, had determined on joining the procession of the loyal addressors as far as the Castle gates, and then abandoning the latter, and proceeding to an aggregate meeting of Roman Catholics in Francis-street Chapel; and in the latter account it is stated that the consequence of this proceeding of the refractory students was the expulsion of several, and, among others, of the Corbets.

In this statement there are some errors. The Catholic meeting in question did not take place in 1797; it took place in 1795. The expulsion of the students of Trinity College referred to, did not occur till 1798. The error in the preceding account arose from the circumstance of the writer's residence in Paris preventing him from having recourse to books of reference on the subject of the political movements of that time, and, as he has candidly admitted, from his treating of the matter in question from recollection. I make this observation that the notice of this error may not detract from the value of the other information contained in the valuable sketch he has given of General Corbet's life.

I take the following particulars of the meeting referred to, from "a report of the debates at the Catholic meeting held in Francis-street Chapel, the 9th of April, 1795, printed in Belfast, at the Northern Star office."

The meeting was convened for the purpose of receiving the reports of the Catholic delegates, Messrs. Keogh, Byrne, and the Baron Hussey, accompanied

by the Catholic Committee's agent, T. W. Tone, who had been sent to England to present an address to his Majesty from the Catholic body, and had returned, having been refused an audience. At that meeting, the boldest language that at that period had ever been used by the Catholic leaders, was given utterance to. It was evident that the refusal of the Sovereign to receive their address—to listen even to the humblest expression of their hopes of justice from his government had made a deep impression on their minds—one which gave a new character to the United Irish system. We find in a short time nearly all the leading Catholics who took a part in that meeting were members of the Society of United Irishmen, amongst them Messrs. Keogh, Sweetman, and Lewins, and two of them members of the executive, namely, Messrs. Macneven and M'Cormick. The report states:—"In the course of Mr. Keogh's speech, a "great body of the students of the University, *who* "*had been that day to present an address to Mr.* "*Grattan,* appeared, and were received with the "most enthusiastic acclamations; every man was "eager to inconvenience himself for their acccommo- "dation."....."It was a most interesting spectacle, and "powerfully agitated the best feelings of the heart; "the members shed tears, but they were tears of "rapture. When the enthusiasm had somewhat sub- "sided, Mr. Keogh proceeded to congratulate that "meeting, and the whole nation, on the glorious "spectacle which then presented itself to their view, "the strongest proof, the surest pledge of *that spirit* "*of union* so beneficial to the Catholics, so essential "to Ireland."

The idea of John Keogh shedding tears—"such "*tears* as flow down Pluto's iron cheek"—is some- what far-fetched. It must be confessed that the spokesmen of the students talked marvellously in "Ercle's vein" and Pistol's style. Mr. G. Moore, "Chairman of the Meeting of the students of the University," spoke at some length, and assured the

meeting, "for himself, for the students of the Uni-"versity, in the name of posterity for ever, he "thanked them." He talked of the plains of Pharsalia, of the Rubicon, and said, "there was one boon "he asked of Heaven—for himself, might death "arrest him ere he saw the day an Union took place "for Ireland: might the Atlantic close, and bury it "for ever in an unmeasurable gulph!"

Mr. Joseph Byrne, student, said, "The time was "fast at hand when the great God of Reason would "pour forth upon the whole world such a flood of intel-"lectual light as would break and dissipate the dark "clouds that had long obscured the human under-"standing, and concealed, alas! too long concealed "from man, the energies of his soul."*

The students' address to Mr. Grattan, and the reply of the latter, were communicated to the meeting, and read by the secretary, Mr. Richard M'Cormick. A series of resolutions were passed, and one in honour of the adhesion of the students to the Catholic cause—"an omen of success, which convinced them that "their most malignant and bigotted oppressors must "speedily give way to THE UNION, irresistible as it is "natural, of letters with liberty, of wisdom with "justice, and of science with truth." There was one resolution well deserving of attention, to the following effect:—"That they were sincerely and unalterably "attached to the rights, liberties, and independence "of their native country, and pledged themselves "collectively and individually to resist even their own "emancipation, if proposed to be conceded upon the "ignominious terms of a union with the sister "kingdom."†

The Corbets were at the meeting, but took no part in its proceedings. No doubt, the students who attended it became "marked men," but it is not the fact, that their attendance was the cause of the expul-

* Report of Debates, &c., p. 26, 27.
† Report of Debates, &c., p. 37.

sions which took place nearly two years subsequently, when William Corbet was amongst the number of the expelled. In the month of February, 1798, Lord Chancellor Clare held a Visitation which lasted three days, and terminated in the expulsion of 19 students and the reprimand of four: amongst the former were William Corbet, Messrs. Power, Ardagh, Robinson, Slattery, Carroll, Russell, Emmet, &c. The Chancellor was assisted by the ferocious bigot, Dr. Patrick Duigenan, Judge of the Prerogative Court. The suspected students were called before the Chancellor, and such as attended were examined upon oath. Many declined to submit to any arraignment or examination, amongst which number was William Corbet. The names of those students, however, were called over, morning after morning, but, not appearing, they were declared contumacious, we are told by Mr. Moore, and sentence of expulsion was pronounced against them? Tone, in his diary of the 20th of May, states that he has seen a long account of the Visitation in the English papers, taken from the Dublin Journal, in which the suspension of his friend Whitley Stokes for three years is mentioned.

"His crime was, having given to Sampson, who had communicated to Lord Moira, a paper which he had previously transmitted to the Lord Lieutenant, and which contained the account of some atrocious enormities committed by the British troops in the south of Ireland."* One of the charges, against this excellent man and eminent scholar, was brought forward by Duigenan, in language worthy of that gentleman. He said that Stokes went about the town wearing away his old shoes, shewing French letters, on political subjects, to people. The letter, which furnished the grounds for the charge, proved to be one, in relation to the contest about the nature of Phlogiston, which was then carried on between the celebrated chemists Lavoisier and Kirwan. The doctor argued, like the

* Tone's Life, vol. 2, p. 489.

sagacious person in Henry VI., against his adversary, "He can speak French, and, therefore, he is a traitor." On such a charge, and that to which Tone refers, Whitley Stokes, was interdicted from sitting at the board of fellows for three years.

The principal charge, against the students who were expelled, was one of a much more serious nature than attendance at any public meeting—it was of having attended a meeting of a Society of United Irishmen that had been formed within the walls of the college, and held, on the occasion in question, in the rooms of William Corbet. My informant is a Protestant clergyman, the Rev. Mr. H——n, who had been the college companion and intimate friend of Robert Emmet, though not a member of the political society referred to, nor I believe of any other.

It appears that the meetings of the young men were held at each other's rooms, and that politics and conviviality were mingled on such occasions. At a supper meeting, in Corbet's rooms, a song was sung, and a toast was given, which were fixed on as treasonable matters, and by some one of the party were reported to the government. Lord Clare held the visitation in February in consequence of this information. He endeavoured to establish a charge, for which there was not a shadow of foundation, namely, that an Assassination Committee had been organized in the college. Of this fact I was likewise informed by the Rev. Mr. Macartney, the Vicar of Belfast, who had a thorough knowledge of every thing connected with this subject. The name of a Mr. Macartney was scandalously mixed up in the Press newspaper, with the suspicion that attached to various students who were either present at the meeting, or in the secrets of those who were there. I am firmly persuaded that the information never came from Mr. Macartney.

The late Dr. M'Cabe, of Dublin, was, with one exception, the only individual who was present at the meeting in Corbet's, who was not either examined by

the Chancellor or expelled after examination. Dr. M'Cabe accounted for his escape in the following manner. He had occasion to leave the party at Corbet's at an early hour in the evening, as he was in the act of going out, there was a knock at the outer door, M'Cabe stepped back and stood behind the inner one, the doors of the rooms being double, to allow the person to pass him who had knocked: a fellow student, Mr. S., (subsequently a barrister and writer of some celebrity,) entered without noticing M'Cabe, and the latter concluded that the information came from that person in which information he had fortunately escaped being included, in consequence, as he imagined, of having been unseen by Mr. S. The song that was sung on that occasion the burden of which was, "Turnips will grow in the Royal Exchange, and cabbages all down Dame Street," was said to be the joint composition of Messrs. Power and Ardagh, it forms one of the songs in the collection called Paddy's Resource.*

We find the subject of the expulsions, in 1798, and their consequences, thus noticed in the Press newspaper :—

"TREASON IN THE UNIVERSITY."

"Treason, Sedition, and Union, are the order of the day; and the curse of Swift has fallen upon some

* One of the authors, of the song referred to, is now the Vicar of M———, in the county Meath. The United Irishmen were indebted to Trinity College for no small portion of the songs and odes which are to be found in the columns of "The Press," and in the rebellious pages of Paddy's Resource. Many of the writers made very excellent Protestant divines.

In strains of another kind, where humour and drollery, and not politics prevailed, we are equally indebted to gentlemen of the same cloth; one of the most amiable and Christian Protestant pastors in Ireland, the Rev. Mr. H——n, is the author of that truly Hibernian ballad—

"Jenny put the kettle on,
Paddy blow the bellows strong."

of the brightest ornaments of the nation. They have been discovered to be men of talents, and Irishmen. Like Swift, they are persecuted and proscribed. A promising scion, of the system of disunion, has sprung up, emulous of the fame of Dutton and M'Dermot; and has become like them, the benefactor of the King and constitution. He has put his ear to the chink, he has prostrated his body on the floor, to drink in the sounds of convivial relaxation; he has heard a toast given, he has heard a song sung; he has heard a midnight joke, a repartee, a pun; he has denounced the traitors; he has stipulated for reward and honourable secrecy. Without confrontation, his rival has been expelled. He has refused the call of honour, or the satisfaction of a gentleman; yet he glories in his disgrace—he triumphs in his shame; he sees how Dutton rose from the station of a lacquey to a military preferment; he proposes him as the model of his emulation.

"He scorns Newell for his abjuration of his office, and burns to succeed him in his emoluments. Two generous sons of science and of virtue, have already felt his power, and been expelled; eighteen more are marked for the same fate. Thus does the hornet who frets and goads this nation, fix his venemous sting even in the bosoms of its tender youth."—*The Press, Feb.* 27, 1798. *Dublin.*

"Yesterday morning a duel was fought in a field adjacent to the canal bridge, on the Rock road, between Mr. A——gh and Mr. M——t—y, both of the College. The cause of the duel was the expulsion of the former gentleman from the University, *on the information of M——t—y*, touching political principles.

"A case of pistols was fired on each side, and Mr. A. desiring to proceed, when the seconds were going to charge, the affair was quashed for the present by a magistrate, whom Mr. M. had the prudence to bring with him to the ground.

"The seconds were—

"John Keogh, Esq. Jun., of Mount Jerome, on the part of Mr. A.

"—— Burton, Esq. of College, on the part of Mr. M."—*The Press, Dublin, March 1st*, 1798.

"TO THE PUBLIC."

"As your attention has lately been attracted by the expulsion from the University of our amiable and much regretted companions, Messrs. Ardagh and Power, I feel it my duty, as a friend to oppressed, calumniated, and insulted virtue, to mention a circumstance, which will give you an idea of the character and motives of the informer, upon whose testimony those beloved and respected young men were treated with such undeserved severity. On Friday night, the 1st of December, Mr. Macartney thought proper to declare, that he had it from the highest authority, that there had been within the period of that week, three extraordinary meetings of the Board of Senior Fellows, on an information against the United Irishmen of the College, and asked the gentlemen present whom did they think was the informer. Each person named some infamous character. Mr. Macartney being at length called upon to name his man, let them know they were all mistaken, and, with an injunction of secrecy, and a repetition of the dependance that might be had on the authority from which he derived this knowledge, assured them that I was the informer. In consequence of this calumny, my character was lacerated throughout college in the companies of all those who did not well know me, on account of the pledge of secrecy with which this denunciation passed from mouth to mouth. I remained in utter ignorance of my situation until Monday morning, the 4th of December, when it was communicated to me by a friend, who, by that time, had come to the knowledge of it, and had most fortunately discovered the conversation held by Mr. Macartney on the preceding Friday evening.

"Need I describe how my feelings were wounded by so base, so cruel, an accusation? An informer—and of all informers the most infamous—the sapper of confidence, of union, and truth. No, my countrymen, I glory in being an Irishman, and, as an Irishman, you will always find me ready to shed my blood, if requisite, or to sacrifice my existence. But see how villany has recoiled on itself. In four short months he is detected in the mire of guilt wherein he would have smothered my fair fame—he stands convicted, an undisguised traitor, an avowed informer. On receiving the above intelligence, I immediately went in search of my friend, Cornelius Keogh, Esq., of Mount Jerome, who accompanied me to College, and went from me to fix a meeting between Mr. Macartney and me. Mr. Keogh first demanded to know whether Mr. Macartney avowed his having traduced my character in the manner I have described. Confounded with shame and guilt, he took the resolution of denying all, and laying his hand upon his heart, *solemnly protested he had not.* My friend required to have this declaration under his hand, which he complied with, and signed the following, which lies at the Press Office, for the inspection of any person to whom it would be satisfactory to peruse the original.

"'I declare upon my honour, as a gentleman, that 'I have never made use of any expression tending to 'convey that Purcell O'Gorman, Esq. had given in-'formation to the Board of Senior Fellows concerning 'United Irishmen.'

(*Signed*) A. C. MACARTNEY.'

'*Trinity College, Dec.* 4, 1797.'

"From this relation you might doubt whether malice or cowardice was the leading feature of his character, until his treachery has superseded them both, in the case of Ardagh and Power. If Mr. Macartney shall deny any part of this statement, and

his having aspersed my reputation by the calumny which he afterwards disavowed upon his honour, and under his hand, I shall refer to the gentlemen who were present at the time, and who, from motives of delicacy, I forbear to name. I am influenced in this publication in no manner by personal motives, for I disdain to resent when submission disarmed me from punishing. I act purely from the dictates of public spirit in exposing to contempt the assassin of the character of my friend.

"PURCELL O'GORMAN.

"*Trinity College, March* 2, 1798."

"We certainly could not refuse insertion to this letter, which denotes its author, in the most honourable acceptation of the word, an Irishman. Mr. Macartney is the son of the Rev. Dr. Macartney, who prosecuted William Orr, and afterwards so conscientiously made an affidavit, and repaired in person to Dublin to lay it before the Lord Lieutenant, in the hopes of preventing the prosecution of that man, who triumphed in the hour of death. One would have hoped that the specimen given by Mr. Wheatley of the nature and office of an informer might have prevented the son of Dr. Macartney from adopting that calling.

"We have authority to say that the statement which appeared in Faulkner's Journal, relating to the duel between Messrs. A——h and M——y is a gross misrepresentation. It is true that the affair was put an end to without any concession on either side, but not by the interference of both gentlemen, as stated in that paper. Both gentlemen fired together. Mr. A——h's first pistol missed fire; after the second discharge, a gentleman of the name of W., who loaded his pistols in Mr. M——y's carriage, came forward in the capacity of a magistrate, and prevented Mr. A—— from firing again, he then requested the gentlemen to shake hands, which Mr. A. refused, he also asked Mr. A. whether he was satisfied. Mr. A. denied that he was,

and said that three shots to two would be fairer than two to one; it is for Mr. M. to determine whether this gentleman is his friend, or the *save all* of his character. Mr. A——h disclaims any acquaintance with him whatever. With respect to the insinuation of that Journal, that Mr. M——y was only supposed by Mr. A——h to have been the informer, we can only say, that Mr. M——y acknowledged to Mr. A——h's friend that he was the informer, and acted in that, as well as in the first refusal of the challenge, by the advice of his friends.

"The young gentleman of the college who adroitly collected evidence against his co-disciples, is to be rewarded with a degree of ——— Master of Arts."—*The Press, Dublin, March* 3, 1798.

"Yesterday morning a duel took place, on the Strand, near Sandymount, between John Keogh, Esq., jun., and —— Burton, Esq., seconds in the affair between Messrs. Ardagh and Macartney, on Wednesday last, which concluded, after discharging a case of pistols each.

"The cause of this dispute, we understand to have arisen from a refusal, on the part of Mr. Keogh, to sign a statement of that affair, drawn by Mr. Burton, and which produced a message from the latter gentleman."—*The Press*, Dublin, Tuesday, March 6th, 1798.

There is nothing in the correspondence, or the comments of the *Press*, to induce me to alter the opinion I have expressed, that Mr. Macartney was not the informer.

Thomas Corbet was not expelled; on the contrary, by the account I have received from his family, he was not accused of being implicated in the affair. In 1796 and 97, the name of Thomas Corbet appears in the Irish army list, as one of the lieutenants of the college yeomanry corps.

His cotemporaries, at college, state that at the visitation, in 1798, the Lord Chancellor, after paying him a very handsome compliment, on the brilliancy

of his college career, took occasion to express a hope, that he would remain to follow up his successes; but he declined doing so, stating that he preferred continuing the protection he had afforded his younger brother, and whatever his fate or fortunes might be, he desired to share them.

CHAPTER II.

THE system of "Chouanerie," which the French government attempted to carry into practical effect, on the western coast of Ireland, in the autumn of 1798, when the rebellion in that country had been completely suppressed, was the cause of great disasters to Ireland.

The Corbets were amongst those who had the misfortune to engage in the unsuccessful enterprize. To understand the nature of this extraordinary expedition it is necessary to consider the state of parties in France at that period, and their influence on the intentions of the government with respect to Ireland.

After the failure of Hoche's expedition, the latter end of December, 1796, arrangements were made in July, 1797, between the governments of France and the Batavian republic, which originally embraced the project of a joint expedition. In the month of April, Lewins had arrived in Holland, with instructions from the Leinster executive of the United Irishmen, to apply to France, Holland, and Spain, for assistance in troops, arms, and money. Hoche informed Tone, on the 12th of June, he had intelligence from the government that an expedition, on a grand scale, for a descent on Ireland, would be in readiness in two months.

On the 6th of July, Lord Malmesbury arrived at Lisle, to re-open negociations for peace. On the 22nd of September, the preceding year, his Lordship had arrived at Paris for the same object, the preparation for the Brest expedition, which Hoche was to command, being then in a forward state. The necessity

for Mr. Pitt's renewed pacific overtures was no less obvious than in the preceding year, on that occasion the sincerity of his views is placed in a strong light, by Mr. Thiers, in his History of the French Revolution. He states that Lord Malmesbury urged the French Minister, de La Croix, who was appointed by the Directory to negotiate with his Lordship, to use every means to influence the Directory to make peace, and, among other means likely to effect that object, suggested pecuniary considerations, with a view of influencing the decision of a member of the Directory. The Dutch armament, at the Texel, consisted of 16 sail of the line, 10 frigates, 15,000 troops, and 80 pieces of artillery. The French government proposed to send five thousand of their troops, under Hoche, but the Dutch were desirous, in Hoche's words, "to have the whole glory of the expedition." The French proposal was declined, but Tone consoled himself with the assurance of Hoche, that "if they reached Ireland the French army would be there in a fortnight after them." Tone had misgivings of the intentions of the Dutch government from the beginning, when he first arrived at the Texel, in the month of April, and saw the armament fitting out with the avowed object of invading England, he observed, "God knows but it may be a present of fifteen sail of the line that we are making to the English."

On the 11th of October the armament, commanded by Admiral Dewinter, (with what object has never been explained,) put to sea in the face of a hostile force far superior in metal, the skill of its commanders and discipline of its men, and was immediately attacked and destroyed by the English fleet under Admiral Duncan. Tone's comments on this event, are brief and energetic.—"There never was a more complete victory than that gained by the English."....."Dewinter fought like a lion, and defended himself to the last extremity, but was at length forced to strike, as were nine of his fleet, out of sixteen, whereof it consisted....." "I cannot conceive why the Dutch government sent

out their fleet, at that season, without motive or object, as far as I can learn. My opinion is, that it is direct treason; and that the fleet was sold to Pitt, and so think Barras, Pleville, and Le Pelley, and even Meyer, the Dutch Ambassador, whom I have seen once or twice."*

The Dutch armament was no sooner destroyed, and that cause of disquietude to England removed, than the French government got up a new project to keep alive the semblance of an intention to make a descent on Ireland. The 15th of October, Tone mentions the appearance of a decree "ordaining the formation of an army to be called l'Armee d'Angleterre," and appointing Bonaparte to command it. Bravo! This looks, he adds, as if they were in earnest." Hoche had died on the 19th of the preceding month.

Two members of the Directory, Carnot and Barthelemi, had been involved in the charges brought against Pichegru, of a treacherous correspondence with the emigrants, and were included in the decree of condemnation, of the accomplices of Pichegru, issued by the corps legislatif, in the month of September. Carnot was in the Directory, in 1796, at the period of the failure of Hoche's expedition; Barthelemi was not then a member of it, but during the negociations with the Batavian republic, for the armament, which likewise failed, he was one of the Directory.

The Directory, in the spring of 1798, consisted of five members, namely, Barras, Rewbell, Lepaux, Merlin de Douai, and Francois de Neufchateau, the two latter were appointed about the middle of September of that year, in the room of Carnot and Barthelemi. Bonaparte, about this period, began to be troublesome, and an object of suspicion to the government, it was, therefore, determined to employ him in a distant country. The idea of founding an African Empire on the borders of the Nile was an old project of the cabinet of Versailles, and its realization

* Tone's Life, vol. II. p. 452.

was the specious allurement held out to the ambition of the young hero of Italy. Canning's idea of calling a new world into existence to compensate for the injuries which menaced British interests in the old, was the counterpart of the old French project, which has been recently revived, of creating an empire in the east, under the auspices of France. The French historian observes. "On espera en 1798 comme jadis le cabinet de Versailles, y trouver en Egypte la compensation de nos pertes commerciales dans la presque isle du Ganges et aux Antilles. La possession de l'Egypte sera pour la France le levier a l'aide du quel elle remuera le systeme commercial des quatre partie du monde."

While bulletins were issuing respecting the preparations for the new expedition against Ireland, and the arrangements of the new commander of the "Armée d'Angleterre," Bonaparte was appointed to the command of the Egyptian expedition. The French author I have already cited says, "Il mettait peu d'empressement a ses preparatifs. On le devine. Plus il demanda de moyens, plus en lui accorde. Pour determinér son exil, on epuiserait la France. Il voit aussi cela, et a chaque concession il suscite un nouveau delai. Il apercoit tres bien que bientot il ne sera plus remarqué, qu'il peut etre delaissé comme Moureau, ou prescrit comme Pichegru, ou imprissonné comme Hoche. Enfin les directeurs lui donnent les ordres de partir de Paris sur le champ, declarant qu'il est libre de donner sa dismission. Il dissimule, obeit, et s'abandonnant au destin, il selance vers ces regions ou regne le dogme du fatalisme."

Bonaparte sailed from Toulon with the expedition for Egypt the 19th of May, 1798.*

The plan of a new expedition for the invasion of Ireland† was formed in July, 1798, the main feature of which was a project to despatch small detachments

* This expedition consisted of 20,000 men, embarked on board 31 vessels of war, and 140 transports.

† Tone's Life, Vol. II. p. 519.

from several ports, until a favourable opportunity should occur for landing the main body of the force destined for this expedition, under General Kilmaine. Humbert, for this purpose, was quartered at Rochelle, General Hardy, with 3,000 men, was quartered at Brest, and General Kilmaine, with 9,000, remained in reserve. Towards the middle of August, Humbert's expedition sailed from Rochelle; it consisted of four vessels of war, and eleven hundred men, and arrived at Killalla the 22d of August, on the most desperate undertaking, Tone truly states, recorded in history. Inthis expedition there were five Irishmen (Tone erroneously states there were only three), Matthew Tone, Bartholomew Teeling, Roche, O'Keon, and Sulivan, a nephew of Madget, the confidential employé in the department of the Minister of War, of whom Tone makes such frequent mention.*

The 27th of October, three of the frigates which

* The following notice of a person called Maget I find in the *Cork Gazette*, 22d July, 1795:—

"Maget, who is mentioned in the proceedings of the French convention to have been apprehended as a spy, and to have been handed over to the Committee of Public Safety, to be disposed of, is a priest, and a native of this country. About two years ago, he made himself very remarkable, living in this city, to which he returned from a comfortable living in the south of France, by obtruding himself into every public circle, and declaiming with extraordinary violence against the French revolution. His character seemed to be composed of activity, impudence, and more of a disposition than ability for intrigue. His intemperate conduct gave much offence to several of his own order, although his forwardness recommended him to the notice of persons in the confidence of government, and it is probable that in this he has experienced the ultimate reward of the connexion."

Qy. Is this the Maget of Tone's diary, spoken of in the following terms in his Paris Journal of the 17th of February, 1796:—

"Went at one o'clock to the bureau of the minister, (Charles de la Croix, minister for Foreign Affairs). He told me in French that he had the letter I had brought deciphered, and laid instantly before "le directoire executif," who considered the contents of the greatest importance. That their intentions were, that I should go immediately to a gentleman, to whom he would give me a letter, and as he spoke both languages perfectly, and was confidential that I might explain myself to him without reserve. That his name was Maget.—*Tone's Memoirs, Vol. II. p.* 14.

brought over Humbert's force, in company with a fourth, carrying altogether about 2,000 land forces, anchored in the bay of Killala, a part of the armament which had escaped Sir John B. Warren's fleet, off Rutland Island, on the 12th instant. Two officers were sent aboard at Killala, not knowing they were French ships. The officers were carried off, for the frigates on learning the state of affairs, had let slip their cables, and returned to France.*

On the 16th of September, eight days after Humbert's defeat, and the surrender of the French force under his command at Ballinamuck, an abortive descent was made at Rutland Island, in the county of Donegal, by Mr. James Napper Tandy, who, with a small number of men, chiefly Irish refugees, and officers, arrived at that place from Dunkirk, after a voyage of ten days, in a French brig called the Anacreon. Tandy landed his force—spread some proclamations—and, having learned the fate of Humbert's force, re-embarked his men, and set sail the same evening. Tandy was accompanied in this desperate undertaking by William Corbet and Colonel Blackwell.

I have now arrived at a point of the career of the subject of this memoir when his most deeply interesting story can be told, and best told, by himself. The following narrative of his was presented to me by his sister, and, without any abbreviation, I place it before my readers, believing that it will be found amply to repay their attention.

* The Narrative of what passed at Killala. p. 177.

CHAPTER III.

THE CONDUCT OF THE SENATE OF HAMBURGH REVEALED TO THE PEOPLE OF EUROPE:

OR, A RELATION OF MY ILLEGAL ARREST, AND OF MY DETENTION WITH NAPPER TANDY AND TWO OTHER FRENCH OFFICERS; FOLLOWED BY SOME DETAILS OF MY IMPRISONMENT IN THE CASTLE OF KILMAINHAM IN IRELAND, AND OF THE MANNER OF MY ESCAPE.

BY WILLIAM CORBET.*

"Courage and virtue preserve States; cowardice and vice ruin them."

"You have violated hospitality; that has not happened amongst the most barbarous hordes of the desert."—*Extract of a Letter of the First Consul to the Senate of Hamburgh.* 1807.

It is not through any motive of hatred or revenge that I have determined on publishing the following relation, but I think it a duty I owe to justice and equity, to make known the odious conduct of a government which, sacrificing its honour to its interest, has violated in my person the most sacred laws of humanity. At the precise time that the city of Hamburgh had fallen by the chances of war into the hands of the French, we cannot view without interest the contrast which exists between the infamous outrages done to the great nation, in the persons of officers then in her service, by mercenary magistrates bribed by the gold of England, and the generosity of the Conqueror, who, forgetting these insults and consulting but his own greatness of mind, spared a

* This statement was printed in Paris in 1807, and distributed among a few of his friends; but I have not been able to procure a copy. The manuscript one in the possession of his sister is that from which the above is taken.

disgraced people, against whom he had so many reasons for employing all the severity of his justice. Included in the proscription of the friends of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, I quitted Ireland, my native country, at the age of eighteen years, and, immediately after this Irish chief* had been assassinated by the agents of England, I was so happy to escape in a ship going to Norway, from which place I travelled by land to Paris, and arrived there time enough to offer my services in the expedition ready to sail from the ports of France for Ireland.

I embarked at Dunkirk, the 18th Fructidor of the year —6, in the rank of Assistant-captain to the Staff Major, and previous to my being named Adjutant-general, which was to take place on my disembarkation in Ireland.

The result of the expedition under General Humbert is well known. After having resisted the efforts of the British empire, he surrendered on honourable conditions to an army of *forty thousand* men. Seeing that he had capitulated, and that it was impossible for us to defend ourselves, we re-embarked for France. We were attacked on our return by an English ship, which did us so much harm that we were obliged to put into the nearest port, which was that of Bergen in Norway, to refresh ourselves and to repair our vessels. Shortly after our arrival, the English blockaded the port. Such was our impatience to return to France, that Tandy, Blackwell, and I resolved to go there by land. On arriving at Hamburgh, we waited on the French Minister; we determined to depart the next day for Paris; in the interim we lodged at the hotel of the "American Arms."

* The conduct of my countrymen has passed as revolutionary amongst strangers, who were uninformed of our political situation. The Irish had no particular form of government in view; the cause for which they fought and suffered was the same as that of the United States in the war of America, or that of Poland at the exact time.

About three o'clock in the morning, we perceived that our hotel was surrounded by the Hamburg guard, at the head of which we recognized Crawford, the most despicable of all the agents that England could have sent to the Continent.* Immediately the room in which Blackwell and I were, was filled with soldiers, who deprived us of our arms; we declared to them that we were French officers, protesting at the same time against the violation of the rights of men, and insisting on knowing by what authority they acted. They appeared not to be ignorant that we were French officers; contented themselves by answering us that they should fulfil the orders of the Minister of England. After having stripped us of all we possessed, we were both put into a carriage and conveyed to the city prison, where we learned that Tandy and Morres† were also detained. In a short time after, I was thrown into a dungeon, where the water reached nearly to my knees. Thus I passed a part of one of the severest winters ;‡ my hands and feet were chained together in such a way, that I could neither take off my boots nor undress myself; nor was I even permitted to change my linen, nor clear away the impurities which infested

* It was he who violated his word of honour, which he had pledged to the Minister of War, when he obtained from him permission to take the benefit of the waters. Moreover, it was he who gave rise to the scandalous scenes and shameful acts which made such an impression in Verdun, that the English there at the time blushed at them and refused to see Mr. Crawford. He carried his baseness so far as to come to insult me under my window at Hamburg, whilst I was a prisoner and in irons; he was seconded in the persecutions that he caused us to suffer by another agent as despicable as himself, Monsieur Monrowief, a cunning Minister at Hamburgh.

† Chief of a squadron of horse in the Grand Army.

‡ They took from us our money, papers, watches, pocket-handkerchiefs, portfolios, arms, uniforms—in fine, all we possessed, except our clothes. In vain we addressed ourselves to these Algerines of Europe. We were never able to obtain from them a single article of what they had taken from us. The cold was so intense there this year, that several persons were found frozen at the gate even of Hamburg.

my wretched bed, and which were produced by the miserable beings who were constantly confined there. I remained forty days in this frightful state ; at the end of this time the circulation of my blood grew cold, I entirely lost the use of speech, and I preserved no other feeling but that of excessive pain, which made me sensible of the innumerable vermin by which I was devoured. I yielded at last, and lost all sense and motion.

When I recovered my senses, I found myself in a better lodging, rid of my chains, and better treated. I had leisure to recall to my mind a part of the horrible sufferings I experienced during the first forty days of my imprisonment. During this interval, they often left me two or three days without food ; when I did receive it, they threw it to me without knife or fork, and I was obliged to tear it with my fingers. They encouraged the officers and soldiers of the garrison to maltreat us, and in a corps so badly composed, they could not fail to find some individuals so cowardly as to avail themselves of the occasion to insult French officers, who, if free, would make them tremble. A lieutenant particularly, named Laverence or Laurent, distinguished himself by his brutality, and by the cruelty with which he surpassed the orders of the Senate in our regard. Every time that he was on guard, after having during the day exhausted every kind of vexation and torment, he even came during the night to disturb our sleep from one quarter of an hour to another, and when exhausted nature resisted the ordinary means he made use of, he tore from us our quilts, blankets, and even our beds. In vain we informed the Senate of his conduct ; encouraged by impunity and excited by a hatred of the French name, he ceased not to persecute us. A sentinel was shut up day and night with us, in a room which could scarcely contain two persons. One day I found an old nail, with which I traced some verses which are still present to my memory ; it was the first time since my arrest that I found any way of occupying

my mind, and that I could give any relaxation to my woes; they refused us pens, ink, paper, books, and even the use of speech and motion.

In such a state my nail became to me an instrument of consolation; I owed to it, in some degree, a new existence. I had already cast my eyes round the walls of my prison, to calculate what time it would take to cover them with verses, when the Senate, to whom a report had been made on this subject, ordered that I should be deprived of this innocent resource. My new lodging looked upon the Gausemarkt. Morres and Blackwell occupied the two neighbouring chambers; that of the former was opposite to mine; we were sometimes permitted to converse together across the wickets of our doors. Klefcher* was informed of it, came himself to examine the places, and, after having consulted architects, carpenters, and masons, he judged in his wisdom that we could no longer see or speak to each other if he built a wall of separation between the two doors. When this work was finished, and thinking, probably, that we were too near each other, and that my health was sufficiently re-established to bear new trials, he caused me to be conducted to a detached guard-house situated on the ramparts, and called the Brücthor. I was shut up there in a narrow lodging six feet square, with a sentinel day and night beside me. I received no other air than that which reached me after having traversed a fœtid watchhouse. In vain did I address myself to the Senate in order to obtain permission to open the window during a few moments of the day, to refresh the air. They constantly refused me, although it was strongly barred. I remained in this situation about four months; at length the air became affected, and so unwholesome,

* He was then Prêtem, and one of those men purchased by England. It would be impossible for me to give a just idea of his cruelty, or to detail all the torments he made us endure; his successor, Gunther, notwithstanding reports to the contrary, shewed himself capable of executing his barbarous orders.

that the sentinels could no longer bear it. One morning, about two o'clock, the infection reached to such a degree, that the sentinel who was guarding me was suffocating; he could only breathe with the greatest difficulty, even when exposed to the open air; four others, who succeeded him, in the space of half an hour, shared the same fate. I was suffocating in my bed, without experiencing any assistance; I got up, and could only have preserved my life until morning by running and exercising myself in my prison, so much as the smallness of the place would allow, in order to circulate the air. I wrote in the morning to the Senate—and I could do it, for by a special favour he had allowed us paper and ink, on condition that we should communicate with him only. I informed him of what had passed during the night. He condescended to pay attention to my letter, because the Commandant of the Port had reported to him on the subject, in which he said the soldiers could not bear the infection of my prison, and that when they were taken off guard, they were totally unfit for service. The Senate permitted that they should renew the air of this dungeon, but in every other respect my situation remained the same. I was resolved to attempt every possible means to escape from the barbarity of my persecutors. I remarked that some of the soldiers, placed their sabres on a table of the watchhouse when they returned from their sentry. I could not get to the street, but, by passing through this guard-room, I hoped in crossing through to be able to take with me a sabre; once armed, I was sure of opening to myself an easy passage through this troop of miserable Hamburg soldiers. The favourable occasion soon presented itself. When my door was opened, seeing that the sentinel who was in my chamber did not observe me, I immediately took my resolution. I hastened out of my prison into the guard-room, and I seized the hilt of a sabre which was laid on the table—which I did without their stopping me. Arrived at the outside door, I had but to force my way by one sentinel,

when I perceived that I had taken only the hilt and left the sabre—by a chance most unlucky to me, the soldier to whom it belonged had placed both separately on the table. When I saw my mistake, and that I could no longer force my way without arms, past the outside sentry, whose gun was loaded and armed with a bayonet, I returned to take the sabre; but before I could draw it from the scabbard and place myself in a state of defence, all the guard rushed on me and disarmed me.

During the time, which had elapsed from my imprisonment, I was able to acquire some knowledge of the German language, I profited by it, to gain the soldiers who guarded me, for I saw plainly that, watched by two sentinels, one of whom was in my room, and the other at my door, and who were relieved every two hours, every other attempt at escape was impracticable.

I succeeded with one of them, who, whilst he watched me, assisted to saw the bars of my window, resolving to escape with me. Our plan was stopped, —we had fixed for the execution of it, the first day that he would mount guard, and, in the mean time, he would make every necessary arrangement. Nothing can describe the impatience with which I waited for the day so long wished for, which was to be that of my deliverance, and the joy that I felt when my faithful sentinel made the sign agreed on to announce all was ready. But who can judge of the grief and the consternation which I was plunged into, when, in half an hour after, Mayer, an agent of the Senate, entered my room and communicated to me the order he had received to remove me to another prison, in consequence of the report which had been made to the Prêtem on the unwholesomeness of that in which I was confined. This news was a thunderbolt to me. I was, nevertheless, obliged to get into a carriage which waited for me at the gate, and to quit a prison from which I was to escape that very evening. On the way, I made the most sad reflections on what had

happened me, and I looked on this new misfortune as a proof added to so many others which presented themselves to my mind, that I was to be the butt of the most rigorous fortune; but when I endeavoured to explain the true cause for my translation, I confess that I lost myself in vain conjectures; and it was not for a long time after that I learned the infamous treason of which I was the victim. I was very far from suspecting the author.* I was conducted to the prison where Tandy was, and put into a room, the air of which was so pestilential and infectious, as to have caused the death of a young Englishman of a robust constitution, who had expired a few hours before I arrived. My conductor told me, with an air of raillery, "*You have asked another room; here is one.*" I represented to the Senate that I preferred even the dungeon I had quitted, and intreated of him to have me re-conducted there. At any other time I would have been puzzled to make a choice, but in asking to be sent back there I had in view the design which I would have executed when they obliged me to leave it. Receiving no answer, I set myself to examine my new dwelling. The persons of my guards, were unknown to me; it was a company of grenadiers who did the duty of this post, and the soldiers who had formerly guarded me belonged to other companies. At the end of six weeks, I succeeded in gaining over a sentinel. My window looked out on the roof of a small house; we had only to force the bars, and slide down the roof into the street. When the soldier left

* A man residing at Hamburgh, who had all my confidence, and that of my three companions in misfortune, was at this precise time sold to England, and was one of Crawford's numerous agents. He was informed of all our projects, and communicated them to this minister. This man is actually in London, and pensioned by the government. (There were three Irishmen—*United Irishmen*—then resident in Hamburg. One of them was in the pay of the English government, a Mr. Turner; the other was a hanger-on at the British agent's, intriguing and peaching on a small scale, with a view to his restoration to his country; the third, Cox states, was *Mr. Duckett*, the Junius Redivivus of Tone's Diary.—R. R. M.)

me, he went into the town in order to make every necessary preparation for the execution of our project that very evening. On his return he met Mayer, who came to visit me; learning from his comrades that Mayer was come to make me re-change my prison, he immediately concluded that all our plan was discovered. Fear deprived him of his senses; he threw himself at Mayer's feet, and confessed all; he even gave him the instrument of which he was possessed, hoping thereby to obtain his pardon. Mayer, an instant before, had consented that my removal should take place the next day; every obstacle that could prevent the accomplishment of our design would have been removed this very evening. It was not treason which this time prevented the success of our plan, but one of those blows of fortune which destroy the best grounded calculations. In a short time after, I was taken back to the prison of the Gausemarkt, where Morres and Blackwell were confined. What had happened to me would have naturally discouraged and prevented me from making any new attempts; nevertheless, I managed to correspond with my two companions in misfortune; and we all three stood so well with our guards, the greater number of whom we had gained, that we resolved to arm ourselves and place ourselves at their head, to deliver Tandy, who was in another prison, and after to repair to the house of the French ambassador. Our measures were so well taken, that we hoped this time at least to recover our liberty, in spite of the impediments which fortune might put in our way. But the same traitor who had formerly deranged my plan discovered all to the English Minister, Crawford, who immediately gave orders that our guards should be changed, and even that those of the different posts of Hamburg should be doubled, which continued even to our departure. Such was the result of the last struggle we made to obtain our liberty at Hamburg.

During all this time, the French Government made several attempts to alleviate our troubles, in conse-

quence of which two officers of the garrison came to visit us every day, and informed themselves if we wanted anything. We asked of them this gift, of which we had the greatest need, but we saw with surprise that they paid no attention to any of our demands; we were not slow at perceiving that this visit was only through form, and we learned in effect that they informed the French Government that we were perfectly well treated, and that we wanted for nothing. It is true that France at this period had little influence at Hamburg. Suwarrow, after having beaten our armies in Italy, entered on the French territory; the Arch-Duke Charles advanced on the Rhine; and the Duke of York was in full march on Amsterdam. Considerable wagers were laid at Hamburg and London, that the French could not hold out six months longer. At length the inhabitants of Hamburgh thought that the favourable moment was arrived, in which they could insult with impunity the French people and give new proofs of their devotion to the English Government. Consequently, on the 29th of September, 1799, the garrison were put under arms, and they conducted us on board an English frigate which waited for us in the river.

CHAPTER IV.

In England, after about eleven months' separation, we all met.* We had a long and very tiresome

* As soon as the French Government had information of this event, the following resolution was taken:—

"Paris, 26 Vendemiaire, 1798.

"The Executive Directory, on the Report of the Foreign Minister, "considering first, that the imprisonment in the dungeons of Ham- "burg, of the citizens Napper Tandy and Blackwell, naturalized "Frenchmen and belonging to the service of the Republic, as also "that of the citizens Morres and Corbet, and their betrayal into the "hands of the English, is an attempt against the rights of men—a "crime against humanity—a serious offence against the French "Republic; secondly, that the laws of neutrality impose on the

voyage.* We had scarcely disembarked when we heard the false and ridiculous excuse by which the

" States which enjoy its benefits, duties which maintain all the prin-
" ciples of social life, and hold as most sacred the rights of the
" people; thirdly, that the most imperative of these duties is to
" prevent every act of hostility of the neutral territory, and thereby
" to offer to the citizens and subjects of the belligerent nations an
" assured protection and an equal asylum against all violence exer-
" cised in virtue of the rights of war; fourthly, considering that
" since the pride and fanaticism of some Governments are about to
" re-kindle the flame of war, the attempts against the rights of
" the people are increased to an alarming height; that it is parti-
" cularly the chief of an empire to the north of Europe and Asia,
" which, without provocation on the part of France, is made the
" instrument of hatred of the English Government against the
" French Republic, and against the liberal and philanthropical prin-
" ciples on which it is founded; that this chief lavishes menaces
" against all the governments which do not share in its blind and
" impassioned politics; fifthly, that if the cause of this moral and
" political corruption be not arrested by an appeal to all the govern-
" ments which have not yet participated in this state of degradation,
" and by the punishment of those who have taken part in its shame;
" if, in fine, these attempts be not held up to public view with the
" reprobation which they merit, there would be reason to fear that
" one day the laws of war would be without restraint, and the rights
" of peace without guarantee; that there would no longer be a
" barrier to the progress of a general dissolution, and that Europe
" would rapidly retrograde towards a state of barbarism; lastly,
" considering that the defence of a Government to atrocious orders
" causes to be exercised by its weakness, particularly when the
" Government had rendered itself guilty of the dependant position
" in which it is placed; and such is the case in which the Magistrates
" of Hamburg have acted by ordering the incarceration of the
" citizens Napper Tandy, Blackwell, Morres, and Corbet, and on
" refusing their enlargement on the official proof that they were
" citizens and French officers.

" Resolved, 17, Vendemiaire.

" Article 1st.—The attempt committed by the Government of
" Hamburg shall be denounced to all the Governments allied and
" neutral, by the Ministers of the Republic residing near these
" Governments.

" Secondly.—The Consular and Diplomatic agents in residence in
" the Senate of Hamburg shall instantly quit the city and its territory.

" Thirdly.—Every agent of the Hamburg Government residing in
" France shall receive orders to leave his house in twenty-four hours.

" Fourthly.—A general embargo shall be laid on all vessels and
" ships bearing the Hamburg flag and lying in the ports of the
" Republic."

* In open sea, and half a league from us, an English frigate

Senate attempted to justify its conduct to the French Government; but we learned at the same time the great and noble answer* of the august Chief of that Government, Buonaparte, who was their First Consul. The English were quite embarrassed at the conduct which they had observed in our regard. Affairs were now changed on the Continent; Suwarrow and Korsakow were beaten in Switzerland by General Massena, the Duke of York a prisoner of General Barne's, and the French everywhere victorious. Intimidated by the strength of the First Consul, and fearing for the hostages who were confined in the Citadel of Lille, and who were to answer for our safety, they assembled ten days after our departure for London, in order to deliberate on what they ought to do, they determined on having us sent to Ireland, that we might be there confined in the Castle of Kilmainham, near Dublin. We remained two years in this prison, from which no person had before escaped. However, I meditated a plan of escape, in which I had the happiness to succeed, as soon we shall see. Kilmainham is at the distance of about a quarter of a league from Dublin; it was built by the English Government to serve as a state prison for the revolted Irish Chiefs.

laden with gold, and on its way to Hamburg, was suddenly wrecked, and only one sailor saved. What was the use of this gold? was it to purchase additional mercenaries against France? was it the price of that treachery of which the Hamburghers were just guilty?—Happy would the Continent be, if all the gold leaving England for such unworthy purposes had been buried in the sea!

* Buonaparte, First Consul of the Republic, to the Burgomasters and Senate of the free and imperial city of Hamburg;—

"9th Nivôse, 1798. We have received your letter, gentlemen; "it does not justify you. Courage and virtue preserve States; "cowardice and vice ruin them. You have violated the rights of "hospitality; such crimes occur only amongst the most barbarous "hordes of the desert. Your fellow-citizens will always reproach "you with it. The unfortunate whom you have given up die "illustrious; but their blood shall cause woe to their persecutors, "more than an army could effect.

"The First Consul, (signed) BUONAPARTE.
"By the First Consul.
"The Secretary of State, (signed) H. B. MARET."

It is constructed of cut stone (*pierres de taille*), and carefully barred in every side. It is surrounded by a wall of forty feet, at a distance of about twenty paces from the main building; the space between the wall and the castle is divided into several yards; State prisoners are allowed to walk there and amuse themselves during the day, but at night we were shut up in the Castle. Sentinels were placed all round the outer wall, so that to escape, it would be necessary, after having got out of the Castle, to clear this wall, and thereby to deceive the watchfulness of the many guards. This project was of very difficult execution. The circumstances in which my country was then plunged inspired me with a desire of attempting it. England had just put in execution her pernicious project of a Union between the two countries; the Irish resolved to oppose by force a plan which would annihilate their rights, and to implore the assistance of France. The chiefs of the party assembled in Dublin, thought that Blackwell and I, who were at the same time Irishmen and officers in the French service,* should be the persons best calculated to convey their wishes to the French Government, and at the same time to solicit its aid. They communicated to us their designs, and offered us every assistance in their power to effect our escape; we accepted them,† and I arranged as follows:—I agreed that six persons, well armed, should come to the foot of the wall, provided with a ladder and cord forty feet long; that they should choose the first stormy night as the most favourable opportunity, that the noise of the tempest might prevent the sentinels from hearing that which might be made in our preparations, and wait

* The offer was also made to Tandy, but he refused, on account of his age, to take part in an undertaking that he judged impracticable. Latterly he was confined with Morres in a part of the prison separated from ours, which prevented the latter from accompanying us.

† Our only means of correspondence with our friends in Dublin was through the ladies, who were permitted to visit their imprisoned relations.

until they should be obliged by the inclemency of the weather to retire to their sentry-boxes; that we would throw a ball of packthread over the wall, that they might fasten their ladder to it; that we would draw it to us, and have them keep the other end. Blackwell and I, on the evening of the propitious night, seconded by the other prisoners of State,* were to remain hidden in the prison yard; and when all would be quiet in the Castle, throw to the other side of the wall the cord forty feet long, by means of a piece of lead half a pound in weight placed at the end of it. We determined, after having cleared the wall, to separate from our liberators, and to enter Dublin alone to avoid suspicion. Arrived at the top of James's-street, through which it would be necessary to pass into the city, we should meet a man who, on a signal agreed on, should go before us and knock at the door of a house prepared to receive us. We waited for a long while the favourable time; it at length arrived. We made known, by a signal from our prison, that we were prepared for the next night, and they answered from the outside, as was agreed on. Though the hail fell heavily, the prisoners walked in the yard much later than usual; several of them walked abreast, the better to conceal Blackwell and I, who were hidden at the extremity of the yard. When the guards arrived, the State prisoners collected *en masse* in the corridors drew on them the attention of the jailers, who closed the gates and retired without having discovered our absence. On the nights of the 15th and 16th of February, at 11 o'clock, according to our agreement with our friends outside, we prepared our cord, and I began to throw with all my strength the lead which was at the end of it; but I met with a difficulty which I did not expect, although I thought I had foreseen all I had to encounter. Notwithstanding all the efforts

* The other prisoners did not avail themselves of this mode of escape, because it was by capitulation that they were to be restored, and the time for their release approached.

that Blackwell and I made, we could not throw the lead to more than sixty feet in perpendicular height, and it would be necessary to throw it eighty that it might fall to the foot of the wall at the other side. In effect the resistance from the air, the weight of the lead, that of the cord itself, and its rubbing against the top of the wall were so many obstacles opposed to our efforts. We had exhausted ourselves in vain attempts until morning, and not being able to succeed we were obliged to hide ourselves as on the evening before, and we had the good fortune not to be perceived by the guards, when they came to open the gates of the prison. We stole then into our chambers, without being discovered, and went to bed. Our fellow prisoners saw through the bars of their windows our ill success, and did not know to what to attribute it. One of them, a respectable old man, who, in his youth, had passed for one of the strongest men in Europe, perceiving that we had not sufficient strength to throw the lead to the other side, got enraged with us and exclaimed,—"If I were near you I would throw yourselves over the wall." I mention this only to show how far our companions were from judging of all the difficulty we experienced. We might naturally expect the next morning their railleries and their sarcasms. They reproached us with our want of strength and dexterity. We wished in vain to justify ourselves, they obstinately maintained that the thing was not so difficult as we pretended. They engaged us that same evening to renew our attempts, and one of the strongest and most clever undertook to throw the lead himself. He took advantage of the moment in which we made a party at ball, and, when the evening was falling, he threw the lead, without being seen by the guards, thought that he had completely succeeded, and left the cord on the wall, hoping, that, as it was of the same colour, it would not be perceived. We had informed our friends to be ready for the night, and we hid ourselves again in the evening, during a storm, accompanied with

rain and hail, which lasted all night, and favoured our operation much ; at midnight we felt that the ladder was attached to our cord, but our friends on the outside told us after that it was impossible for them at first to catch the lead. The tallest of them had felt along the wall in vain to find it, then another mounted on his shoulders, and it was only with the aid of a long cane that the latter had been able to reach it, and could only do so by drawing the cane up and down to try to catch it, which proves that notwithstanding the strength and dexterity with which he threw it, it did not arrive to the foot of the wall as our companions thought. I drew the cord to me, and brought the ladder along the wall, however, making more noise than I thought. As it was not difficult to hold this ladder I gave the cord to Blackwell, and I went to my companions to take my money and papers, which I had confided to them, for fear that I might be taken and they found on me. They gave them to me through the bars. When I returned to Blackwell I found that he had broken the cord and that the ladder had fallen to the other side of the wall: this misfortune, which happened to me at the very moment in which I thought there was an end to my misfortunes, threw me almost into despair, I had but one effort more to make. I was furnished, through precaution, with a second cord and lead, but without my companions knowing any thing of it, who would have thought this useless. I took off my coat and after having prepared the cord I threw it, I will not say with all the force I was able, but with that energy which despair alone can give. I owe my safety to this extraordinary effort, my friends had already drawn the ladder and were disposing themselves to retire when the lead fell at their feet. They took it up and fastened the cord and the ladder to it anew. I not only wished to save myself; but that the English Government should be ignorant of the means I employed to attain my liberty. On that account I was obliged to draw the ladder after me, so much the

more difficult as I was obliged to fix it inside the wall before I could get up, that I might be able to support myself out in descending. At some distance from the foot of the wall was an horizontal opening, barred and intended for water to run through. I passed through one of the bars a cord which fastened the ladder to it, and sufficiently long for me to hold by, after being at the other side of the wall, and in some way to serve as a counterpoise to myself, so that, when descending, it would be possible for me, by letting go this cord, to draw the ladder, which was not fastened in any other way. When all was ready, I invited Blackwell to go up first, but he represented to me that probably the ladder would shift and totter; that in the bad state of his health, it would be more difficult for him than for me to settle it, and on this account he begged of me to go up first. I then mounted and found that the ladder shifted as Blackwell thought. We had placed it in rather an inclined position, with regard to the wall, without doing which we would have torn our hands and we could not pass our feet through. I mounted seven or eight steps tolerably well, but on account of its inclined position it turned. I was obliged to ascend with my back to the wall with much trouble; and had just reached the top when the step gave way and I fell seven or eight steps. In order to remount I was obliged to hold by the ladder, supporting the entire weight of my body with hands, only as sailors do on board a ship. At last, arrived at the top of the wall, I stopped some minutes to rest myself and recover breath. I descended afterwards, but I had not arrived at the foot of the wall, when finding my strength completely exhausted and no longer able to support myself, I let go the ladder and fell. The persons who were waiting for me happily received me in their arms. I remained some time senseless. In vain we waited for Blackwell, a considerable time passed and he did not appear, then one of our companions got up to the top of the wall, and told us, on his return, that he had seen

Blackwell, that he appeared quite exhausted and unable to make the least exertion, that he made a sign to him not to wait any longer. I learned afterwards that he had made three attempts to reach the top of the wall, but had fallen each time. At last, after two hours of expectation, we retired, taking our ladder and leaving no trace of the means by which I escaped. The time that I lost, in expecting Blackwell, was the cause of my not meeting the person who was to join me at the top of James-street, not seeing me arrive, and fatigued from having passed the previous night in watching for me, he went away, thinking that the project had failed a second time. I was obliged to pass the remainder of the night in the street, during dreadful weather, thinking every moment I would be arrested by the patroles.*

* In a rare and valuable book, entitled "Memoirs of Missionary Priests, &c., who have suffered death in England, on religious accounts, from 1577 to 1684," clandestinely published in England, in 1741, there is an account of the martyrdom of a Mrs. Ward, who was hanged in London, in 1582, for enabling a priest, of the name of Watson, to effect his escape from Bridewell. The means by which this escape was effected are so precisely similar to those adopted by General Corbet, when he effected his liberation from Kilmainham jail, that it is evident the account of those means, employed in Mr. Watson's case, must have suggested the plan adopted by General Corbet. At page 224, Vol. I., of these Memoirs of Missionary Priests, we find the following passage—"Mrs. Ward soon procured a cord which she brought in her basket under the bread and other eatables, and appointed two Catholic watermen, who were let into the secret, to attend with their boat near Bridewell, between two and three o'clock the next morning; at which time Mr. Watson applying to the corner of the cornice the cord *which he had doubled*, not sufficiently considering the height of the building, *he began to let himself* down, *holding the two ends of the cord in his hands with a design of carrying it away with him after he had got down*, that it might not be discovered by what means he had made his escape. But by that time he had come down something more than half way, he found that the cord, which he had doubled, was not now long enough, and he for some time remained suspended in the air, being neither able to ascend nor to descend without danger to his life.

"At length, however, recommending himself to God, he let go one end of his cord, fell heavily on a shed and broke his right leg and arm. The watermen, however, carried him to the boat, and while

Towards 6 o'clock in the morning, I found an asylum in the house of a friend who was glad to receive me. Even the guards of the prison were ignorant of my escape for several days. Blackwell fortunately got into his prison chamber, in the morning as we had done the day before, and the better to deceive the watchfulness of the guards they unmade my bed every day as if I had lain in it, they also asked my food and every thing I was in the habit of making use of. The English Government were at length informed of it—they caused a strict inquiry through the prison; and the Chief Jailer was put in irons, suspected of having facilitated my escape. They afterwards thought that I saved myself disguised as a female, and this supposition was copied into all the journals of the day. The English Minister is still persuaded of it, and it is only by this relation he will have learned in what manner I escaped. Contrary winds detained me for several days in Dublin. I had occasion several times to confer with the Irish Chiefs, and to receive from them the necessary instructions for the French Government. At last a captain of a vessel, an intimate of my friends, conducted me to his ship without being perceived by any of the crew. He made me conceal myself in the ship's hold, where he had prepared a retreat for me. He came to see me the next day and to bring me provisions, of which I had need. He informed me that the government caused the strictest search to be made in the city, as also all the vessels in the port to be rummaged. He advised me not to stir until I were at sea, and that I would not see him again until then. I remained as quiet as it was pos-

they were carrying him he remembered having left the rope, and besought of them to return for it, as its being found would surely lead to a knowledge of the means by which he had escaped, and bringing the poor gentlewoman who had afforded them into trouble. But it was too late, they had only time to push off from the shore when they observed the jailor and others coming to the place. Mr. Watson recovered from his injury, but his preserver perished on the scaffold, and manifested the noblest courage on her trial and at the place of her execution."

sible for me, but my situation was most disagreeable. At the end of two days the captain came and told me that we were at sea; he informed me at the same time that Major Sirr* with four police were on board our vessel going in pursuit of me to Liverpool where they imagined I had already repaired. However anxious the captain might have been to see me from time to time, to encourage me in my painful situation, I agreed with him that he should not come to me for twenty four hours after the vessel arrived in port, and that when every thing should be still, I would go out and repair unperceived to the house at which I was expected in Liverpool. All was executed exactly as we had arranged, and I left the vessel, without any person, except the captain, knowing any thing of it. The individual who received me at Liverpool undertook to procure a passage for me in a neutral ship; a Prussian vessel going to Anvers, was to sail in eight days; we induced the captain, by a promise of a large reward, to receive me and hide me in his ship. During all this time the police were making active search every where for me. A member of parliament, who was then at Liverpool, dined at the house where I was, without knowing me, he told us that he had been followed in the streets by ill-looking men, who appeared to belong to Major Sirr, that tired of their spying he turned round quickly on them, looked and asked them in a determined manner, why they followed him, and why he was thus tormented, he added that they were probably looking for some Irishman, and that being one himself, suspicion rested on him. Though this relation might have given me some uneasiness, the certainty I felt of setting off the next day prevented me from being unhappy. I engaged a boat to take me to the vessel, but I experienced a new contradiction. The crew, dissatisfied with the captain, seized this opportunity to shew him their resentment;

* Major Sirr became celebrated in Ireland and England, by his management of the police, he organised his agents into battalions and put himself at their head on all important occasions.

the sailors exclaimed that they saw he intended to take a suspected man on board who appeared to wish to escape from England. They declared they would not suffer it, for fear of becoming victims, as had happened a short time before to a crew of a vessel of their country. No alternative remained to me after this formal refusal but to get in the boat and regain the shore as quick as possible. As soon as I landed, the boatman hastened to tell what had passed to their comrades, I saw myself on the very point of being discovered; I hurried to the house of a friend who immediately saddled a horse for me with which I gained the country, and, after having travelled three or four leagues, I sent it back, continuing my route on foot, following the cross roads to gain the direct path that led from Scotland to London. I went more than twenty-four miles out of the usual way, as I was known at all the hotels on the way. My intention was to gain Sheffield where I arrived in two days. In this city, I took the public coach, and repaired to London, without exciting the least suspicion, passing myself as a native of England. On my arrival at London I found that Major Sirr had preceded me, which obliged me to lie concealed both day and night. My friend undertook to procure my passage to the continent, but unfortunately they could not meet a captain who would take me. I waited in vain for three weeks, seeing that I had no other means of getting out of the country than to present myself at the Foreign Office at Gravesend, and to submit to the usual interrogatories, after having disguised myself as well as I could I went there, passing for a Liverpool merchant, going to Emden on commercial pursuits, shewing at the same time letters to strengthen what I had advanced. I then obtained permission to embark in a neutral vessel for Emden. We quitted Gravesend, and after having lost sight of the English coast, we were met at sea by several English frigates, the officers of which entreated me to act as interpreter with the captain, seeing that I was the only person on board

who spoke English. I would willingly have dispensed with an office which brought with it so much danger and trouble, and which endangered my being discovered; I, however, acquitted myself without awakening the least suspicions. Finally, we arrived at Emden; having rested there one day, I set out for the Hague, where I introduced myself to the Minister Sernonville in order to obtain a passport to Paris. The joy that I felt at again finding myself in the French territory, made me forget all my past sufferings during an absence of three years.

"Arrived at Paris I wrote to the Senate of Hamburg, to demand my effects,—but in vain, I never received a reply. Could it be otherwise? attending only to the voice of self interest, the majority of the Senate were deaf to that of justice, unaided by power.

(*Signed*) "W. CORBET."

CHAPTER V.

THE following documents, and reference to them, were appended to his narrative by General Corbet:—

"I subjoin the account given by M. Tandy, a few days before his death, of his arrest at Hamburg; the original written by himself is in my possession.

"I arrived at Hamburg on the evening of the 22nd of November, 1798, and the next day I went with M. Corbet to visit the French Minister and the Consul General Lagan to obtain passports to Paris—I passed the day with the Consul General, and prepared for my departure which was to have taken place the following day. I was invited to sup the same evening, by M. M***, T***, and D***, in a house where Blackwell, Corbet, and Morres supped also: we remained there till midnight, and four o'clock went to our hotel. Towards morning I was awakened by armed men rushing into my chamber and demanding my passport. They ordered me at the same time to get up and dress myself; they ransacked and robbed

my pockets, they also took the contents of my portmanteau, in which was more than one hundred Louis in gold, several letters and other effects, which have never been restored to me. In leaving my chamber, accompanied by these ruffians, I perceived that Blackwell, Corbet, and Morres, had just been arrested. I asked to speak to the Consul General of France, but Monsieur Crawford, who was in the next room, opposed it, giving orders to that effect to the two principal agents of Police, Mayer and Wallbourn, who appeared entirely to be obedient to him; about an hour after I saw two coaches arrive, Corbet and Blackwell got into one, which set off immediately: Morres and I, attended by two guards, got into the other, followed by a strong escort, we crossed several streets, the coach stopped, and when I had got out, it continued its route, taking Morres away. I was shut up in a dungeon which was not larger than the coach I had just left. I scarcely passed an hour there, when the same persons who conducted me there showed me into the same carriage and took me to a watch-house on the ramparts; it was a little better than that I had quitted. They presented me a paper to sign; I was ignorant of its contents, I notwithstanding took the pen and signed,—" Tandy, General of Brigade in the service of the French Republic," a short time after an adjutant arrived to ascertain if all were secure, and if there were any danger of my escape He was followed by a man carrying a bag, this bag was thrown on the floor, I judged by the noise it made in falling, that I was to be chained; the bearer drew out the irons and made a sign to me to give him my left leg, when he had fastened it I presented the other, but he seized my right hand and chained it to my left leg; after which he retired, I passed all the day in this cruel state, I lay on the boards of the guard-house, for they had not put me a bed; and when I awakened I felt myself drawn by two or three men who came to remove my chains. It was done in the presence of the sergeant of the guard, an old man who shed tears on seeing that my chains had been locked so tightly

that they had penetrated into my flesh. I learned since, I owed this comfort to the French Minister who had claimed me as a French officer. I passed ten days in this deplorable situation, having scarcely sufficient food to support existence. One morning, at the break of day, they ordered me to dress myself, and made me get into a coach with a sergeant and a soldier who never quitted me. We passed into another watch-house, where they left me for some time amongst unfortunate people of all kind, and finished by conducting me into a room from nine to ten feet square. They shut me up in it with a sergeant whom they changed every twenty four hours, and a soldier relieved every two hours; there was a naked sabre day and night at my side; they put back the keys to the officer on guard; there was another sentinel outside the gate, independent of the usual number. Thus I passed ten months. In the beginning they gave me my food by throwing it to me as they would to dogs; and I can say that during seven weeks, I never eat a single morsel without the greatest repugnance. The sergeant, on guard, gave me every morning, it is true, a *marc* and a half, (nearly forty sous,) for the expenses of the day, but the soldiers put what price they thought proper on what they brought me, and when I spared for two or three days, in order to procure a better repast, they did not fail to rob me of all. I was forced to write to the Prêtam, for with him alone was I permitted to communicate, I described to him my situation, and declared to him that it would be an act of humanity on his part, and that of the Senate, to have me led out on the ramparts and shot by their soldiers, rather than be left any longer in so dreadful a state. I begged of him at least to send some person who understood my language, that he might hear the manner in which I was treated, and be enabled to enter into other particulars. They sent to me a man, I shewed him my food; I asked him at the same time if he would wish to give such to his dogs. He assured me that I should be better treated the next day, which proved true, and lasted during

my stay at Hamburg. Some months after, the major or adjutant of the place came every day to visit me, to inquire for my health, and to hear my complaints; these visits produced a good effect, it prevented the Hamburghers, who were naturally a dirty people, from smoking and spitting in my room as they used to do before. I was nearly eleven months a prisoner, when, on the night of the 29th of September, 1799, I was awakened about midnight: I judged, by the number of persons who entered my cell, that something extraordinary was passing. They commanded me to arise, presenting me my boots which I had not put on since my arrest. In going out I was conducted by all the garrison, consisting of 1,200 men, to the house of the English Minister Crawford; I there met Blackwell, Corbet, and Morres. They conducted us to a vessel lying in the river, and we got into a king's boat, filled with English soldiers who were waiting for us; they had chosen midnight as the most favourable time for their infamous treason, fearing an attempt to rescue us might be made, for they were not ignorant that the conduct of the Senate, in our regard, was highly disapproved of by all the inhabitants; and when they learned afterwards, that we were given up to the English, they manifested their indignation by publicly insulting and covering with mud, the mercenary senators who bartered the safety and honour of their country for the gold of England. We sailed to the mouth of the Elbe in the boat, and then got on board the English frigate which waited for us; we were put into separate cabins and guarded by a sentinel who had orders not to allow us to speak to any one. We had permission to walk for half an hour, when it was fine, on deck, each in his turn accompanied by a guard. We arrived at the mouth of the Thames after thirty days voyage; we were then given up to a king's messenger, who conducted us to London escorted by some companies of cavalry.

(*Signed*) "N. TANDY."

The account of General Corbet's career, subsequent to his escape from Kilmainham, I take from that notice of his life in the *Times*, to which I have already referred, written by a gentleman who was on terms of intimacy with him, and whose opportunity of making himself thoroughly acquainted with the circumstances he details I am fully aware of:—

"Corbet effected his escape 'by means of a ladder of ropes, thrown over the wall of Kilmainham jail (it was said at the time) by some of Astley's equestrian troop, who left Dublin for Cork the same night.' This was, however, an invention to screen the real parties to the escape of Corbet, one of whom, Luke Cassidy, waited for him (as Corbet himself told me within these two months) at 'the Fountain in James's-street,' and afterwards enabled him again to reach France. On his arrival in Paris, Corbet repaired to the Minister of War, and was ordered his pay during his absence and confinement, and was subsequently appointed to the Irish Legion, formed by order of the First Consul in 1803. Subsequently Corbet passed into a French regiment of the line, and was present at the sieges of Ciudad Rodrigo, and of Almeida, in 1810, and made the campaign of Portugal in the 70th regiment. In the retreat from Torres Vedras, his regiment suffered frightfully. In an action at Sobajal, on the frontier of Spain, with the army of the Duke of Wellington, his colonel and nearly every one of Corbet's brother officers of the battalion to which he belonged, were killed or wounded. In that engagement he distinguished himself for coolness and courage. These and his other qualities had obtained for him high reputation. They recommended him to Marshal Marmont (who had replaced Massena in the command of the army of Portugal), and by whom he was placed on his staff. At the battle of Salamanca, Corbet's chief, Marmont, was wounded. He had himself a horse killed under him. The chief of the battalion, O'Neill, of the 47th, being severely wounded and made prisoner, Corbet was raised to that rank, and

appointed to replace him. Clausel, having succeeded Marmont in the command of his *corps d'armee*, continued to Corbet 'the protection' of Marmont, and formed a friendship for him which terminated only by death. When Marmont had recovered from his wounds, and had, in 1813, been appointed to a command in the grand army in Germany, he wrote for Corbet to resume his place on his staff. With him he was, consequently, present at the battles of Rutzen, Bautzen, Worschen, Dresden, and Leipzic, and the whole of the battles in Germany and France; and in the course of those campaigns, had several horses killed under him. He was raised to the rank of Colonel by Napoleon in 1814. At the restoration he was placed on half-pay, but in January, 1815, Marshal Soult appointed him Chief of the Staff of the Duke d'Aumont, who then commanded the military division of which Caen is the chief place. While Napoleon, in March, 1815, was marching to Paris, the Duke d'Aumont proposed to Colonel Corbet to accompany him to England, assuring him of impunity for all he might have to apprehend from the British Government, and employment and advancement in the event of another restoration of the Bourbons. This proposition Corbet rejected, saying he would not quit a country to which he owed hospitality, protection and rank—adding, that he would remain to partake of the dangers or the glory of the army to which he belonged. After the second restoration he was placed on half-pay, but, through his intimacy with General Foy and other distinguished officers, with whom he had served, he passed his time generally in Paris, until the year 1828, when he was attached to the staff of Marshal Maison, appointed to the command of the French army, destined to the delivery of Greece. Lord Stuart de Rothesay, then British Ambassador in Paris, protested against the employment of Colonel Corbet in the expedition to Greece, but General de Caux, the then Minister of war, replied, that he only knew Corbet as a French officer, and declined

interfering. On his arrival in Greece, Corbet was appointed to the command of Navarino, and was there at the terrible explosion of the citadel in 1829. He was subsequently governor of the fortress of Messina, and shortly after superior commander of Nauplia, which the unpaid and famishing remains of the bands who had fought in the war of Independence kept in a state of frightful anarchy. During ten months, Corbet succeeded in maintaining good order in that capital, when all of a sudden the united bands of Colocotroni, Isocry, Grisiotti, and other chiefs, in the pay of Russia, made an attack in the noon-day on the quarters of the French troops detached at Argos. Corbet repaired thither in all haste, and completely routed the Palichari, with a loss of 300 killed and wounded, having had himself only thirty men *hors de combat*. From that moment the French were respected in Greece, and when Corbet left for France, he was presented with a sword of honour and most flattering address by the primates of Greece. At the recommendation of General Schneider, who succeeded Maison in the command in Greece, Corbet was raised to the rank of Major General in 1831. He returned to France in 1832, and was appointed to the command of the districts of Caen, and afterwards to that of Tulli in 1839, 1840, and 1841."

For the following particulars respecting General Corbet, I am indebted to the surviving members of his family in Ireland, with which I close this memoir of a man, of whose glory his country was deprived by the privileged fanaticism and the protected insolence and rapacity of a contemptible faction, for whose sordid interests the country was governed which gave him birth. The name of an Irishman was a recommendation to him in a foreign country, and his life and actions were calculated to do honour to the land which gave him that title to the sympathy and protection of strangers. In the accounts of the rank and services of the Irish refugees in the armies of France, extracted from the records of the department of the

Minister of War, furnished me by Colonel O'Neill of Paris,* we find the name of William Corbet, "Marechal de Camp, Major General, Commander of the Legion of Honour, Knight of St. Louis, and of the Order of the Saviour in Greece;" and the same account tells us "he served in Spain, Portugal, Germany and Greece."

"His intellectual qualities," his nephew, Mr. Lyons, truly observes, "were of a high order. His early tastes were of a literary kind, and must have been strongly marked and determined, when his pursuits in after life failed to alter them or turn them to other objects and allurements. While at College, he obtained several premiums, and was the translator of Volney's 'Ruins of Empires' and some other works. In person he was tall and of an imposing carriage. The portrait of him which has been sent to you was taken by a Parisian artist, for the purpose of presentation to his sister, and was thought to be very like him at the time it was taken, in 1826, when he was about 47 years of age. At one period he had an intention of coming over to Ireland, but an attack of illness prevented his putting the project (which was not devoid of danger) into execution. It was stated some years ago that he had been seen in London in the suite of Marshal Soult, at the period of the visit of the latter to England. But such was not the fact. A General Colbert was in the Marshal's suite, and the similarity of that name to Corbet's may have led to the error. On his return to France from Greece, he was appointed General of the district of Caen. He died at St. Denis, near Paris, the 12th of August, 1842."

The last testimony to his worth, which I have to record is given by his sister, in the simple, truthful, and unaffected language of sincere affection:—

"His moral conduct was throughout his life perfectly correct; he entertained a high sense of honour,

* Second series of the "United Irishmen." Vol. II., p. 524.

and a deep respect for female character, but never married; nor did he care to enter into the gaieties or amusements of general society; he was of a retiring and unobtrusive disposition. He was always silent on political subjects in his correspondence with his family. He continued throughout his life, and to its close, to give solid proof of his ardent attachment towards his family. His conduct in this respect, as in all the relations of life, was so exemplary, that it would have been an injustice to his memory to be silent, even though my praise of him may sound like a secondary sort of pride or egotism. It will, however, add another to the many instances which may be adduced of the indispensable necessity there seems to be—of private worth to constitute a meritorious public character."

MEMOIR OF

JAMES NAPPER TANDY,

AND

JAMES BARTHOLOMEW BLACKWELL.

"No port is free, no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance
Does not attend my taking."—*King Lear.* A. 2, S. 3.

CHAPTER I.

THE ancestors of James Napper Tandy possessed considerable property and influence in the County of Meath. His grandfather was a Member of Parliament. James Napper Tandy was born in Dublin in 1740. He was brought up to a mercantile business, and became a merchant of respectability in his native city. He distinguished himself very early in every popular movement, in corporation politics, in free trade agitation, and especially in Volunteering affairs. He took a very prominent part in all the public meetings of 1779 at the Tholsel, got up with the view of preventing the purchase or use of English manufactures, till such time as the questions of free trade and parliamentary independence were carried. Indeed, the former movement may be said to have commenced with him. "A free trade," says Barrington, "became the watch-word of the Volunteers and the cry of the

nation." The Dublin Volunteer artillery appeared on parade, commanded by James Napper Tandy—not, as Barrington states, with labels on the mouths of their cannon, "Free trade, or speedy revolution!"* but with the words, "Free trade, or——!" in cast letters on the breechen of the guns. From the time of the determination to prevent the purchase of English manufactures, the affairs in the British empire, according to Barrington, began to wear a new aspect. In the month of April, 1780, his opposition to the Duke of Leinster, the General of the Metropolitan Volunteers, on the question of the declaration of rights, which his Grace and many of the popular leaders, considered prematurely brought forward, led to his expulsion from the Volunteer Corps, of which he was then a member, and which was chiefly composed of the heroes of Skinner's Alley celebrity.

The 27th of May, 1782, when the House of Commons met, after adjournment, with the utmost solicitude to await the decision of Great Britain on its claims, the Volunteers were under arms at an early hour. Tandy, who had been re-appointed to a command, with "their artillery under his orders, was stationed on the quays, and commanded all the bridges leading from the military barracks to the House of Parliament."

On the 10th of November, 1783, when the Volunteer National Convention, "the concurrent parliament" assembled at the Rotunda, the first movement of the procession of the Delegates from the Royal Exchange to the Rotunda was announced by the firing of 21 cannon. The Liberty Brigade of artillery, commanded by J. N. Tandy, formed no insignificant part of that extraordinary and magnificent cortege. "It was not," says Barrington, "the effervescence of a heated crowd; it was liberty that inspired them; the heart bounded, though the tongue was motionless. Those who did not see, or who do not recollect that splendid day, must have the mortifi-

* Barrington's Rise and Fall, &c., p. 77.

cation of reflecting that (under all circumstances) no man ever will behold its like again."*

Tandy might well be proud of the part he had taken in those spirit-stirring scenes, when the heart of the nation bounded, and the miseries of Ireland were merged in the magnificent pomp and pageantry of that momentary triumph of Irish virtue and patriotism. These "*hauts faits*" ought not to have been forgotten, or the feelings which the mournful reminiscence of their transitory glory and futile gorgeousness recalled, when poor Tandy in his old age and in adversity seemed vain of the popularity he once enjoyed—(and few men of his day were more popular among their fellow-citizens than Tandy)—and the estimation he enjoyed and the influence he exerted in the ranks of the Volunteers. Tone, at one period of his residence in France, was a little forgetful of those circumstances, and those allowances that ought to have been made for the foibles even of an honest Irishman, who had taken a distinguished part in the movements of 1779 and 1782, and who, ten years later, had to fly from his country, on account of his engagement in another political movement in connection with the Society of United Irishmen in Dublin, of which he was one of the original founders.

Tandy has been inconsiderately spoken of by some of his associates. Great virtues are often allied with great defects; and one of the glaring defects in our national character is, the proneness to fall into the unfavourable opinion that is entertained of public men by those whose policy and design it is to run them down by ridicule. The love of the ridiculous may be carried to a culpable extent, and may become a very contemptible weakness, of which the common enemy will not fail to take advantage. It is said that "gentle dulness ever loves a joke;" but it is not only gentle dulness, but pseudo-patriotism, that in Ireland seems to deem it excellent fun to jibe and banter about those

* Barrington's Rise and Fall, p. 289.

who once enjoyed the confidence of their countrymen, and to join, at the expense of the men who were banished or persecuted on account of their devotion to an unsuccessful cause, in making sport for the Philistine "Lords of the Pale" and the "Protestant-ascendancy faction." "They do it but in mocking merriment." True; to make the enemy laugh, forsooth! But do these pleasant gentlemen, those smiling sycophants in private circles and sprightly merry-andrews in political ones, consider that the friends and families of the objects of their ridicule or merriment have feelings to be pained by their folly, or to be estranged by the ingratitude which they see exhibited with respect to those who, like Tandy in 1799, in 1782, and 1793, at critical junctures—if they "have writ our annals true"—proved that they loved their country "not wisely, but too well."

When Tone returned to Dublin, from the North, in October, 1791, after contributing to establish the Society of United Irishmen in Belfast, he set about forming a similar society in Dublin, and with that view, Russell and himself "contrived to get acquainted with James Napper Tandy, who was the principal of them, (the Protestant leaders of the popular interest,) and through him with several others, so that in a little time they succeeded, and a club was accordingly formed, of which the Right Honourable Simon Butler was the first Chairman, and Tandy the first Secretary."*

Tone adds, "it is but justice to an honest man, who has been persecuted for his firm adherence to his principles, to observe here, that Tandy in coming forward on this occasion, well knew that he was putting in the most extreme hazard; his popularity among the corporations in the city of Dublin, with whom he had enjoyed the most unbounded influence for near twenty years: and, in fact, in the event, this popularity was sacrificed. This did not prevent his taking his part decidedly."

* Tone's Life, Vol. I., page 54.

In the formation of the Society of United Irishmen he took a leading part, and either as President or Secretary of "the Back-lane Parliament," was a principal actor in its proceedings from the autumn of 1791 to 1792, when on the 18th of April he was committed to Newgate, by the House of Commons, for a breach of privilege, in sending a challenge to the Solicitor General, Mr. Toler. On his liberation, at the close of the Session, the house having been prorogued about half an hour after his committal, he published a statement in the public papers of the calumnies heaped upon him by Toler, wherein he called the hon. gentleman "a pander," "an imperious and impertinent upstart," "whose peevish petulance he would not submit to," "a calumniator and a liar."

Toler's friends asserted that ample opportunity had been given by him to Tandy of calling for an explanation, and an intimation likewise of his readiness to waive his parliamentary privilege, but Tandy had not in due time availed himself of either. The latter finding his character for courage aspersed, being then a member of an artillery Volunteer corps, demanded a court martial to inquire into his conduct with respect to Toler. The court martial acquitted him of any unsoldierlike or dishonourable conduct.

The offensive language used by the Solicitor General, Mr. Toler, was in a discussion on the Catholic question, the 20th of February, 1792. Mr. Toler said, "We are not this day to be taught by political quacks, who tell us that radical reformation are necessary in parliament. I have seen papers signed Tobias M'Kenna, with Simon Butler in the chair, and Napper Tandy lending *his countenance*. It was rather odd they could not contrive to set a better *face* on the matter; but, sir, to use the language of an honourable member behind me on a recent occasion, such fellows are too despicable for notice, and, therefore, I shall not drag them from their obscurity. I cannot help joining in the laugh at such ridiculous attempts to

alarm your feelings, as if you could be swaggered out of your senses, or *babadilled* out of your reason."*

The particulars of the singular proceedings of Tandy against the Viceroy, and the Viceroy against Tandy, which arose out of this occurrence, have been given in the Memoir of T. A. Emmet, at page 19, of Vol. II., second series, on which occasion Emmet first distinguished himself at the bar. The heading of the several pleas, and subpœnas, in the actions of the former, begin with the words "James N. Tandy, Esq., against John Earl of Westmoreland." The proceedings were grounded on the alledged illegality of a proclamation, offering a reward for the apprehension of Tandy, signed by the Lord Lieutenant and council of Ireland, inasmuch as it was contended, that no subject could be taken into custody on a charge of a breach of privilege, without summoning the party complained of, to the bar of the house; and further, that no such functionary as a Viceroy, legally appointed, existed in Ireland, because the Earl of Westmoreland, and all his predecessors, had been appointed by letters patent, under the great seal of England, which was not recognized in the Irish courts of law. The proclamation set forth that the Sergeant at Arms, of the House of Commons, on the 22nd of Feb., had proceeded to James Napper Tandy's house, Chancery-lane, and arrested the said J. N. Tandy, whereupon he went into a parlour, as if for a hat, but shut the door, and made his escape, as he supposed, through a window. All officers of the customs, and other officers in maritime towns, were most strictly enjoined to prevent the escape of said Tandy beyond the seas, and a reward of £50 was offered by the Viceroy and council for his apprehension. What strikes the reader of this document is, the extraordinary anxiety displayed to prevent Tandy's leaving the kingdom, and the greatness of the powers brought into operation to effect the punishment of a simple

* Irish Parliamentary Debates, Vol. XII., page 202.

breach of privilege of parliament. Tandy's free trade politics, in 1789, and his volunteering exploits in 1782, were not forgotten nor forgiven.

In the spring of 1793, legal proceedings were instituted against Tandy, on a charge of distributing a seditious publication, signed "Common Sense," in the county Louth. This pamphlet, as it contained some severe strictures on the Beresford family, a list of their places and pensions, gave great umbrage to the powerful jobbers of that name and race, whose sovereign influence extended over the government, and laid claim to the disposal of its patronage. It would have been much safer for Tandy to have meddled with the character of his sovereign, than with that of any member of the Beresford dynasty.

On the 16th of February, 1793, he was to have been tried, at the Dundalk Assizes, for the offence of distributing the pamphlet; he was proceeding to Louth to stand his trial, when his Attorney, Matthew Dowling, discovered that bills had been found against him on another charge of a more serious nature, namely, of communicating with the Defenders at Castle Bellingham, in the County of Louth, and taking their oath on the occasion of an interview with them, which Emmet states in his pieces of Irish history, was with the view of ascertaining their designs, evidently in reference to a coalition with the Society of United Irishmen. Tandy fled the country, proceeded to America, and established himself in Welmington, in Delaware, where he continued till he embarked for France, among the refugees in Paris, in the spring of 1798. He had entered the French service, and been raised to the rank of general of a division in the French army. He found the army, under Kilmaine, destined for Ireland, embarked on board a fast sailing vessel, with a few Irish refugees, for the coast of Ireland, landed at Rutland Island, on the 16th of September, 1798. The particulars of this futile attempt have been detailed in the memoir of Corbet. He returned on board, the evening of the day he landed,

and sailed for France, but, to avoid the British cruizers, was compelled to shape his course to Norway, where he arrived in safety, and proceeded overland to Hamburgh, with the intention of going on to Paris, but was arrested there, on the 24th of November, 1798, by the Senate, at the instance of Sir James Crawford, the British Minister, in conformity with the instructions of Lord Grenvill. Tandy's arrest became the subject of discussion and correspondence with some of the principal courts of Europe. Advantage was taken of the recent reverses of the French arms, and of the absence of Bonaparte, then in Egypt, to lay England under an obligation, and to set France at defiance, by this perfidious and cowardly proceeding. Tandy, and his two companions, William Corbet, and Colonel Blackwell, in similar circumstances, and likewise Harvey Morres Montmorency, who had been arrested at Hamburgh, after a most rigorous confinement were transmitted to Ireland, and on the 12th of February, 1800, Tandy and Harvey Morres were put on their trial, in the Court of King's Bench, Dublin, on a bill of attainder, charging them with having failed to surrender themselves to take their trial before the latter end of December, 1798, on a charge of high treason. By Lord Kilwarden's humane and impartial discharge of his judicial duties, the prisoners were acquitted. Tandy was detained in custody, however, and brought to trial, on another charge of treason, at Lifford, in the county of Donegal, the 7th of April, 1801. The crime, laid to his charge, was his descent on Rutland Island, on the 16th of September, 1798.

His advocates considered the proceedings were pressed on with undue haste, they threw up their briefs. Tandy avowed every thing set forth in the indictment, and declared his readiness to meet death with resignation and fortitude. He was convicted and sentenced to be executed on the 4th of May following. There is no question, but that Tandy would have been executed but for the remonstrance of the First Consul, and the determination expressed to the British

government of breaking off the negociations for peace, which had been entered into with France in the event of Tandy's not being restored to the latter.

One of the last acts of Lord Cornwallis' government was the announcement to Tandy's son, Mr. James Tandy, who had served under his Lordship in India, that his Majesty's gracious pardon had been extended to his father.

On Lord Hardwicke's arrival in Ireland, the government having imagined that Bonaparte would be contented with the mere commutation of Tandy's sentence to transportation to Botany Bay, his son was informed by the Chief Secretary, Abbot, that Lord Cornwallis's acts of lenity, was not approved of by his successor, an unconditional pardon could not be granted, the prisoner Tandy must be transported to Botany Bay. The son threatened to make public all the facts of the case. That project was given up, and a new one was devised, worthy of a government, that was afraid of being known to be subject to fear.

The Secretary assured Mr. James Tandy " That all that was required, was merely the name of transportation, in order to strike a terror into others, and that he, the Secretary, would pledge his honour, if the son acquiesced, that the father should be landed wherever he pleased, and it should appear to the world as if he had made his escape at sea, for the name of transportation was all that was wanted."*

The son, to his honour, declared " That he would not consent even to the name." Nothing then remained but to endeavour to prevail on Tandy to banish himself to America, or to Portugal. He declined to go to either country. At last Mr. Marsden informed his son, that his Excellency had consented to his father's going to France, and that he should instantly set off by some neutral vessel. James Tandy, in his narrative, says, (page 119)—" On the day prior to Mr. Marsden's sending for me, I knew, through a communication

* Appeal to the Public. By James Tandy, page 103.

from Monsieur Otto, the French Minister in London, (made no doubt, from a feeling for the anxiety of a son for the fate of his father,) *that the treaty of peace would not be signed at Amiens until my father was first restored; that the Chief Consul Bonaparte had sent directions to his brother Joseph Bonaparte, not to sign that treaty until General Tandy was first restored to France.* This circumstance I had also recounted to me by General Matthieu, a near relative of Madame Bonaparte, and then commander of the Southern department, when I was at Bourdeaux some months after, at a public dinner, to which I accompanied my father. My father arrived at Bourdeaux, the 14th of March 1801, and the treaty was definitively signed on the 27th of the same month."

When Tandy was thought to be at a convenient distance from Great Britain, Lord Pelham, in the House of Lords, took an appropriate opportunity, in a discussion on the malt tax, to state that Mr. Tandy owed his life to the useful information he had consented to give the British government. This fabrication was echoed by another nobleman, Lord Spencer. It was disbelieved by every man who had the slightest knowledge of Tandy's character. On the 30th of March, the latter addressed a letter from Bourdeaux to Lord Pelham, which was inserted in all the newspapers of the day throughout Europe, from which the following extract is taken.—

"My Lord.—When we are obliged to take up the pen in defence of our characters, our letters stand in no need of apology. Without fatiguing you, therefore, with any, I shall enter immediately upon the subject; and as you have thought proper, as well as Lord Spencer, to bring my name in an indecent manner before the public, I shall begin my defence with the same freedom you have used in attacking me.

"You have declared, or the printer for you, that I made discoveries to Government. I assert, that declaration is false. This may appear to your ears not very civil language, but it is the voice of truth,

and I repeat, my Lord, that it is a mean and audacious falsehood. I never had any relation nor correspondence with your Government, or, if I had, that Government knew my character too well to attempt to make me temporise."

Tandy spent the remainder of his days in Bourdeaux; he died there at a very advanced age, in the latter part of 1803. Under the Republic he had held the rank of General of Brigade, but at the time of his decease, he held the rank only of Colonel.

CHAPTER II.

"I am a soldier too, and will abide it with a prince's courage."—*Shakespeare, Cymbeline.* A. 3, S. 4.

JAMES B. BLACKWELL* was born in Ennis, in the County of Clare, about the year 1765. He was sent at an early age to the College of Lombarde in Paris, (now termed the Irish College,) to be educated for the priesthood. One of the "Bourses" of the College, or endowments instituted by the Irish Catholic gentry for the education of members of their families, or of persons recommended by them, had been founded by the family of the Murray's, the maternal ancestors of Blackwell. The intentions of his family, however, were not fulfilled; his inclination led him to abandon the study of divinity for that of surgery, in the school attached to the Hospital la Bicetre, under one of the most eminent surgical professors of his day. He entered on manhood in the first years of the Revolution, attached himself to the Orleans party, and appears to have attracted the notice of the leading men of that faction. On the memorable "14th of July," he was appointed leader of a party of the artizans of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, and commanded that party at the attack and

* The principal facts detailed in this memoir are taken from a sketch of Colonel Blackwell published in Cox's Magazine for January, 1809, page 32.

demolition of the Bastille. His subsequent intimacy with Danton, and some others of the Jacobines of most distinction, obtained for him a commission in the army, and the rank of Captain in a regiment of Chasseurs, of which Murat, the future sovereign of Naples, was a lieutenant. Blackwell's regiment formed a part of Dumourier's army at the time of the general defection: the former continued faithful to the Republic, returned with the remnant of the Republican army to Paris, and, on his route, took part in a proceeding which led, it is said, to his speedy marriage with the daughter of a Colonel in the British service.

At a town where the regiment he belonged to, was to have halted for the night, he learned that several British subjects, who had been arrested and detained as prisoners of war, in consequence of the recent declaration of war against England, were then in the act of being dragged before the tribunal over which presided one of the most sanguinary monsters of his day, Jean Bon St. André. Blackwell, the instant the news was brought to him, communicated with his brother officers, and the result of this communication was, that he was followed to the judgment hall by a number of armed followers. They entered the court in a tumultuous manner; Blackwell reprobated the sanguinary proceedings that were going on, demanded the prisoners to be given up to him, and menaced St. André with a complaint of his conduct in the event of his refusal to comply. The English prisoners, in consequence of Blackwell's interference, were liberated, and, in the course of a few days, the gallant advocate of the prisoners, was rewarded with the hand of the daughter of one of them.

Blackwell was an unpolished, rough, but well-meaning and honest-minded man. His lady appears to have been an accomplished, highly-educated, and virtuous woman, though fond of society and an object of attention to those who entered into it. The civilities of Murat to Mrs. Blackwell gave umbrage to her husband; the suspicions of the latter are

represented to have been groundless. He challenged Murat, however; they fought with swords, and Blackwell was disarmed; his life was at the mercy of his antagonist, and "*le beau sabreur*," of course, spared his vanquished opponent.

When the mania of one period of the Revolution was against aristocrats, and men of education or enlightenment or of polished manners, were accounted enemies to liberty, Murat was denounced, and was obliged to secrete himself during the passing storm. Blackwell on this occasion contributed to the safety of his former adversary. The writer of the account of Blackwell's career, in the Irish Magazine, states that this circumstance was related to him by Colonel Blackwell.

After Dumourier's treason, Blackwell continued unemployed till the preparations for Humbert's expedition were carrying into effect, in the Autumn of 1798, when he was appointed to serve in that expedition, and was raised to the rank of Colonel. He accompanied Tandy on his perilous voyage and descent on the coast of Donegal; and on his intended return from Norway to France, when passing through Hamburg, the secret of his arrival and that of his companions "was betrayed to the British envoy (according to the writer of the sketch in the Irish Magazine, apparently well informed on the subject of which he treats) by two pensioned spies of England, Turner and Duckett." The latter is still living, he who was the "Junius Redivivus" of the Northern Star newspaper of 1794, the flaming patriot whose violence in print was of so suspicious a character; one of whose epistles concludes with a malediction ascribed to some pagan patriot—"May the Gods pursue that man to destruction, with all his race, who shall act, speak, or contrive anything against this state!"*

Blackwell was confined in Kilmainham, as we have seen, along with Corbet, but failed to effect his escape with the latter. He was liberated, however, the 10th of December, 1801, and permitted to return to France,

* Second series of "The United Irishmen." Vol. II., p. 72.

after having suffered nearly three years confinement between his imprisonment in Hamburgh and in Dublin.

In the account, of the Irishmen in the service of France, connected with the Society of United Irishmen, published in a former series of this work, for which I am indebted to Colonel O'Neill of Paris, it is stated that Blackwell's rank in the French army in 1815 was Chef d'Escadron; subsequently he was nominated Commandant of the town of Bitche. He had gone through all the campaigns of the Revolution, and died in Paris from the effects of his wounds. In his person, Colonel Blackwell was tall, slender, and well-looking; his military acquirements were said to be "limited to a partial knowledge of desultory field service, but he was deemed incompetent to the conducting of any serious enterprise, which required science or an intimate acquaintance with tactics and the rules of regular warfare."* In the same account from which the preceding passage is taken, Colonel Blackwell is erroneously stated to have died previous to 1809, and to have seen no service but on the German frontier under Dumourier.

CHAPTER III.

The following statement and correspondenee, in reference to the attack made in the English Parliament, on the character of General Napper Tandy, to which we have already referred, was published by him in Bourdeaux:—

"TO THE PUBLIC.

"For the more perfect understanding, of the cause, which gave rise to the following letters, that appeared in the *Argus*, (a Paris paper,) it is necessary to state part of Lord Pelham's speech, in the House of Peers, on the reading of the Malt Tax:—

"Napper Tandy," says he, "had been set at liberty, not at all in deference to the French government; but because there was a doubt, though not in regard

* Irish Magazine, 1809, p. 34.

to the justice of the verdict, by which he was convicted of high treason, yet respecting the equity of putting him to death, in the particular circumstances of his case, especially *after some discoveries he had made.*"

Lord Limerick, on the same side, added, "That he knew, of his own knowledge, that he had done so." And M. Elliot, speaking on the same bill, in the House of Commons, called him, (Tandy,) "An ignorant man, of an advanced age, and insignificant rank in life."

To Lord Pelham.

"My Lord,

"When business demands the assistance of our pens, an apology for writing is useless. I shall not, therefore, trouble you with any, but proceed directly to the point; and as you have thought proper, in conjunction with Lord Spencer, wantonly to introduce my name to the public, I shall, with the same freedom which stimulated you to the attack, commence my defence.

"That you have both transgressed the rules of decency is the softest censure which your conduct will admit of; and with equal propriety I may say you have broken the laws of justice; for what connexion your wonderful sagacity could discover between a Malt Bill, which was the subject of debate, and Napper Tandy, time alone must develope. Were it not for one assertion you have made, I should not trouble the public with this appeal, but content myself with the honour of being abused by your Billingsgate orators in both houses; for there are men, my Lord, whose censure is the highest commendation that can be bestowed, and of this number, I am free to confess, that I consider your Lordship as entitled to rank in the first class. You have declared, or the printer has done it for you, '*that I made some discoveries to your government,*' the assertion I AVER TO BE FALSE. This may appear uncouth language to a courtly ear, but it is the voice of truth; and I repeat it, my Lord, and say 'IT IS A MEAN, AUDACIOUS, AND INFAMOUS FALSEHOOD!'

I never had any connexion or correspondence with your government, or, if I had, they knew my character too well, to attempt to tamper with me. Had you contented yourself with saying, 'there were particular circumstances in my case,' you would have adhered to the truth, for you know the whole, though you have only let out a part!

"As to my life, I never considered myself indebted to your government for it. I hold it to a great and generous people, and to that First of Men, the Hero and Pacificator, who said *if I did die, that I would die illustrious.* In his, and their cause, I am ready and willing to shed the last drop of my blood; for, with pleasure, I can review my past life, spent in the service of my country, whilst I look with pity and contempt on those, who have raised themselves, by their prostitution, to the first offices of state; and glory more in the name of a French citizen, than in being a titled slave. I am, my Lord, with the same sentiments, which I have uniformly cherished and supported, (long before I knew you, as a little clerk, in the Castle of Dublin,) a friend to universal benevolence, and an enemy to those only, who raise their fortunes on their country's ruin!

"NAPPER TANDY."

Bourdeaux, 30 *Nivose XI.*

For the Argus.

GENERAL NAPPER TANDY'S ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE, THE PEOPLE OF GREAT BRITAIN, AND THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

"I am called upon by the imperative dictates of honour, and the feelings of an injured mind, to vindicate myself from an assertion made by Lord Limerick, a Peer of Ireland, and a Member of the British Parliament. That Lord, *under the sanction of impunity*, has *dared* to assert, as appears by the English Prints, that 'he *knows* I obtained my liberty from imprisonment in Ireland, in consequence of making

discoveries to the British Government'—an assertion equally false and malevolent.

"With those, who intimately know Lord Limerick, his word will have no credit. In Ireland, his character is despised and abhorred, and his mean and despicable conduct to his native country, and to all connected with him, has probably been the cause, that in England, he was fixed upon to promulgate a falsehood in the British Senate, as a screen to protect the debilitated ministry of the day, from the rancour of their opponents, out of office and emolument, and struggling to get possession of both.

"From the day I arrived in Ireland, from Hamburgh, to the moment of my departure from that oppressed country for France, (after suffering a long imprisonment, in consequence of British bribery and influence,) I never held the slightest conference or correspondence with any person in the service of government, by any means whatever, except the agency of my son. He was the only medium, through which I had information, in respect to the intentions of government towards me, and happily I am furnished with documents sufficient to refute the falsehood of Lord Limerick, one evident intent of which must have been to render me an object of jealousy to France, where I have found an independant station, a friendly asylum, and the most honourable protection.

"On the 7th day of April, 1801, I was brought to trial, at Lifford, in the County of Donegal, in Ireland, on an accusation of having invaded that country, with an armed force, from France, thereby levying war against King George the Third, with an intent to dethrone him, and overturn and subvert the government. Conscious of my own principles, which have ever been purely Republican, and scorning, even where my life was the forfeiture of conviction, to assert a falsehood, I avowed, in open court, the facts so charged upon me, and the sentence of the law, which inflicts a punishment cruel and capital, was pronounced against me, by the Judge, accompanied by

observations, intended to be severe, but which I did not feel, because I held the assertions and the assertor equally in contempt. The day subsequent to my trial, Mr. Stewart, the King's Attorney-General, put into my son's hands a letter, written by M. Alexander Marsden, Secretary of State to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, of which the following is a copy.

"'DUBLIN CASTLE, APRIL 6, 1801.

"'MY DEAR SIR,

"'Yesterday Lord Cornwallis received a letter from the Duke of Portland, conveying His Majesty's pleasure as to Mr. Tandy. This will arrive too late, to occasion any difference, as to his trial; but I conclude he has pleaded guilty. If this has been the case, and that he makes full confession of his treasons, and gives all the information that he can, to make reparation for the crimes, which he has committed against his country, his life will be spared. I have no news to write you. It is expected L—— H—— will leave London about the 20th. You will, probably, be in town before that time.

"'Your's very faithfully,

"'A. MARSDEN.'

To the Attorney-General.

"A near kinsman of mine, Thomas Tandy, was with my son, when this letter was handed to him by the Attorney-General. The observation my son made was, 'As to my father's making discoveries, it is entirely out of the question. In the first place, he could not, from the length of his confinement, have any information to give. But, even if he had, I am convinced he would not accept life upon such terms.' The King's Attorney-General instantly replied:—'As to that part of Mr. Marsden's letter, which relates to discoveries, it is only matter of form, or words of course, and I know perfectly well that Mr. Tandy cannot give any information, which government is not long since in possession of. The rebellion being put

down, government know all, or as much as they wish or want to know. He desired my son, therefore, to inform me, 'they did not require any thing of the kind from me.'

"How will Lord Limerick answer to this positive assurance of life, and renunciation of the base conditions, suggested in Mr. Marsden's letter, by the King's Attorney-General, the first confidential Law-Officer of the Crown? Perhaps, Lord Limerick was one of the advisers of the proposal. It was worthy the meanness and baseness of a man, who, under the pretence of being a friend to government, has been the supporter of every administration in Ireland, has been auxiliary to every oppressive measure, a political enemy to his country, and is now, consistent with the corruption of his heart, executing the dirty part of the business of the British administration. Had discoveries been proposed to me, I should have rejected, with scorn and indignation, a baseness which my soul abhorred. This the Attorney-General could not be ignorant of; for he must have known my sentiments from my son. I had made up my mind for death, in a cause, which no mode of execution could stamp disgrace upon. It would have been death, in the cause of freedom, and of my country—a cause, which would have converted the scaffold into an altar; the sufferer into a victim! In that cause, had I perished, my death would have made good the words of the First Consul:—'If he die he will die illustrious!'

"Shortly after this, Lord Cornwallis was called from the government of Ireland, and was succeeded by Lord Hardwick, as Lord Lieutenant. My son, wishing to soften, as far as possible, the rigour of my confinement, requested of the Attorney-General, that he would have me removed from the miserable cell I occupied, in Lifford gaol, to the gaol of Kilmainham, in the county of Dublin, where I had been confined, from my arrival in Ireland from Hamburgh, till I was removed to Lifford for trial. The Attorney-General replied, that he could not interfere, without first con-

sulting his Excellency, Lord Hardwicke. His Excellency's determination was communicated, in a few days after, to my son, by the Attorney-General, and was this—'The answer to your resquest, given by his Excellency is, that from your father's not having shown any kind of contrition on his trial, nor since, nothing of the kind can be complied with—and had he, (Lord Hardwicke,) been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, at that time, he should have been executed at once?'

"How will Lord Limerick account for this? If I had made discoveries, as a condition for my life, would the chief governor of Ireland have held this language, and have refused so trifling a favour, as to remove me from one gaol to another? If I was making discoveries, would not the removal of my person to the vicinity of the metropolis, the seat of government, where the governor resided, and the secretaries and the law-officers were in constant and necessary waiting, have been a matter of convenience? But Lord Limerick says, 'he *knows* I made discoveries.' Who told him so? Did he ever hold converse with me? or with my son? or with any person, delegated or authorized by me, to hold converse on my account? Here the *gross lie* stares the noble Lord in the face, smites his conscience, blasts every claim, if claim he ever had, to truth and honour, and must satisfy every man of candour, that his assertion in the British Parliament, respecting me, was a paltry subterfuge, an infamous manœuvre, to assist in extricating his patrons from an inquiry, which their political opponents had set on foot, for the purpose of confusing and impeding their measures.

"In the Month of November, (I being still a prisoner, in the gaol of Lifford,) I received official letters from the Attorney-General, and Thomas Kemmis, Solicitor for the Crown. They were both to the same purport, informing me, that 'I must prepare for immediate transportation to Botany Bay, in New South Wales, for life, or immediate execution. You

must be hanged, unless you submit to pass your life with thieves and robbers, and persons guilty of felony, and other infamous crimes, several thousand miles from your native land. That is the alternative.'

"What was my answer? I immediately wrote to the Attorney-General:—'I was their prisoner, and in their power, and they could, of course, do with me as they pleased; but that I would make no choice.'

"Soon after this, the Attorney-General informed my son, that a ship, ready to sail, was then waiting at Cork, for the purpose of carrying me to my destination in New South Wales. On this, my son requested that I might be brought to Dublin, (which was not out of the way to Cork,) in order to see my family and provide necessaries for so long a voyage. But this was peremptorily refused. Strange conduct this to a man, who is charged with obtaining a remission from death, on condition of making discoveries! Was it for making discoveries, that I was put to the alternative of immediate death, or perpetual banishment? Was it for making discoveries, that I was refused the melancholy indulgence, (yet the only comfort of a proscribed man,) of the last parting embrace of the best of sons, and an amiable family? Are these the proofs that this miserable Peer depends upon, for establishing the truth of his assertion? No! this is not the manner, in which the British Government reward discoveries! Those who betrayed the cause of the United Irishmen, and prosecuted to death the friends, whom they stimulated, and with whom they acted, are in the full enjoyment of personal freedom, and ample pensions! My son had now prepared such articles of clothing, and other things as might render me comfortable on the voyage, and in exile, when he received a message to attend at the Castle of Dublin. He was there informed, by Secretary Marsden, that government intended to adopt more lenient measures towards me; that I must leave Ireland, and that I had permission to reside in any part of the world, His Majesty's dominions excepted. The only condition

mentioned by the Secretary was, that my son should endeavour to prevent any appearance of exultation on the event, from delicacy to Lord Hardwicke, who, after what had passed, would feel hurt at such a proceeding. In consequence of this I was transmitted from the gaol of Lifford, to that of Wicklow, whence I was removed, by authority of a Secretary's orders to deliver me up to my son, who was to put me on board a vessel bound to Bourdeaux, where I arrived on the 23d *Ventose*, (14th March,) and was received, and have been ever since treated, in a manner which has impressed my heart with lively and lasting gratitude.

" Had I acted as Lord Limerick has falsely asserted, France would surely have been the last asylum I should have sought; America was open to me: Portugal was proposed, by the Government of Ireland; but I was a French Citizen——my adopted country had claimed me. To her I am indebted for my existence. That great and generous nation has restored me to liberty and life. I am now her soldier, and will be found at all times ready to evince my zeal for the support of her power and her glory.

" And now I call upon the Chief Governor of Ireland—I call upon his Secretary; upon the King's Attorney-General, and upon every other man of honour and integrity, to support, if in their power, the audacious charge made against me by Lord Limerick—a charge, unsubstantiated by any proof, or documents, unworthy any honourable or honest man; but perfectly consistent with the series of transactions, which have stigmatized the public reputation, and marked with obloquy and contempt the private character of this profligate Lord. His Lordship will, probably, affect to despise this candid defence, which renders him odious: or, indeed, it is more than probable he will be insensible to the sting. Hacknied, as he is, in the vice of politics, it will require more than words to touch his nerves, and, like the Muscovite, he must be flayed, to make him feel! But his punishment

is not my object. Let him live secure in his own meanness, I look only to the vindication of my own integrity—assuring his Lordship, however, at the same time, that, weak and doating, as he has represented me to be, I shall unquestionably, lay *a horsewhip upon his shoulders*, if ever he comes within the reach of,

"NAPPER TANDY."

Bourdeaux, Jan. 31, 1803.

For the Argus.

CHALLENGE FROM GENERAL NAPPER TANDY TO MR. ELLIOT, MEMBER OF THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"SIR,

"I addressed you, the 12th December last, by post, and not having heard from you, in reply, am induced to adopt this mode to come at you, through the *Argus*, which, if not a favourite paper of yours, is avowedly read by you. But, first, you shall have a fair copy of the letter I allude to.

"'SIR, (Copy.)

"'The illiberal attack, which you have made upon me, in your speech of the 24th November last, in the British House of Commons, is the cause of my troubling you with this. '*My ignorance and insignificance*,' which you have painted in such glowing colours, ought with a man of sense, to have been my protection: but you have proved yourself as deficient in this, as in point of good manners and politeness, which are the true criterion of a gentleman.

"'You cannot, sir, but know, (for you pretend to be a man of information,) that I hold a high rank in the army of this great and generous nation, which places me upon a footing with the proudest peer of your island. You know, also, that the honour of a

soldier is dearer to him than life—yet, with these facts before you, you have dared to traduce my character, and have attempted to affix a stigma on my name, which nothing can now wipe out, but the blood of one of us. *A French officer must not be insulted with impunity*, and you, as well as the country, which gave me birth, and that which has adopted me, shall find, that I will preserve the honour of my station. I, therefore, demand of you to name some town on the Continent, where you will be found, accompanied with your friend and pistols—giving me sufficient time to leave this, and arrive at the place appointed.

" ' NAPPER TANDY,
" ' General of Division.'

Bourdeaux, 12 Dec., 1803.

" P.S. A sufficient space of time will be permitted to elapse, for an answer, previous to my addressing you, through the medium of a newspaper.

" ELLIOT, ESQ., M.P.,
" House of Commons, London."

(General Napper Tandy receiving no answer to the above letter, has addressed the following communication to the *Argus*.)

To—ELLIOT, ESQ., M.P.
House of Commons, London.

" SIR,

" Eight weeks having elapsed, since I wrote to you, and my invitation not being accepted, or acknowledged, have I not a right to appeal to the public, in vindication of myself from the wanton and unmanly attack, which you made upon me? If the state of my unhappy native country had been the subject of discussion, some allusions might be drawn, some reasons assigned for the introduction of my name, but this was not the case. The debate was for laying a tax on Great Britain, in which I, as a French citizen, could not possibly be implicated, and, therefore, it is

evident, that I was wantonly dragged in for the sole purpose of calumny and abuse. That such conduct was unmanly, must be admitted on all hands, as no *brave* man would ever attack a *defenceless* person, much less an *absent* one. In my letter, I scrupulously refrained from retorting upon you, or using any harsh, or ungentlemanlike expression, (though perfectly justifiable from the treatment I had received.) I contented myself with that appeal, which a man is entitled to, when his character is injured, and his honour impeached. But as you *skulk* from that, and shelter yourself under undefined privilege, or that more than monstrous idea, that *a British Senator can traduce mankind, with impunity*—I am necessitated to say (after having thus exposed your rascality to the world) *Mr. Elliot is a* CALUMNIATOR ! a LIAR ! a PALTROON ! and a SCOUNDREL !

"NAPPER TANDY.

"Bourdeaux, Feb. 5, 1803."

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LEADERS OF THE SOCIETY OF UNITED IRISHMEN,

WHO CO-OPERATED WITH GENERAL HUMBERT AT KILLALA, CASTLEBAR, AND BALLINAHINCH, OR WERE IMPLICATED IN THE PROCEEDINGS CONNECTED WITH THE DESCENT OF THE FRENCH TROOPS ON THE NORTH-WEST COAST OF IRELAND, IN AUGUST, 1798 — NAMELY, MESSRS. O'DOUDE, M'DONNELL, BARRET, CRUMP, BELLEW, O'KEON, BOURKE, FRENCH, AND ROCHE, ETC.

"I'll find a day to massacre them all, and raze their faction and their family."—*Shakespeare, Titus Andronicus.* A I., S. 2.

A VERY remarkable pamphlet, entitled "An impartial relation of the military operations which took place in Ireland in consequence of the landing of a body of French troops under General Humbert, in August, 1798, by an officer who served under the command of his Excellency the Marquis Cornwallis," was published in Dublin in 1799. This pamphlet, illustrated with a map of the country, the scene of action and plans of the engagements, though little known, gives the most authentic details on the subject of which it treats that have been published. The copy in my possession, purchased in England at the sale of Lord Carleton's library, contains a quantity of manuscript notes and comments on the various statements, evidently written by a person connected

with the Irish Government, and intimately acquainted with the opinions of Lord Cornwallis and his proceedings in connection with those military operations which he refers to. The signature H. C., is appended to some of those annotations, which are not less valuable than the statements of the author of the pamphlet.

The number of French troops landed in Killala, the evening of the 22nd of August, 1798, is represented by the latter to have been 1060 rank and file, with a very considerable proportion of officers, and three pieces of cannon. A small party of the Leinster Fencibles and the yeomanry of Killala, who attempted to oppose their landing, were surrounded and taken prisoners. On the 24th, the French, leaving a few officers in command of their Irish auxiliaries to garrison the town, marched from Killala towards Ballina, but met with more opposition than they expected, and retreated to Killala. Major-General Hutchinson, who commanded in the province of Connaught, marched towards Castlebar with a small force; but the command of the troops assembling in Connaught on the 24th was given by Lord Cornwallis to Lord Lake, who was ordered to proceed to Galway. A force of 7000 men, under Major-Generals Moore and Hunter, was moved towards the Shannon, and about 5000 effective men of the yeomanry remained at fixed stations in the Counties Dublin, Wicklow, Kildare, Wexford, Meath, and Louth. Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell, who commanded at Enniskillen, marched with the whole of his garrison of 500 men to Sligo. The whole of the yeomanry corps in the Northern districts were ordered to hold themselves in readiness to take the field. Brigadier-General Taylor moved from Sligo with 1200 men, chiefly yeomanry, towards Castlebar, on the 25th. Lord Cornwallis arrived, after a march of 56 English miles in two days, at Kilbeggan, with the 100th Regiment and 1st and 2nd battalions of light infantry, and the flank companies of the Bucks and Warwick militia. On the 28th,

Lord Cornwallis received a report from Lieutenant General Lake of an attack on Major-General Hutchinson's corps at Castlebar on the 27th, where Lieut. General Lake had arrived the night before. The manuscript note says—"*No dishonour whatever results to General Lake,* who joined the army at 11 o'clock at night and was attacked before six in the morning; but it was extraordinary that Major-General Hutchinson, who knew there were two roads from Ballina to Castlebar, left that by which the French marched perfectly unguarded."* The attack was made about seven in the morning. The French force, (estimated at 800), with 1500 rebels, advanced on the British troops, which had been drawn up in front of the town. "Our artillery," says the author of the narrative, "was admirably served, and made a visible impression, insomuch that the enemy's advance was actually checked, and they began to disperse; at this critical moment, our troops, as if seized with a sudden panic, and without any apparent reason, gave way, and, notwithstanding every effort made by Lieut. General Lake, Major-Generals Hutchinson and Trench, and the very meritorious exertions of all their officers, they could not be rallied, but retired in confusion through Castlebar to Hollymount. The manuscript note states—"Humbert, who had been assured our troops had no artillery, was so surprised at the warm reception he met, that he determined to fall back on Ballina, and sent General Sarrazin, with some light troops, to make a false attack and cover his retreat; but this officer, perceiving the Kilkenny and Longford regiments begin to stagger, disobeyed his orders and pressed this part of our line, who instantly took to their heels. The men under Captain Chambers at

* The Rev. James Gordon, in his History of the Irish rebellion, expresses a very different opinion on this subject. He says he was informed, on good authority, that "if General Lake had not commanded a retreat, which was the real cause of the rout, and if General Hutchinson had been chief Commander on this occasion, the career of the invaders would have ended in Castlebar." P. 286.

the bridge of Castlebar behaved well, and that post was only taken at the point of the bayonet. The retreat was most disorderly, though the French did not pursue beyond Castlebar.* Teeling came forward to harass our rear with a six-pounder mentioned in the text, but as he was on the brow of a hill just traversing the gun, to fire on our troops, already in the utmost confusion, a party of Lord Roden's light cavalry turned suddenly back, mounted the hill at full gallop, and cut down four out of the nine Frenchmen who lie buried under a little hillock by the roadside. Teeling escaped into a bog, but, finding his escape cut off by the cavalry, had the boldness to come into our lines, and, pretending to be a French officer with a message from his General, was permitted to return in safety before the truth could be discovered. Being afterwards taken among the rebel prisoners and recognized as a native, he was tried by court-martial and executed in Dublin."

"The official return of the killed and wounded of the troops under the command of Lieutenant-General Lake at Castlebar, the 27th of August, 1788," gives the following details:—

52 rank and file killed; 29 wounded; 251 missing; 2 lieutenants wounded.

Officers missing;—2 majors, 3 captains, 6 lieutenants, 3 ensigns, 2 staff, 10 serjeants.

"No return of the carabineers was received."

13 pieces of artillery of various sorts were taken.

Humbert, in an intercepted despatch to the French Directory, says, "The British lost 1800 men, of which number 600 were killed or wounded, and 1200 prisoners—10 pieces of cannon, five pair of colours, and 1200 muskets."†

* "A panic seemed still to operate on our troops, who had made so quick a retreat as to reach the town of Tuam, thirty miles distant from the scene of action, on the night of the same day, and to renew their march after a short refreshment, retiring still farther towards Athlone."—*Gordon*, p. 286.

† In all the official accounts, in Musgrave's History, and the narratives of the Bishop of Killala and the military officer I have

Lord Cornwallis, on receiving the intelligence of this affair, proceeded to Athlone, to await the arrival of some expected troops. On the 29th, he received letters from Lieut.-Gen. Lake, stating that he had been obliged to retreat to Tuam. On the 30th Lord Cornwallis determined to move forward with the corps under his command. "Orders were sent to Lieut.-Gen. Lake to halt the sixth regiment, the Louth militia, the detachment of the Fraser fencibles, and Lord Roden's fencible dragoons, at Ballinamore, and to direct the remainder of his corps, the conduct of which was very disorderly during the retreat, to proceed on their march to Athlone. Brigadier-General Taylor, who, with the troops he had collected, was retreating upon Carrick-on-Shannon, was ordered to halt at Boyle." Commenting on the disorderly conduct above mentioned, the annotator in M.S. observes: "The —— regiment robbed the church of —— of its communion plate, &c., indeed, this conduct was too common. More wanton injury was done to Mr. King's house at Ballina, by our own men in a week, than by the French in a month, for True (notwithstanding the Bishop of Killala's character of him) kept the key of the cellar, while Major —— broke the doors open. And, at ——, the lieutenant-colonel of the Queen's County militia, at a similar scene, quietly looked on." Lord Cornwallis arrived on the 30th at Ballinamore; on the 1st of Sept. he encamped his forces at Knock-hill, and on the 2nd about two miles from Tuam.

Humbert's chief dependance was on the co-operation of the United Irishmen he was led to expect in Roscommon. In the M.S. notes it is stated:—"Mr. Plunket, who was to have commanded the rebels in Roscommon, had actually fixed a day for their rising, but his heart failed him the evening before, and he

cited, there is a studious silence on the subject of the numbers of the King's troops at Castlebar. Gordon—"The army now collected at this post must, I think, have amounted at least to between three and four thousand men, though some have stated the number at only 2300, and others at only 1100.

surrendered himself to Dr. Law, Bishop of Elphin, in consequence of which the plan of the insurrection in Roscommon entirely failed." Lord Cornwallis had information that the Brest expedition was only waiting for a favourable opportunity to elude the vigilance of our fleets. His Lordship was, moreover, distrustful of the yeomanry force after the defeat at Castlebar, he therefore waited for two regiments of the line before he would venture on any decisive step. On the 4th of Sept. the French, with about 8,000 *rebels*, marched from Castlebar in the direction of Foxford. Lieut.-Col. Crawford pushed into Castlebar, and found several wounded officers, and a Mr. John Moore, whom Humbert had left there, having appointed him president of the council for the province of Connaught. The writer of the notes observes, that "Moore was the son of a man of considerable property; he was sentenced to be transported, but died before he embarked. The lenity of Lord Cornwallis to this man and other rebels, gave considerable offence to the violent loyalists." Lieut.-Gen. Lake was ordered to follow Humbert, and to harass and impede his march, but not to risk an action without almost a certainty of success. On the 6th, Lord Cornwallis, with his corps, proceeded to French Park, where he learned that Colonel Vereker had made an unsuccessful, but very gallant attack, on the enemy, with a part of the garrison of Sligo, at Coloony.

It is stated in the manuscript notes that "the skirmish at Coloony began and ended in a blunder. Vereker, who knew nothing of the rapid march of 35 miles, which the French had made from Castlebar, supposed he was only attacking their vanguard, and Humbert, equally ignorant of Vereker's force, mistook the troops which attacked him for the vanguard of a larger body, and therefore altered his plan of marching to Sligo, which must have surrendered at his approach. When Lake arrived next morning at Coloony he found 18 Frenchmen dangerously wounded, who were left behind by their army. This attack of Vereker;

Nugent's posting himself at Enniskillen; and the reports, probably much exaggerated, of the insurrection at Granard, occasioned Humbert to make his sudden turn at Drumkerren, to leave the north to itself, and try his fortunes at Boyle, or Carrick-on-Shannon." Humbert, with his force, crossed the Shannon at Ballintra, and attempted to destroy the bridge, but General Lake pressed him so closely he was not able to effect it. On the night of the 7th Humbert halted at Cloon, and gave his troops two hours repose. On Lake's arrival the French had already evacuated the town. Lord Cornwallis had marched on the same day with his corps from Carrick-on-Shannon for Mohill, a distance of four or five miles from Cloon. Humbert's object was to get possession of Granard, which a few hours would have enabled him to have accomplished, if Lake had not pursued him with his cavalry, mounting some of his light infantry behind the dragoons. Humbert, now surrounded by two armies, (which Gordon estimates at "between twenty and thirty thousand men,") took up his position at Ballinamuck, and disposed his force for action. At seven o'clock in the morning, on the 8th of Sept., Humbert was summoned to surrender by Lieut.-Col. Crawford, but, as the French did not attend to his summons, he attacked them, upon which 200 of the French infantry threw down their arms. Under the idea that the remainder of their forces would do the same, General Craddock, and some British officers, rode up to them, when they instantly commenced a fire of cannon and musketry, from which General Craddock received a wound. In the confusion which ensued, it is stated in the notes, Lord Roden was taken prisoner. General Lake then ordered an attack on their position. The action lasted upwards of half an hour, when the remainder of the British column making its appearance, the French force, consisting of 748 privates, and 96 officers, surrendered at discretion, without any stipulation for their unfortunate auxiliaries. The rebels, though greatly reduced by desertion, amounting to

about 1500, immediately dispersed, but were pursued and slaughtered; Gordon says, "the number of their slain is reported to have been 500." "Numbers of them" Lord Cornwallis, who was at Mohill when the engagement took place, states in his despatch, "were killed on the field and in their flight." Mr. Blake of Galway, Bartholomew Teeling, and a Mr. Roche, were taken prisoners. The loss on the side of the king's troops was *three rank and file killed*, 12 wounded, and 3 missing, 1 officer died of his wounds. Humbert, in the communication of his defeat to the Directory, stated, that "after having obtained the greatest successes, and made the French republic to triumph during his stay in Ireland, he had at length been obliged to submit to a superior force of 30,000 troops, commanded by Lord Cornwallis." This letter is not cited with his other communication in the pamphlet of the officer in Lord Cornwallis's army. It will be found in the second series of Teeling's Personal Narrative, p. 228.

The MS. notes of the pamphlet, states that "Blake had been an officer of cavalry in the British army, and was almost the only one of his regiment who survived a long service in Jamaica. He left the army in consequence of a duel under disagreeable circumstances with a brother officer, who fell by his hand. He died with great courage, assisting an awkward executioner to adjust the rope on his neck. The Hampesch dragoons, the writer continues, were of great service in the action, (*id est*, the massacre.) The Irish, being deceived by their dress and foreign language, took them for Frenchmen who came to join them, when they hung on the rear of the latter. Great numbers of the rebels approached them as friends, but were immediately cut down, and their pockets rifled by their supposed friends.

Humbert, who had been a common soldier, had risen to notice by his activity, and was promoted in the campaign of La Vendèe, on account of the rapidity of his movements. As to his rapid marches in Ireland, he did not disgrace his character. The French marched

the first day from Castlebar to Coloony, 35 miles; the next day to Manor Hamilton, 18 miles; the third day to Ballintra, 20 miles, and the last day, by an early hour in the morning, they had reached Ballinamuck, a distance of 14 miles, making altogether, in English miles, 110 miles, in three days and a half."

The following is the official account of their march from Killala to Ballinamuck in a more detailed form. In the former their march from Killala is omitted.

THE MARCH OF THE FRENCH.

From Killala to Ballina, - - -	7m.	0f.
Back to Killala, - - - -	7	0
—— to Castlebar, - - - -	21	3
Round the west end of Lough Con, and over the Barnagee Mountains to Foxford, - -	11	0
Cross the river Moy to Swineford, - -	9	4
Back to Ballaghy, - - - -	5	5
—— to Tubbercorry, - - - -	5	6
—— to Colooney, - - - -	11	4
—— to Ballintogher, - - - -	4	4
—— to Drumahaire, - - - -	3	2
—— to Manor Hamilton, - - -	4	6
—— to Drumkerin, - - -	8	1
—— to Ballintra, - - - -	7	1
Cross to Drumsnave, - - - -	9	4
—— to Ballinamuck, - - - -	6	1
	122	1

Thus we find that Humbert's small force after having routed an army infinitely superior in numbers under General Lake at Castlebar, (whose exploits in the execution of the free quarter system, or the pursuit of fugitive rebels, were of a more daring character than any feats of soldiership of his against enemies in front of him in the field,) and, after effecting a march of 122 miles in the midst of forces opposed to him, of from 20,000 to 30,000 men, and traversing parts of the counties of Mayo, Roscommon, and Leitrim, was at length defeated at Ballinamuck in the latter county, on the borders of Ulster, his force not then much exceeding 800. Of the Irish officers who came over with this expedition, Sullivan escaped, Roche and O'Keon were permitted to leave the country. Matthew Tone

and Bartholomew Teeling were brought to Dublin in irons, tried by court martial, and executed there.

The writer of the MS. notes states, that the "orders of the Directory to Humbert, instructed the latter to co-operate with General Hardi, who was expected to land in the north every day with above 5,000 men, and this was the reason of Humbert's marching so far northward, and he would have proceeded further in that direction if General Nugent had not thrown himself with all his force in his intended route. In rifling *the few*," continues the writer, "killed at Ballinamuck, one of the most beautiful Irish girls ever seen, who had ventured probably into the fire to assist a brother or a lover, was found shot through the heart."

The writer of the notes which I have availed myself of largely in the preceding details, is much mistaken in asserting that few of the rebels were killed at Ballinamuck. The number of those killed after the surrender was so great, as to lead Lord Cornwallis, in speaking in private of the circumstance, to call the slaughter of the people on that occasion a "carnage;" though in his general orders, dated Johnstown, 9th Sept., he compliments the yeomanry "throughout the country," with not having tarnished their loyalty "by any acts of wanton cruelty towards their deluded fellow-subjects." Mr. Scully, the barrister, in a publication of his entitled, "Advice to his Catholic brethren," published in 1803, (first edit.) referring to the fact of Humbert's neglecting to obtain quarter for the Irish in his ranks, amounting to about 1500, says, "They (the French) saw with unconcern almost every man of these poor Irish butchered before their eyes. I have been on the field of massacre, and was shewn pits into which heaps of Irish carcases were thrown, without the ordinary rights of interment."

Musgrave says, "Our troops made dreadful havoc among the rebels, who were mostly dressed in French uniforms."

The stigma on the military character of General

Lake, which his defeat and flight at Castlebar had occasioned, was the cause of the sacrifice of several Roman Catholic officers of the different corps of yeomanry, who were under his command at Castlebar, and likewise of several Roman Catholic gentlemen of the first respectability, in the neighbouring country and adjoining towns. The manifest object of these foul proceedings being to attribute to a wide spread spirit of disaffection among the respectable Catholics, events which were solely occasioned by the undisciplined state to which the large exercise of the free quarter system had then reduced the army.

On the 22nd of September, after an unaccountable delay of fourteen days (the French having surrendered at Ballinamuck on the 8th), the King's troops marched to Ballina, where the loyalists, Gordon states, were in perpetual danger of assassination, and after a few discharges of cannon and musquetry, the rebel garrison, commanded by True, fled to Killala. The army arrived on the 23rd at the latter place, where the fugitives from Ballina had been pouring in,—men, women, and children, in the words of the Bishop, "in full race from Ballina, tumbling over one another to get into the castle, or into any house in the town, where they might hope for a momentary shelter." "General Trench had divided his forces at Crosmalina, and sent one part of them by a detour of three miles to intercept the fugitives that might take that course in their flight." This last detachment consisted of the Kerry militia, under the orders of Lieutenant-Colonel Crosbie, and Maurice Fitzgerald, the Knight of Kerry. The rebels quitted their camp at Killala, to occupy the rising ground close to the town, on the road to Ballina, behind the stone walls that lined the road. After a resistance of about twenty minutes, they fled in all directions, and those who fled into the town "were pursued by the Roxburgh cavalry in full cry." "This," continues the Bishop, was not agreeable to military practice, according to which it is usual

to commit the assault of a town to the infantry; *but here the General wisely reversed the mode in order to prevent the rebels, by a rapid pursuit, from taking shelter in the houses of the towns-folk*—a circumstance which was likely to provoke indiscriminate slaughter and pillage." This is the language of a dignitary of the Church; but is this the language that befitted a Christian man and a Christian prelate?" "*The measure,*" continues his Lordship, *was attended with the desired success.* A considerable number was cut down in the streets, and of the remainder but a few were able to escape into the houses, being either pushed through the town till they fell in with the Kerry militia from Crosmalina, or obliged to fly by the shore where it wends round a promontory, forming one of the horns of the bay of Killala; and here too the fugitives were swept away in scores, a cannon being placed on the opposite side of the bay, which did great execution."*

"*In spite of the exertions of the General and his officers,* the town exhibited almost all the marks of a place taken by storm; some houses were perforated like a riddle, most of them had their doors and windows destroyed—the trembling inhabitants scarcely escaping with life by lying prostrate on the floor, as at the castle. Nor was it till the close of next day, that our ears were relieved from the horrid sound of musquets discharged every minute at flying and powerless rebels."†

The number of fugitives slain at, and immediately after the re-capture of Killala, is estimated by Gordon at 400. General Trench, who commanded the King's troops at Killala on this occasion, having no more employment, or diversion, for a large part of his force, "made haste" (we are told by the Bishop) "to clear the wild districts of the Laggan and Erris, by pushing

* A Narrative of what passed at Killala. p. 151.
† Narrative, &c., p. 166.

detachments into each, who were able to do little more than to burn a number of cabins, for the people had too many hiding places to be easily taken."

The loyal people of Killala suffered infinitely more from the King's troops, than they did from the rebels, or the invaders. Speaking of the predatory habits of the soldiery, the Bishop, Dr. Stock, observes, "The regiments that came to their assistance, being all militia, seemed to think they had a right to take the property they had been the means of preserving, and to use it as their own, whenever they stood in need of it. Their rapacity differed in no respect from that of the rebels, except that they seized upon things with somewhat less of ceremony or excuse, and that his Majesty's soldiers were incomparably superior to the Irish traitors in dexterity and stealing."

The day after the battle of Ballina, the courts martial began at Killala. There were then seventy-five prisoners at Killala, and one hundred and ten at Ballina, for trial. The two first persons tried were General Bellew and Mr. Richard Bourke; they were both convicted and executed. Mr. Roger Maguire was next tried, and was convicted and sentenced to transportation; his father, a brewer, was hanged.*

Several of the persons executed after the battle of Ballinamuck, whose names are mentioned in the Bishop of Killala's narrative, are spoken of by him in a very unfeeling and unbecoming manner, considering the services both his family and his flock owed to some of them, and the relation that several of them stood in to the oldest families in his diocese. Sir Richard Musgrave, with all his vituperation of their principles and alleged conduct, strange to say, has spoken of their private characters and the respectability of their connections in truthful terms.

Mr. James O'Doude, whom he styles Colonel O'Doude, he states, was descended from a very ancient

* Narrative of what passed at Killala, p. 163.

family of the same name, who formerly possessed a large tract of country in the counties of Sligo and Mayo, two baronies of which, namely, Tireragh and Tyrawley, had their names from two sons of the original chieftain of the family, who divided his estate between them. On this extensive estate they counted 24 castles, which were occupied by them and their adherents, many of which are still in existence. An ancestor of his, an O'Doude, having been very active in the rebellion of 1641, this fine estate was confiscated, and divided among the followers of the conqueror, but a small mountainous tract of land, called Bonnecondane, having been given by special favour to one of the family, was handed down to the late possessor, James O'Doude. His father, whose name was Thady, being a younger brother, and having neither property nor profession at home, went out a volunteer to Germany at the age of 25, and in the course of time was promoted in the Hungarian service to the rank of captain, having previously married a German lady, sister to Baron Wipler, of whom James was the issue. The latter entered the Austrian service, and was soon promoted to the rank of lieutenant. At the death of his uncle, who possessed the remnant of the family property, he came to Ireland, and became the owner of that property, worth about £500 a year. He applied himself with great assiduity to the cultivation of his land. He married a Miss Fitzgerald, the daughter of an attorney, by whom he had children. Previously to the breaking out of the rebellion he had become a member of the Tyrawley cavalry, was an active, zealous officer, and considered very expert in the use of arms. On the landing of the French at Killala, he joined his corps, which, like many others, was put to flight by the enemy. O'Doude returned to his own house, and shortly afterwards was prevailed on to put himself at the head of a number of his tenantry and neighbours, and proceeded to Killala, it is stated by Musgrave, accompanied by his wife mounted on horseback, decorated with green ribbons.

After the defeat at Ballinamuck he attempted to

escape but was taken prisoner, and conducted to the camp of Lord Cornwallis, at Johnstown, where he endeavoured to pass for a French officer, but was identified, tried by a court martial, and with the most scandalous precipitancy hurried into eternity. Musgrave states that his request to have the assistance of a priest "could not be complied with, but as there was not time for this ceremony he was constrained to submit to his fate." The reason it is to be feared of this barbarous refusal, was the knowledge of O'Doude's firm attachment to his religion, and strict observance of its rites and obligations.

Mr. James Joseph M'Donnell, a Roman Catholic gentleman, of great respectability in the county of Mayo, was son to Mr. Joseph M'Donnel, of Carnacun, near Castlebar, a gentleman of wealth and station in the county. He was brought up to the legal profession; kept his terms in the temple, and was called to the bar. On his return to Ireland, he was nominated, by the Catholics of Mayo, a delegate to the Catholic Convention, held in Dublin, in 1792, which first gave expression to the Catholic voice of Ireland, and sent a deputation to England with their petition to the Sovereign, the result of which proceeding was the Catholic Relief Bill of 1793. That result was never forgotten or forgiven by the ascendancy party in Ireland; and any one who takes the trouble of reading the list of delegates of that convention, will find that a very large number of the leading men amongst them, such as James Plunket of Roscommon, Bellew of Galway, Luke Teeling of Antrim, Maginis of Down, John Esmond, Thomas Fitzgerald, and Charles Aylmer of Kildare, Edward Lewines, Richard M'Cormick, John Sweetman, and Thomas Braughall, of Dublin, Edward Hay, and Harvey Hay of Wexford, Francis Arthur of Limerick, James Bird, and Roger Hamill of Drogheda, W. J. Macneven of Aughrim, were marked out as persons to be looked on with suspicion, and five years later were either driven into the toils of rebellion, or their re-

latives were persecuted, or were themselves denounced and doomed to suffer the penalty of those who were goaded into criminal courses. In Tone's diary we find frequent mention of Mr. James Joseph M'Donnell as the associate of Keogh, Byrne, and Braughall; speaking of the delegates in his diary of the 7th of September, 1792, he says—"Gog, (Keogh,) very bad and diffuse. T. B., (Braughall,) very well: M'Donnell excellent, says more in three words than all the other commissioners." In his diary of the 18th of November, speaks of dining at Mount Jerome "with James Plunket of Roscommon, and J. Joseph M'Donnell of Mayo, conversation right good."

In his notes on the debate of the Catholic leaders, December 6th, 1792, we find Christopher Bellew proposing "that the petition, (of the Catholics of Ireland,) be sent to the foot of the throne by a deputation of their own body," and J. J. M'Donnell seconded the motion. On the 25th of April, 1793, we find J. J. M'Donnel in the chair, at a meeting of the Catholic Committee, when a resolution was passed appointing a deputation to wait on the Duke of Leinster, to place the statue of his Majesty, George the Third, in the lawn of Leinster House.

Musgrave states, that at the time of the Catholic Convention, the attention of the government was fixed on him, and that in his own county the magistrates had long regarded his conduct with a very jealous eye, and had determined to arrest him, but from mistaken lenity he was suffered to escape, till the arrival of the French at Killala placed him within the hands of justice. He was accused of having joined the French at Castlebar, accepted the rank of a colonel, and accompanied Humbert to Ballinamuck, and of having endeavoured to escape, in company with Mr. Blake, who likewise was said to have held the rank of colonel. Blake was executed, though Musgrave in one place states that he succeeded in getting into the mountains of Connemara, and eventually to the continent,* while

* Musgrave's History of the Rebellion, page 625.

in another part of his work he states that "three of the leaders were taken, among whom was Mr. Blake of Galway, a popish gentleman, who was hanged." The three leaders referred to are made mention of in Lord Lake's despatch to Lord Cornwallis, as holding the rank of generals in the French force,—Teeling, Blake and Roche. M'Donnell was sent to Dublin to be tried by court martial. An unsuccessful plan was devised by William Putnam Macabe for his rescue, on his way to the capital, through the county of Kildare. The details of his trial have been carefully kept from the public. It is to be hoped some clue will yet be found to them, and the particulars of the unhappy fate of this talented and early advocate of Catholic emancipation.

Among the Roman Catholic gentlemen of Mayo, singled out for persecution, after the defeat of the French, at Ballinamuck, was Dr. Barret, of Irrus, a gentleman descended from one of the most ancient and respectable families in the county. This gentleman, after having completed his studies, and graduated in Scotland, established himself in Ballina, and acquired very extensive practice. Musgrave admits that he was universally esteemed, and practised his profession "with credit to himself and utility to the country." He states that Dr. Barret was a man of liberal education, that he "spoke tolerably correctly and fluently" the Latin tongue. "As to the Doctor's loyalty, before the invasion, it was unimpeachable, so far as was known to his most intimate friends, and, I firmly believe, (adds Sir Richard,) he was totally unconnected with the leaders of the rebellion before that period. On the approach of the French army he and his family fled for safety to an island in Lough Conn, where they continued for more than a week, but afterwards, induced, partly through want of provisions, partly through promises of protection, to return, they did so, and they were not only protected, but amply supplied with every article of support and

* Musgrave's History of the Rebellion, page 613, quarto edition.

comfort which the demesnes, houses, and cellers of the Protestant gentlemen, plundered by the rebels could furnish. After the retaking of the town, the Doctor was found peacebly at home, and seemed very happy to find his old acquaintance and benefactors returning in triumph, many of whom, as well as the officers of different regiments, he entertained very hospitably for some weeks, and seemed perfectly secure from any danger: *and what is somewhat odd some months elapsed before he was apprehended.* It did not appear that he ever took up arms, or accompanied the enemy in any act of hostility, or behaved with severity to the Protestants, but, on the contrary, that he shewed acts of kindness and indulgence to many of them. *The chief matters proved against him, were, consulting and advising with the French officers; directing the guards; signing papers in his son's name, who was a rebel colonel, and forcing his son to take a command.* Before his trial, an offer was made to him that he and his whole family would be permitted to remove themselves to America: *but so confident was he that no act of treason or rebellion could be substantiated against him, that he rejected the proposal: alledging that if the gentlemen of the county could procure sufficient proof to condemn him they would not make him such an offer. He was tried and condemned at Castlebar, by the sentence of a court martial, and sent to Ballina for execution.* His separation from an innocent virtuous wife and seven children, whom he was about to leave unprotected, and without the most remote prospect of support, was a punishment far beyond that which the sentence of the law decreed, and *produced the strongest emotions of pity in those who execrated* the crime for which he was to suffer, and by which they had been such great sufferers themselves."* These are the words verbatim of Sir Richard Musgrave's account of the fate of Dr. Barret. He walked *from the public house,* where it appears the court

* Musgrave's History of the Rebellion, page 627.

martial was held, to the place of execution, attended by two priests, repeating the prayers they recited, "and met his fate with becoming propriety and fortitude," "calling God to witness whether he had been guilty of the crimes for which he was condemned." He had many good qualities, the panegyrists of Orange atrocities admits," "and was a very useful member of society. But *having espoused a cause which was calculated to destroy the lives and properties of his supporters and benefactors, leaves a stain of ingratitude behind it which no time can efface.*" Does the reader believe that Dr. Barret espoused the cause referred to? Did Sir Richard Musgrave believe that he espoused it? Does his statement of the man's conduct, his opinion of his character and principles, previous to the rebellion, his account of his professional pursuits, his abstinence from politics—the dependance on his occupation for the support of a virtuous wife and seven children—the relation of his refusal to accept the terms offered to him before his trial—his demeanour after it, bear out the assertion of the Orange historian, that he had espoused the cause of the invaders, and insurgents? That assertion Musgrave evidently knew was unfounded. This innocent man was sacrificed, because his son could not be brought to the gallows. The latter, Patrick Barret, effected his escape from Sligo, after three months concealment, in the disguise of a sailor, and succeeded in getting to America. "There were many good traits," Musgrave states, "in this young man's character which would entitle him to a better fate. He was brave and generous, humane and grateful," &c. He was a member of the Tyrawley cavalry corps of yeomanry, and was always "among the foremost to volunteer in any duty which required spirit or activity, and never failed to acquit himself like a loyal subject." His corps, with others, "partaking, (says Musgrave,) "in the general panic, with which the troops of the line, as well as the yeomanry, were struck, on that shameful occasion, (their flight at Castlebar,) they divided into

small parties and effected their retreat, some retiring home, others joining themselves to different parties of the king's troops, where they could find them. Unfortunately for Barret, it was his lot to be among the former, and having come within a few miles of Ballina he had an interview with his father, which ended in an acquiescence, on his part, to come into the town, which was then occupied by a French commandant, and a large number of rebels. It is asserted that the cause of his coming into town was an expectation of procuring some money, to enable him to return and join the king's troops, but on this hope he was disappointed, and was committed a close prisoner with the Protestants, where he remained until he consented to accept of a command in the rebel army, which he with great reluctance did, *after his father used all the father of a parent, and even proceeded so far as to strike him with a rattan, because he refused so flattering an invitation.*"*

It is needless to point out the manifest improbability of this statement, fabricated clearly to lessen the indignation which the account of the father's murder was calculated to excite. The young man being invested with a colonel's commission, " his time was more occupied in restraining the excesses of his savage and violent followers, than in training them to military discipline." " He was never seen to smile after he had been promoted to the rank of colonel, and seriously requested of his friends not to offend him with that appellation. He enlarged many of the prisoners from time to time, and shewed them as much indulgence and lenity as his limited and precarious situation enabled him to do. His exertions were not confined to the town, and he was frequently obliged to mount his horse, and gallop over the country to protect property." " When Mr. Knox's house, at Rappa, was in danger of being plundered, he went there with a party, and conveyed into town the plate, and other

* Musgrave's History, page 629.

valuable effects, which he secured at his father's house." The Rev. Mr. Nelligan's house had been pillaged by the rebels, the records of the registry of the diocese had been strewn about the premises and trampled under foot—Barret was not then embarked in their cause, but his first act on coming into power amongst them was to preceed to Mr. Nelligan's, "he carefully collected and deposited," says Musgrave, "these papers, by which means the original wills, and other records, for near one hundred years, were preserved."

He rescued a number of Protestants from destruction, when a fabricated order for their death was produced, purporting to be signed by the French officer in command of Killala. Barret instantly despatched a messenger to True, ascertained that the order, as he suspected, was forged, whereupon he openly and vehemently upbraided the persons who had committed this nefarious act, and had attempted to massacre the Protestant prisoners, when one of the partizans of these persons madea lounge of a pike at Barret, which, but for his vigilance and activity, would have killed him on the spot. This did not prevent his interference in behalf of his prisoners, they were saved by his intrepidity and humanity. He was not at Ballinamuck, nor seen in arms against the king's troops till the 12th of September, when in company with Henry O'Keon, at the head of a large body of rebels, he made an unsuccessful attack on Castlebar. Long after the defeat at Ballinamuck, two large detachments of the king's troops "were put in motion," according to Musgrave, in plain English "were let loose on the country;" the one from Castlebar, the other from Sligo. Barret at the head of a few stragglers and fugitives, boldly marched out to meet the latter, but was repulsed. The French surrendered on the 8th of September, up to that time, Barret was not with them in arms against the king's troops, but when the dreadful butchery of the people began, in that part of the country, he took his stand by them. There can be no doubt but that

he consented to, and his father acquiesced in the proposition, to take a nominal command at Ballina, for the sole purpose of protecting the lives and property of the Protestant inhabitants. How nobly he performed that task, I have shewn from the pages of the Orange historian, and how basely his excellent father was requited for his generous conduct.

At Castlebar, I have already stated, the defeat of the troops, under Lord Lake, was expiated in the usual way, after the surrender of the French, by the agency of courts martial, and the execution of the more respectable Roman Catholics of the neighbourhood. Ballina furnished one "popish physician" for the scaffold, Castlebar afforded another, a man of literary and scientific attainments of a high order, one of whose admirable publications, "On the means of finding employment for the people," is a work shewing considerable talent and feelings of humanity; most creditable to his abilities, and honourable to his character. He was accused of having gone to General Humbert's lodgings, of having endeavoured to instigate him to acts of violence and revenge. The well paid gentlemen, whose names figure in the list of receivers of the secret service money, did their business too effectually, to leave the popish physician, of Castlebar, any chance of establishing his innocence. Dr. Crump, (the father of a talented lady, not unknown in the lighter walks of English literature,) was tried, convicted, and executed at Castlebar, with the usual despatch.

A brother of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Killala, Mr. Matthew Bellew, nearly allied to Sir Patrick Bellew, evidently on account of the supposed influence, which his highly respectable family connections would give him, was nominated General of the Irish forces, associated with those under Humbert. He had served in the Austrian army, and was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and had subsequently entered the Russian service. In the latter his courage and conduct were so conspicuous, in the wars with the Turks, that

he was advanced to the rank of major in a regiment of infantry. At the siege of Ismael the enemy sprung a mine, which blew up a part of the works, and buried in their ruins a great many Russian officers and soldiers; Bellew was among the number who suffered on that occasion, but survived the injuries he received. "He was extricated from the ruins," Musgrave states, "with but few symptoms of life; he languished a long time under his wounds, and his intellect became so much impaired that he was found unfit for service." He returned in a shattered state of health to his native country, and in indifferent circumstances. His friends appear to have tired of the society of a member of their family who was dependant on them. This drove him into low company, and a habit of drinking spirits, which grew upon him. But this habit did not prevent him from being a frequent guest at the table of the Rev. Mr. Nelligan, and others of the Protestant gentry of the neighbourhood, we are told by Musgrave.

On the arrival of the French, Musgrave states, he offered to give his services to his king and country, "and just as the enemy were about to enter Ballina he earnestly entreated the Rev. Mr. Nelligan, and Mr. West, to supply him with arms and a horse, declaring he was ready to accompany them and share their fortune. *With this request it was impossible at that time to comply.* He was left then no other resource but to fly, or to join the enemy, and he embraced the latter."*

"Mindful of former kindnesses conferred on him, he, previous to his departure from Ballina, posted a notice on the house of Mr. Nelligan, denouncing vengeance against any person who should molest it; but his authority ceasing with his presence, the demolition of it soon took place."

It was usual with him to levy small contributions on the people in the neighbourhood, to purchase

* Musgrave's History, &c., page 589.

whiskey and tobacco, of which he was immoderately fond; but in no other instance did he offer any violation to the persons or property of the loyalists; and contenting himself with the pleasures arising from his glass and his pipe, he seemed perfectly indifferent about the issue of the war.

At the approach of the king's troops to Killala *he refused to take up arms, or to march against them, though surrounded by a host of pikemen.* He was taken in the town, tried next day by a court martial, and hanged in Killala. The execution took place in the bishop's demesne, two days after the trial. The English reader will probably inquire what steps the government took against the magistrates who refused this unfortunate gentleman's proposal to be permitted to resist the enemies of his king and country. Were they ignominiously dismissed from the commission of the peace? Was the clerical justice of the peace reprimanded even? was he reprobated by the gentry of his county? Was he called on by the Lord Chancellor to explain "why it was impossible at that time to comply with the loyal proposal of a subject of the sovereign, who was ready to risk his life in the defence of his country? But when the English reader is told by the Orange historian that the man who "was left no other resource but to fly or join the enemy," *did refuse,* at the approach of the king's troops, to march against them, though surrounded by a host of pikemen," and was taken the next day and hanged, will he not say, in this man's case justice has been frightfully outraged; this man's professed religion was his crime, the guilt of his blood lies at the door of the unworthy functionaries who rejected his proposal to serve his king at the moment the invaders were carrying fire and sword through the country. But Bellew was hanged, and the Rev. Mr. Nelligan retained the commission of the peace, and the especial favour of the Irish government. In March the 23d, 1803, we find the Rev. gentleman recompensed out of the secret service fund with a sum of £200, and the 27th of March, 1804, with £50 more.

The unfortunate Matthew Bellew, Musgrave informs us, "was a man of quick, lively parts, very shrewd in his remarks on men and manners, and had much sincerity and ingenuousness in his conduct and conversation. He knew the French, Italian, German, and Sclavonian languages well, and spoke the first with fluency and accuracy."*

The secret service money document, published in another series of this work, throws some light on the importance attached by government to the result of the trials by court martial, in the county of Mayo, and at Dublin, connected with the above mentioned events.

Sept. 12, 1798.—Lieutenant Atkinson of Louth militia, expenses of bringing La Roche and Teeling, French officers, to Dublin, £16. 14s. 10d.

Nov. 24.—Rt. Hon. D. Brown, for Flattely, who prosecuted F. French, Esq., at Castlebar, for high treason, £100.

Dec. 15.—William Plunket, for attending courts martial at Castlebar, £227. 10s.

April 20, 1799.—Rt. Hon. Dennis Brown, for Michael Gerraghty, £50.

Nov. 6.—Gerraghty, per Gustave Rochefort, £100.

March 14, 1800.—Captain W. Harris, of the Killeshandra cavalry, for bringing up Matthew Tone in Sept. 1798, £20. 6s. 3d.

Nov. 7, 1801.—Hon. Dennis Brown for informer against Robert Jordan, £102. 7s. 6d.

June 18, 1803.—Marquis of Sligo, for persons who apprehended Thomas Gibbons, £56. 17s. 6d.

Musgrave, in reference to the insurrection in Mayo, says the whole country was organized by James Joseph M'Donnell, the barrister, but does not offer one iota of proof, nor state one fact in confirmation of his assertion. But he states that "John Gibbons, formerly agent to Lord Altament, and for whom his Lordship had a very warm friendship, was the chief director of

* Musgrave's History, &c., p. 590.

the pike manufactory. Thomas Gibbons, his brother, and Edward Gibbons, his son, Valentine Jordan, a very opulent farmer, and the Rev. Miles Prendergast, (who lived near Westport) a friar, all papists," were active partizans of rebellion. Prendergast fled to the mountains, and perished in a miserable manner, of disease and hardship incurred in his flight from place to place; the dying man was at length found by his pursuers lying in the last extremity in a wretched hut. It appears he was allowed to die of misery and sickness, and was not slain on the spot, or put to death on the scaffold. This was something in 1798.

Henry O'Keon, whose intrepidity and humanity even Musgrave is constrained to acknowledge, was the son of a tenant of Lord Tyrawley's, and was born at Kilcommon, near Killala. The barbarous penal laws compelled his father to send him to the continent to be educated for the priesthood. He studied divinity in the university of Nantz, and was received into holy orders in 1798. "He had attained," says the author of the 'Narrative of what passed at Killala,' generally supposed to be Dr. Stock, the bishop, "to a benefice of some value in the church, when the revolution stripping him at once of profession and livelihood, forced him to become a soldier for bread. By service O'Keon had become either a major or a captain, for he was called indiscriminately by both names. (He had been advanced from the ranks to the grade of a captain of grenadiers; his commission was produced on his trial.)

"He was a fat jolly looking man, with a ruddy countenance, that carried nothing forbidding in it, except that his black thick eye-brows ran into each other, as they often do in aboriginal Irish faces. Of the English tongue he retained enough to be quite intelligible, and being also expert in Irish as well as French, he was able to render considerable service to his cause. His connexions with this neighbourhood, (for he had a father and two brothers near Ballina heartily affected to the French,) induced a strong

suspicion of the truth of a story which he gave out when he first landed, and to which he adhered to the last, that his being destined to this expedition was an accident, and that the squadron itself which brought him over, was intended to invade not Killala, but Donegal. From his conversation the bishop had conceived a good opinion of this man. His language breathed nothing but mildness and liberality; and indeed his behaviour was suitable, for he exerted himself on all occasions to protect the loyalists, and frequently with the greatest effect. At one time, particularly, he is said to have prevailed on an armed mob, at Ballina, to drop their declared purpose of marching to Killala to have all the Protestants there imprisoned: it is even added that he turned them back after they had actually advanced a part of the way. This conduct whether he adopted it from principle or policy, contributed more than his proving himself to be a naturalized Frenchman, to save his life afterwards on his court martial at Castlebar. He escaped with some difficulty, with the help of an attestation, in his favour, from the bishop, among many others, and being forbid ever to return to the British territories. He expressed in Dublin, and more lately by letter from Yarmouth, the highest sense of his obligations to the bishop."*

O'Keon came over with Humbert in quality of an interpreter, and formed one of his staff. Musgrave speaks of his haranguing a vast concourse of people in Ballina in their native tongue, "which he spoke better than French or English." He worked "on the superstitious credulity and the fanaticism of the popish multitude." It appears, however, that he worked to a good end on the feelings of his countrymen, for Musgrave tells us "O'Keon was humane, having upon all occasions opposed the blood-thirsty disposition of the popish multitude." With respect to the admission of O'Keon's humanity, one cannot help ob-

* Narratives of what passed at Killala, page 72.

serving that there must have been something irresistibly intrusive in it, for it forces itself into the light of day, in the midst of the thickest clouds of falsehood; and in despite of all the intervening obstacles of fanaticism and political animosity, makes its way even into such books as Musgrave's. Elsewhere he states that a party of the rebels, at Killala, set out with the intention of putting the prisoners to death, at Killala, but they were pursued by O'Keon, who prevented them, though not without difficulty. Henry O'Keon more than once prevented the rebels from murdering their Protestant prisoners. When the army was let loose on the people, in the counties of Sligo and Mayo, O'Keon and young Barret joined the ranks of the latter. Lord Portarlington, with his own regiment, *the Queen's County regiment*, (of whose lieutenant colonel the writer of the manuscript notes I have cited makes such favourable mention, in reference to the pillage of a private dwelling,) and a detachment of the 24th Dragoons, the Tereragh yeomanry, infantry, and cavalry, commanded by a noted terrorist, Captain Ormsby, making in the whole about 800 men, with two pieces of cannon, in one of the ravaging excursions of the time, having halted, and taken up their quarters for the night at Arkill lodge, were attacked by the rebels, but one cannon shot is said to have dispersed them. Next night they halted at Scurmore, and were attacked by a numerous body of men, commanded by O'Keon and Barret, when the rebels were defeated with the loss of about two hundred men.

"In this affair," says Sir Richard Musgrave, "we have one calamity to lament, which left the strongest sensation of grief in every loyal heart. Not far from the scene of action, in the village of Carrowcarden, where a few Protestant families lived, who from their peaceable demeanour, and good conduct, possessed the regard even of the rebels, so that partly by giving them entertainment and money as long as they were able, and partly by hiding themselves in the bogs and

corn fields, they had hitherto avoided the captivity which their brethren suffered.

"On this day, a rebel party commanded by John M'Donnough, otherwise Pitcher, on their march to attack the king's troops, were ordered to enter the village, and to force every man who was able to carry arms to join their party. They there met with some of those poor Protestants, some of them reaping their corn, others concealed in their houses, all of whom they forced along with them at the peril of their lives, and even without arms to defend themselves, and placed them in the front of the line. When the rebel army gave way, these unfortunate men fled among the crowd towards their own homes; but having been overtaken by the advance guard, they fell in the indiscriminate slaughter of the rebels. It was in vain that they endeavoured to explain the cause of their being there, or to justify their conduct; as the troops elate with victory, and inflamed with revenge, had not time to examine the circumstances of their situation."*

The massacre of the unfortunate Protestant inhabitants of Carrowcarden, under Lord Portarlington, his Lordship not having "time to examine the circumstances of their situation," the plunder of the dwelling houses, and other little exhibitions of extreme zeal, were only trifling drawbacks to the fame of the colonel of the Queen's County yeomanry. His Lordship, however, was an energetic officer, he continued at the head of his regiment till he was called before the tribunal of the Divine Justice, which was in the course of two brief months, from the date of the massacre of the innocent Protestants at Carrowcarden. He died the 25th of November, 1798.

The following anecdote connected with the history of one of the Irishmen who came over with Humbert, has been communicated to me by a gentleman well acquainted with the county, which is the scene of the

* Musgrave's History, &c., page 621.

occurrence referred to. When the French army arrived at Ballintogher, the multitude, by whom they were accompanied, stopped at the house of the Rev. Mr. ———, a Clergyman of the Church of England, and immediately commenced the work of plunder. A young French officer, who had been in the rear, rode suddenly up to the door, said a few words in Latin to the old clergyman, which is said to have produced an extraordinary effect on the latter. The young man drew his sword, rushed into the house, and promptly expelled the intruders, and put an end to their depredations. The disappointed party then went off. The young officer remained in the house, he seemed familiar with every apartment in the dwelling which was large and old fashioned. His manner was that of a person who laboured under strong excitement, and without waiting for any invitation, or the offer of any member of the family to shew him into the different rooms, which he proceeded to visit in a hurried way, he went from chamber to chamber, and was allowed to do so without interference. Without appearing conscious that there was any impropriety in his conduct, he proceeded to the principal bed-room, entered it, and closed the door. In that room the old lady, the wife of the clergyman, who was then confined to her bed, was lying ill. He remained in the room two hours, and it was stated was found fast asleep on a sofa. There were reasons not of trivial importance, to the owner of that mansion, why the mere outlines only of this story should be divulged. It was said that the young man was unconscious, or heedless of the presence of any other person in the room, and that he seemed to have been overpowered with fatigue. The length of time he staid in the house excited no particular attention, when the cause of his remaining was thus explained, and the circumstance was related of his having started up on awaking, as if a sudden thought had crossed his mind, and of his having abruptly quitted the house, sprung on his horse, and rode off at a full gallop after his party.

He overtook the insurgents who followed the French force, some miles distant from Ballintogher; a party of the camp followers were in the act of spoiling the house of another clergyman, when the young officer came up, but in this case the house had been deserted by the family, who had fled to the mountains. The young man again put a stop to the work of plunder, collected the fragments of family papers, plate, &c., and addressing a follower of the family in her native Irish, charged her to hide, and if possible preserve what he had collected. He then joined the army, and was amongst those who laid down their arms at Ballinamuck. As to what became of him afterwards nothing is known. *But who was he?*—the eldest son of the first named clergyman, and the nephew of the second. If now alive he would be the representative and head of a very old family, the members of which once possessed large estates in that part of the country. This is one added to the many instances of young men of good connection, large expectations, and religious education, abandoning home, friends and country, to escape from the misgovernment of the latter. This young man had left his home at a very early age, and at his return in 1798, even his parents, it was said at the time, "*did not find it possible* to recognize him," but it may now be said *found it difficult* to do so.

The name of the old clergyman referred to I do not know, the persons of Irish descent who came over with Humbert were Bartholomew Teeling, Matthew Tone, Henry Keon, and an officer whom Lord Lake styles, one of the insurgent generals of the name of Roche, taken prisoner at the battle of Ballinamuck, under the name of La Roche. This person was conveyed to Dublin along with Teeling. What became of him I have not been able to ascertain. I have been informed that he was a brother of Colonel Roche of Trabolgan, in the county of Cork, a gentleman of large property, who was tried by a court martial at Cork, in the latter part of 1798, but against whom

there was no evidence of guilt, except the information of a discredited miscreant which was disproved. That Colonel Roche, I believe, was the uncle of one of the present members for the county. Roche was an officer in Humbert's army, high in the confidence of his general. Musgrave states that he, (Roche,) informed a gentleman of veracity, of his acquaintance, that he had been sworn a member of the Society of United Irishmen, in the year 1796, in Paris, by Coigly, who was executed, in 1798, in Maidstone. While the French were at Castlebar, Mr. Francis French, of Cottage, in the County Mayo, a Roman Catholic gentleman, of an ancient and respectable family, sent a letter, says Musgrave, to one Roche, or La Roche, ètat major, to General Humbert, containing among others the following paragraphs. "The enemy are coming forward on both sides, and intend to put you between two forces. Plunket is ready with two thousand men whenever he is ordered." La Roche after reading the letter to Humbert wrote in answer, "that he was surprised gentlemen should wait for orders to march, knowing they, (the French,) were there," &c. How this correspondence came into the hands of government we are not informed. Mr. French, (a relation it is said of Plunket,) was arrested, tried, and convicted on the evidence of Flattely, who received from government one hundred pounds for his services on that occasion. It is singular that Mr. Plunket, (Colonel James Plunket,) not a fortnight before the intimation of his readiness to join Humbert, was given by his relative, was making terms with the government for his pardon, and had already obtained the promise of it from Lord Castlereagh. In the Journals of the Irish House of Commons, Vol. XVII., Appendix, page 914, in the cited evidence taken before the Committee of the House of Lords, on the Banishment Bill, the 25th of August, 1798, we find the sworn testimony of Francis Dobbs, Esq., in the following words:—"Was informed by Oliver Bond, in newgate, that Major James Plunket would surrender

on the same terms as the other persons: that witness applied to Lord Castlereagh in consequence thereof, who said he should be admitted so to do on said terms, which witness communicated to said Bond; but witness heard that said Plunket had not yet surrendered."

This was the second time Colonel, or Major James Plunket, was found wanting by his party at the critical moment. The first occasion was when he was sent down to the north, accompanied by William Putnam Macabe, from the Leinster Directory, to report on the state of preparation in Ulster, and came back with information which paralysed the movements of the executive.

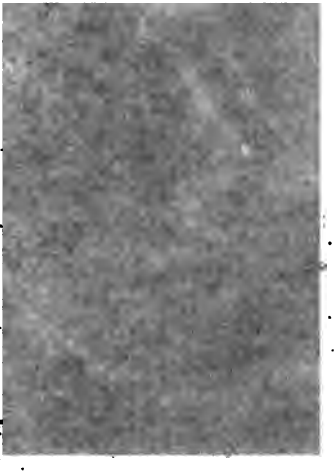
Such were the end of some of the results of the Vendean policy of the French government, with respect to Ireland, in the latter part of 1798, of the system of Chouanerie carried into effect in our country.

Further details, connected with this subject, will shew that some of the best blood of Ireland was poured out in the prosecution of this futile and unsuccessful effort to sustain a sunken cause, or re-excite an insurrection so recently suppressed.

WILLIAM THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

UNIV. OF MICH.

From a drawing by Mrs Tone.



MEMOIR

OF

THEOBALD WOLFE TONE,

AND

MATTHEW TONE.*

CHAPTER I.

"I will instruct my sorrows to be proud."—*Shakspear*, King John, 3 A. 1 S.

THE subjects of this Memoir were the sons of Peter Tone, a coach-maker, who carried on an extensive business in that line for some years, at No. 44, Stafford Street, Dublin. Their grand-father was a farmer, in the County Kildare, the land, which he held on free-

* The details of the parentage of the Tones, and of the interment of their remains, were obtained from their only surviving relatives in Ireland, the daughters of Mr. William Dunbavin, (uncle, by marriage, of Theobald and Matthew Tone,) Mrs. Moore, residing at No. 147, Abbey-street, Dublin, and Mrs. Bull, at Simmon's Court, Donnybrook;—from the brother of Wm. Dunbavin, Nicholas Dunbavin, residing at 20, Mount Pleasant Avenue, Rathmines;—and William Dunnan, a nephew of the former, living at Mr. Robt. Vickers, in Francis-street. William Dunbavin, lived at No. 56, High-street, and died there in 1830. There are some points, in the early history and late events in the career of the *brothers*, which "The Life of T. W. Tone" leaves untouched, or but slightly glanced at. The clue to any information of the kind I allude to, was of a slender kind, a single passage in one of the publications of that wayward being Walter Cox, (which I cannot call to mind,) wherein he states—that he sat, in 1798, in an upper room, in High-street, with the father and mother of Theobald Wolfe Tone, watching over the remains of their nobly gifted son, when his former companions, and political associates of rank and distinction in the city, kept away from the trademan's house, where the corps of poor Tone lay "waking." On this slender clue, I endeavoured to ascertain who the parties were,

hold leases, was part of the estate of Mr. Wolfe of Blackhall, and lies between Sallins and Clane, within a few minutes walk of the remains of the ruined church, and the ancient burying ground of Bodenstown. A part of the old dwelling house of the Tones is yet standing, in sight of the mansion of the Wolfe's of Blackhall. Peter Tone's father was killed, in 1766, by a fall from a corn stack: his eldest son Peter, who had established himself in his business in Dublin the same year, came into possession of the farm, said to be worth about £300 a year, which he rented to a younger brother, Jonathan, a retired lieutenant of the 22nd regiment of foot. Another brother, Matthew, was brought up to the same business as Peter, and, in 1784, had a coach-making establishment at No. 126, Great Britain-street. It is stated, in the Annual Register, that Theobald, the eldest son, was born in Stafford-street. But in Watson's Almanack and Directory the address of "Peter Tone, coach-maker, 44, Stafford-street," appears only from 1770 to 1781, and in the intermediate period, for a short time, in 1773, his family resided at 27, Bride-street, or lodged there.

Peter Tone married about 1761, a Miss Lamport, of Drogheda, the daughter of a captain of a merchant vessel in the West India trade. The farm near Clane, which he rented to his younger brother, became a source of contention and litigation between the brothers, which ended in a chancery suit, and, as a matter of course, in the ruin of the litigants. Peter Tone became insolvent, quitted Dublin, and in 1786, was living near Clane on the property that was about

who had the charity to receive the remains of the "convicted traitor" into their house, and where that house was to be sought for. On inquiry I ascertained that the house referred to, which I visited, belonged to an uncle of Tone's, a Mr. William Dunbavin, and that a brother of his was still living, and two daughters of the former; most of the family details now given, and the portraits of Theobald and Matthew Tone, and their mother, in the former series, are the results of my communications with them. The details of his political career are taken principally from "The Life of T. M. Tone," by his son.

to pass away from him and his family. Of sixteen children five were then living, Theobald Wolfe, called after Mr. Theobald Wolfe, the lord of the manor, (a near relation of Lord Kilwarden,) born in Dublin, June, 20, 1763, William born in 1764, Matthew in 1771, Mary probably three or four years later, and Arthur in 1782.

While Peter Tone carried on the business of a coach-maker, in Stafford-street, an anecdote is related of a visit to his establishment, of the father of the future Duke of Wellington, in which that nobleman is made to figure with the eldest son of the coach-maker, in a way any thing but propitious to the casual acquaintance of the excentric lord with the stripling, who had already began to evince his vivacious tendency. There were extensive work-shops attached to Tone's establishment. In one of these, the celebrated Lord Mornington, of musical celebrity, the father of our great captain, was standing one day with his back to the fire, dressed out in all the extravagant foppery of the day, with muff and ruffles, when little Theobald, then but three or four years old, who had been brought to the play, by his mother the preceding evening, to see Wilks play the part of Jessamy, in the piece of "Lionel and Clarissa," happened to come into the shop, and on seeing his Lordship the little imp cried out, in the hearing of Lord Mornington,—"Oh! mamma, mamma, come and look,—here's Jessamy," much, no doubt, to the perplexity of his parents, and *amusement* of the "*exquisite*," but not "enraged musician."

The following mere outline, of the career of T. W. Tone, is not intended to give that full knowledge of his character, which I trust I have succeeded in affording in most of the preceding memoirs of his associates. The admirable biography and diary of Tone, edited by his son, supersedes the necessity of any such detailed account. But in a work of this kind, to leave unnoticed the career of the principal actor in the scenes to which it refers, would be like the omission of the part of Hamlet, in the representation of the drama, of which he is the hero.

Theobald, William and Matthew, were sent to an excellent English school in Dublin, kept by Lisson Darling: the former after continuing at this school for three years, was removed to another, kept in Henry-street, by the Rev. William Craig. In 1781 he entered Trinity College, under the Rev. Matthew Young. A rage for the military profession, nurtured and fomented by attendance at reviews, parades, and field exercises, had taken possession of Tone previously, even to his having entered college. Before he was 19 he had gone out as second, with a college lad of the name of Foster, who shot a fellow pupil through the head, of the name of Anderson.

There is a passage in the early life of Tone, which has been omitted in the "Memoirs of his Life" by his Son, (and properly so by him,) which, however, before their publication in America, found its way into a portion of the autobiography of Tone, that had been transmitted from America, and was published in the *New Monthly Magazine*, Vol. II., page 3, 1824. I refer to that part of the passage, in question, which alludes to Tone's early passion for theatricals, as throwing much light on the style of his journals, and the extraordinary exuberance of memory, and liveliness of imagination, exhibited in the ready application of apposite citations, from the popular dramatic writers of the day to passing events, or casual topics or subjects of written observation. It appears that, in 1783 and 1784, he had formed an acquaintance with a lady of rank and great personal attractions, and, in Tone's opinion, "of extraordinary talents for the stage," which she displayed in a private theatre fitted up in her own house. Tone being, in his own words, "somewhat of an actor," took a part in the representations, became a constant visitor at the house, and, at length, unfortunately, an enamoured guest.

The private theatricals were brought to a close, which had nearly proved of a tragic character, and Tone never beheld the lady more. But "no human passion," he said, "is proof against time and absence," and so it proved to be in his case. In 1785 he mar-

ried a young creature, not sixteen years of age, "as beautiful as an angel," Matilda Witherington, whose sister, at a later period, wed *the Thomas Reynolds*, of secret service money celebrity. Tone having taken out his degree of Bachelor of Arts, resigned his scholarship in the university, and began the study of law. He had obtained three premiums at college, and as many medals from the Historical Society, of which he was auditor, and one of its most distinguished ornaments. His intimacy with his wife's family having been interrupted, he quitted Dublin with his wife, and went to reside with his father in Kildare. In 1787 he proceeded to London to enter his name as a student of law in the temple. He took chambers, in the latter, at No. 4, Hare-court, and contrived to maintain himself partly by contributing to the magazines. Several reviews of new publications, in the European Magazine of 1787 and 88, were written by him. He likewise wrote a satirical novel, burlesquing the style of writers of romance, in conjunction with two of his friends, Jebb and Ratcliffe, called "Belmont Castle."

At the temple he made the acquaintance of the Honourable George Knox, son of Lord Nortland, one of his future most attached friends. Instead of studying Coke and Blackstone, poor Tone's head was still running on military matters—the scheme occurred to him of establishing, on a military plan, a colony in one of the South Sea Islands, newly discovered. He drew up a memorial recommending the adoption of his proposal, and addressed it to Mr. Pitt, with the intention, if adopted, of embarking in it. Mr. Pitt took no notice of the project or the projector.

Tone's circumstances became so embarrassed in London, and his wife's friends had so deceived him, with regard to her promised fortune, that he embraced the desperate resolution of enlisting as a common soldier in the East India Company's service. He proceeded to the India house with that resolution, and was informed that the season for sending out troops was past, and no more ships would be despatched till

the beginning of the year following. He had now been two years at the temple and had kept eight terms, but as to law, "knowing exactly as much about it as he did of necromancy." An arrangement with his wife's family enabled him to return to Dublin. He purchased a law library, and took lodgings in Clarendon-street, in January, 1789, and in the Trinity term of that year was called to the bar. In the same year a decree in Chancery gave the "*Coup-de-grace* to his father's affairs," all his property was sold, including two houses in Stafford-street, and one on Summer-hill. Soon after this event the old man obtained a situation in the paving board which he retained to the period of his death. Theobald no sooner entered on his profession than he embarked in politics; his first pamphlet, in defence of the opposition and the Whig Club, "A Review of the last Sessions of Parliament," had some success. Overtures were now made to him by the friends of Mr. Ponsonby, and by some leading members of the Whig party, to attach himself to them too, and to promote the interest of the latter. But no cordial union took place between Tone and the Whigs; indeed it was impossible there could be any identity of operations, for there was no identity of principles, of views, or feelings, between them. Tone set out in politics with the axiom of Swift and Molyneux, that "the influence of England was the radical vice of Irish government." The Whigs acted on the principle that the influence was salutary, but the mode of exerting it was pernicious to a certain extent, which could be remedied by diminishing pensions, abolishing some places, limiting the prerogative, rescinding penal statutes, and demolishing the outworks of corruption in the representative system. Tone "looked on the little politics of the Whig club with great contempt." His next pamphlet, on the appearance of a war with Spain, was intended to prove that Ireland was not bound by the declaration of war made by England, but might, and ought, to stipulate for a neutrality. The publisher suppressed the pam-

phlet as one of a dangerous tendency, "for which his own Gods damn him," says the writer of it.

In the summer of 1790, he took a little cottage, in consequence of his wife's delicate state of health, at Irishtown, where, in a small circle of friends, the opinions were discussed, extended and fortified, which had so important an influence on the fate of Ireland a few years later. The parties to those discussions, were his friend Thomas Russell, whose acquaintance he had made a short time previously in the gallery of the House of Commons; his venerable father, Captain Russell; his own brother, William, occasionally from the County of Kildare, where he resided with his brother, Matthew, who had lately set up a cotton manufactory at Prosperus. In this year, with Russell's assistance, Tone drew up, and addressed to Lord Grenville an enlarged plan of his former scheme for the establishment of a military settlement in one of the Sandwich Islands, which "he still thought might be attended with the most beneficial consequences to England." Louis Phillippe has lately shewn he entertains a similar opinion of the utility of such a settlement to France. The winter of 1790, Tone instituted a political club, composed of seven or eight members, Messrs. Drennan, Stack, Pollock, Burrowes, John Whitley Stokes, and T. A. Emmet, "the first of his, (Tone's) friends." The club did not go on prosperously. It died a natural death in a few months. In 1791, August 1st, Tone published a pamphlet, called "An argument on behalf of the Catholics of Ireland, by a Northern Whig;" 10,000 copies were struck off in Belfast, and another edition in Dublin.

This pamphlet made Tone known advantageously in the north; and, in October, of that year, he was invited to Belfast by the Volunteers of that town, where he proceeded in company with Russell, and in conjunction with Neilson, and others, founded the first club which took the name of the Society of United Irishmen. He then returned to Dublin, and in conjunction with James Napper Tandy, and the

Honourable Simon Butler, formed a similar society in the capital. In the spring of 1792, the Catholic Committee appointed Tone to the office of Agent to their body, with the title of Assistant Secretary, then vacant, by the resignation of Richard Burke, with a salary of £200 per annum.

Tone's exertions in his new office were incessant and invaluable to the Catholics. His pen was never idle in writing addresses, manifestoes, and resolutions, in favour of their cause. On the 14th of July, 1792, Tone assisted at Belfast, in his Volunteer uniform, in the celebration of the success of the French Revolution, and commemoration of the anniversary of the taking of the Bastile, when about 6,000 Volunteers, and inhabitants, voted an address of congratulation to the French people.

In December, 1792, the Catholic Convention, under the name of the General Committee, assembled in Dublin. The scheme of this convention, which produced such extraordinary results, was devised by Myles Keon, of Keon Brook, in the County of Leitrim; but the energy, activity, talent, and intrepidity which carried it into practical effect, and through innumerable difficulties, party opposition, paltry fears, and base acts of perfidy, on the part of "*soi disant*" friends and advocates of the cause, were exhibited by T. W. Tone. With respect to his political views, when he formed the Northern and Leinster Societies of United Irishmen, he says "he thinks it right to mention that at this time the establishment of a republic was not the immediate object of his speculations, his object was to secure the independence of his country under any form of government," &c.*

But in the course of eighteen months he gave practical proof of his opinions being in favour of republicanism, and indeed from the commencement of his career they seem to have been in that direction. In the month of April, 1794, the Rev. William Jackson, an emissary of the French Government, was arrested

* Tone's Life, Vol. I., page 55.

in Dublin, on a charge of High Treason. Jackson had received his instructions from an Irishman, named Madgett, long settled in France, in the office of the Minister for Foreign Affairs. In London, Jackson communicated the secret of his mission to a friend of his, and of Mr. Leonard M'Nally, a barrister, in Dublin, to Mr. Cockayne, an attorney, in London. Cockayne informed Mr. Pitt of the secret of Jackson's mission, whereupon Cockayne was directed by Mr. Pitt to accompany Jackson to Ireland and to report his movements. These facts were admitted on the trial by Cockayne. M'Nally put Tone in communication with Jackson, and the former, at Jackson's request, wrote a paper on the state of Ireland, involving him, to a certain extent, in the guilt of Jackson. A Dr. Reynolds* and Archibald H. Rowan, then

* Dr. Reynolds, in 1793, was summoned to the bar of the House of Lords for refusing to give evidence before the secret committee, respecting the alledged disturbances in the northern provinces. He was committed to Newgate the 28th March, 1793. Reynolds was the president of a convention of members of all the Freemason lodges in the County of Tyrone, which began its sittings in Dungannon, the 7th January, that year. The lodges, whose members were delegated to this convention, were supposed to be connected with the Society of United Irishmen, as those lodges, over which Dr. Reynolds had presided so early as 1782 and 1783, were chiefly occupied with the political questions on which the armed Volunteers of that period were debating. A printed document, in the form of a hand bill, fell into my hands, which throws some light on the religious principles of Dr. Reynolds—principles which it is to be feared were too prevalent at that period with many of his northern associates.

"ROBBERY.

"Taken yesterday out of the room in Kilmainham Jail, in which the Grand Jury holds its meetings, a likeness of THOMAS PAINE in a gilt frame. The above being the property of Doctor Reynolds, and he having every reason to believe it was taken by some members of the present Grand Jury, will consider himself much obliged to any man of honour belonging to that body, that will inform him of the persons who committed the above mean and nefarious act."

Kilmainham Jail, July 19, 1793.

Reynolds fled to America, and died in 1807, in Philadelphia. Young Tone charges him with having made away with many valuable documents of his father, which had been unfortunately committed to his charge.

confined in Newgate, were likewise involved in the same guilt, through the instrumentality of Cockayne and M'Nally. Reynolds fled to America where he died in 1807. Rowan escaped from Newgate and got in safety to the Continent. Tone alone stood his ground, though warned by his friend, the Honourable George Knox, of the proceedings the government had then decided on taking against him.

During Lord Fitzwilliam's administration of the government in Ireland, however, Tone was not troubled by government; Mr. Grattan, indeed, remonstrated with the Catholic Committee on their "retaining in their service a man so obnoxious, and so deeply compromised."* Tone it is to be remembered had mortally offended the Whig leaders by refusing his services as a pamphleteer to them.

In February, 1795, the Catholics addressed the king on the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, and forwarded their petition by delegates, of which delegation Tone was secretary, notwithstanding the notoriety of his connexion with Jackson.

Tone's intimacy, at this period, with Dr. M'Donnell of Belfast, induced me to apply to that excellent man for any information he could afford me respecting the former, and, in reply to my communication, I received the following particulars, which I extract from a letter of his, dated June 4th, 1843. Some of the opinions expressed I do not participate in, Tone might have been perfectly sincere in his professed desire for emancipation, and very reasonably desirous to prevent separate intercourse between Mr. Pitt and some of the delegates.—

"I promised to furnish you with what I could recollect of Tone, but, indeed, I never saw him very often, and, although I regarded him and his wife, I never became quite familiar, and in what is considered as actual and warm friendship with him. I observed one trait of character, which I did not approve of, and which, perhaps, I could not properly understand; although the accredited secretary or agent of the

* Emmett's View of Irish History.

Roman Catholic Committee, and going to London, in that capacity, with the delegates, Keogh and M'Cormick, (I think,) I found him quite averse, and afraid of the Roman Catholic leaders having any intercourse with Pitt and his friends, and he was only so far set upon emancipation, as it fell in with his ideas of reform upon the French principles, so that had the government, as I wished, detached the Roman Catholics from the French system of general or democratic reform, by giving them the most practical toleration, I saw that Tone would have impeded that concession, while he was paid as their clerk.

"I never would reconcile myself fully to this, and became hurt when I found that I had been so long acting in complete concert, (as an emancipator,) with people who wished for emancipation only as forming a part and parcel of a greater design, which design, although they always professed, they never avowed as the great and predominating object. Had the Catholics been then emancipated completely, *Tone* saw, as I did, that it would retard or frustrate the great reform he had in view, and that the surest method of bringing that about was to keep all causes of complaint in one cluster unsatisfied. On the other hand, had the pure and most rational and moderate reformers been accommodated by Pitt, he might have postponed the Emancipation for a long time, and the French Theorists, or high Republican parties, would have been defeated, and the rebellion prevented by either of these concessions; but the government would do nothing to conciliate, so that the whole three parties were left to adhere together, and to fraternize, although many of the Catholics and reformers were very much disposed to secede from the republican party, had they seen much prospect of attaining their own wishes.

"I was exceedingly (from first to last) averse to the French connexion, and to democracy; and this ultimately produced a reserve on their part with respect to me, and the flame was about to burst out, because I

became sure of their having negotiated with France. At the last interview I ever had with Tone—at Samuel Neilson's, in Belfast, Frank M'Cracken being present said—that the Irish could free themselves without any assistance from France. 'If you act upon that principle,' said Tone, 'you may pursue your rope-walks and your sail manufacture long and prosperously enough; for there never will be an effectual struggle in Ireland without invasion.' He then exemplified his system—he sailed next day from Ireland, Magee promising to become a great farmer.

"I had a great intimacy and friendship with Archdeacon Sturrock, who was principal preceptor of Lord Castlereagh, but at that period had no acquaintance with his lordship, who resided then in Belfast.

"Sturrock told me, that he asked, at the desire of his lordship, whether I thought any moderate reform would satisfy the people?

"I told him most distinctly and conscientiously, that I was sure a very moderate and rational reform, with suitable regulation of the Popery laws, would instantly detach the most useful and efficient part of the United Irishmen from the wild Republicans, and would prove an infallible cure for all discontent, and that without something of this kind, there would soon be rebellion. He left me, much struck with the strong manner I expressed this notion, and the firm hold the opinion had of my mind. But on returning the same evening, he then asked me—'What of the Church?' 'Oh,' said I, 'it is impossible to quiet the Dissenters, who are undoubtedly the main spring of the association, without some modification of the tithes. This must be a "sine qua non."' After this he did not return, and never recurred again to that subject. This happened, I think, in 1796, perhaps about the end of the year."

At length Tone was menaced with a prosecution. His Tory friends,—who, to their honour, were more faithful to him in his adversity than his former patrons,—entered into an arrangement with govern-

ment, by which he was bound to expatriate himself. The friend to whom he owed most on this occasion, was the Honourable Marcus Beresford.

Tone, a short time previously to his departure from Dublin, had an interview with Emmet, in his garden at Rathfarnham; at which it was determined, that Tone, on his arrival in America, should obtain, if possible, a recommendation from the French minister to his government in France, and should immediately set off for Paris, leaving his family in America. He proceeded to Belfast with his wife, his sister, and three children, to embark for Philadelphia. I have alluded elsewhere to an excursion of Tone's, during his stay at Belfast, to the summit of M'Art's Fort on the Cave-hill, in the vicinity of the town, when he was accompanied by Russell, Neilson, Simms, and M'Cracken; and they took a solemn obligation, "never to desist in their efforts, until they had subverted the authority of England over their country, and asserted her independence."* I visited the spot where this obligation was taken, accompanied by the daughter of Henry Joy M'Cracken, who died in the unfortunate attempt to fulfil that obligation, as his friend Russell did at a later period. The consequences of that compact brought the heavy hand of power on Neilson, led to the destruction of his property, and drove him into exile. Its results proved too much for the fortitude of Simms, if not for his fidelity. It caused a good man to wear out a long life in an obscure position, and to go down to the grave without reproach perhaps, but without respect, pitied by many, and praised by few out of the immediate circle where his private worth was beneficially known and duly estimated. They were connected with the melancholy fate of Theobald Wolfe Tone—with the perils and difficulties of the desperate mission on which he went to France in February, 1796—with the events of Hoche's expedition in the latter end of the same year, and those of Hardy's fatal one in the autumn of 1798.

* Tone's Life, Vol. I. p. 128.

court until the Wednesday following to prepare his defence, which was granted. At the commencement of the proceedings he had read a paper to the court, calling in question the competency of the general court-martial to try him. His objections were overruled by the court. He admitted that he was a natural born subject of this realm.

Wednesday, September 26.—The court sat at half-past eleven, shortly after which, Matthew Tone was brought forward. He requested the court would examine *one witness* whom he had to produce, and to have the questions asked him which were written on a paper he handed to the president.

The court agreed, when the prisoner's aged father, Mr. Peter Tone, was sworn, and interrogated according to the purport of the queries contained in the paper.

The substance of the old man's evidence was, that "he had reared the prisoner from his childhood to the age of manhood, and always found him to act as became a dutiful, sober, and affectionate son. He was now about twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age, but having six years ago failed in his business, he was compelled to go abroad in hopes of bettering his fortune; he never knew him to belong to any political society, and solemnly averred that he did not think it possible he could belong to any society without his knowledge.

"The prisoner now proceeded to read his defence. After returning thanks to the court for their impartiality and candour during his trial, he observed that necessity, not choice, obliged him to quit his native country and go to France, at a period when no declaration of war had taken place; that he was there arrested as an English spy, and thrown into a loathsome prison, where he remained for several months; when having found means to effect his escape, he embarked for America, where he continued for some time, but being unable to go into business there for want of assistance, or procure an employment, and hav-

ing a sister married to a merchant in Hamburgh, he set off for that city. After several fruitless efforts to obtain independence, he began to feel his situation extremely irksome, inasmuch as he was a burthen on those whom it was his wish and duty to assist: he therefore embraced an offer which was made to him, of entering into the French service; and no circumstance, he most solemnly declared, induced him to do so but absolute necessity. After which, being ordered on the expedition to Ireland, he was obliged, consistent with the commission he held, consistent with subordination, and that amenability which was due to his superior officers, to embark. 'And here permit me to ask,' said Mr. Tone, 'was the conduct of France to me on my landing, consistent with that which she usually bestows on persons who come on errands to her of a treasonable nature? No! My severe confinement is a demonstrative proof that I did not arrive there as an exile for sedition or treason from my own country. France has hitherto treated all such persons with cordiality, received them with open arms, and rapidly promoted them; but I was an humble individual, unknown in the country, with no recommendation from any man or society of men whose views were inimical to the constitution of this country; because I was unconnected with such men. I was not even consulted in any extraordinary manner on the expedition, though from my knowledge of the two languages such might have been expected: I therefore had no alternative between embarking and death and dishonour. As to the circumstance of my having been found in the garb of a peasant, I will explain it. From the moment of my landing in this country till I was taken, my every endeavour was used to restrain the rebels from acts of revenge and plunder which they were prone to, and which I have frequently execrated. This conduct made me inimical to them. I therefore embraced the first opportunity, after the battle of Ballinamuck, to change my clothes in order to avoid them, determined on giving myself up to the next magistrate. Being

met, however, by a party of the yeomanry, I instantly made them acquainted with my name, situation, intention, &c.'

"Mr. Tone concluded his defence with expressions of reliance on the impartiality of the court, and requested they would be pleased to forward his defence to his Excellency, with the minutes of the proceedings. This the president informed him should be done as a matter of course."*

The following letter was written by him to the agent who conducted his defence, the 28th of September, the day previous to execution:—

"Dear Sir—As I know from experience that suspense is the worst of all states, I hasten to relieve my friends from it. The business is determined on, and to-morrow is the day fixed. I request that no friend may come near me. Sorrow is contagious; and I would not willingly betray any weakness on the occasion.

"Accept a thousand thanks for the interest you have taken in my affairs.

"Farewell,

"M. Tone."

His friends, however, did come to him. His poor old father, accompanied by William Dunbavin, came to the provost, and was permitted to see him. The old man seemed stupified with grief: it was some time before he could articulate a sound, or collect his thoughts. Matthew was pacing his cell, apparently unmoved and unconcerned, except on his father's account. The father said at length to him—"There is no hope, Matthew. I have been to the Castle, and they would not listen to me." The son's reply was made in a firm tone, and with perfect calmness and composure—"I supposed, father, that nothing could be done. I have but a short time to live," he added, "and I wish to be left alone." He then embraced his

* Dublin Magazine, October, 1798.

father, shook hands with Dunbavin, and he was left alone to prepare for death.

On the 29th of September he was executed on Arbour-hill, and on his way to the place of execution, he was treated with unnecessary harshness and unfeeling conduct on the part of the "ministers of justice" who officiated on that occasion. The object failed; for their brutality did not in the slightest degree disconcert him. He met his fate with the decent solemnity and the fortitude, devoid of all affectation of indifference, of a brave and a good man. His body was given up to his friends, conveyed to the house of William Dunbavin, and was interred in Bodenstown.

CHAPTER III.

THE account of T. W. Tone's mission to France, of his negociations with the Directory, and of his proceedings up to the period of his embarkation at Baye de Camaret about the 20th of September, 1798, and of the unsuccessful issue of that expedition, have been given at some length in a former series of this work.* It now only remains for me to terminate this mere outline of the career of T. W. Tone, with some account of the events connected with his capture and melancholy fate.

Hardy's expedition consisted of nine frigates and two smaller vessels; and on the 12th of October, the fleet being scattered, four of the vessels arrived off the entry of Lough Swilly, where they were attacked by the squadron under the command of Sir John Borlase Warren: the other vessels were subsequently pursued and taken, with the exception of two frigates and a schooner. In this expedition there were four Irishmen—T. W. Tone, Thomas Corbet, John Maguire, and William Henry Hamilton, the brother-in-

* Second Series of "The United Irishmen," Vol. II.

law of Thomas Russell. Thomas Corbet was on board one of the frigates which escaped. Hamilton and Maguire passed undiscovered among the French prisoners, and were exchanged.

The following is the official account of the defeat of the French squadron on the 12th of October, and the capture of four of the vessels:—

"*Dublin Castle, Oct.* 18, 1798.

"Extract of a letter received this morning from Sir J. Borlase Warren to Lord Viscount Castlereagh, dated from his Majesty's ship, the Canada, in Lough Swilly, the 16th instant.

"'My Lord—I take the liberty of communicating to you, for the information of his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, that I fell in with the enemy's squadron on the 12th instant, the Rosses bearing S.S.W., five leagues, and after an action which continued most part of the day, four of their ships struck their colours.

"'I believe a brig, with Napper Tandy on board, was in company, as she left the French at the commencement of the business. The enemy's ships had numbers of troops, arms, stores, and ammunition; and large quantities of papers were torn, and thrown overboard after they had struck.

"'I am of opinion that few of the frigates which escaped will arrive in France, as they had received much damage in their masts and rigging; and from the violent gales that followed the next day, they must be in a crippled state, and may, in all probability, be picked up by some of the squadrons on the coast of France, or by Admiral Kingsmill's cruisers. They had thrown every thing overboard—boats, spars, arm-chests, &c.

"'I left the prizes with the Robuste, Magnanime, Ethalion, and Amelia. The Hoche, of eighty-four guns, was one of the ships taken.

"'I am, &c.'"

The Hoche, in which Tone was embarked, during six hours maintained a most determined but unavailing struggle with four sail of the line and a frigate. Tone commanded one of the batteries, and during the engagements "fought with the utmost desperation, and as if he was courting death." When the Hoche struck and was taken into Lough Swilly, the prisoners were landed and marched to Letterkenny. The officers, among whom Tone passed for a Frenchman, were invited to breakfast at Lord Cavan's. One of the guests, (his son states), a former friend and fellow student in the University, Sir George Hill, recognised Tone, addressed him by name, and denounced him to Lord Cavan. It is right, however, to mention, that this base act has been attributed by others to a Roman Catholic gentleman, whose relative had been a short time before executed at Killala. Tone was taken into an adjoining room and fettered, as he states, by the orders of Lord Cavan; and thus fettered, he was conveyed on horseback from Letterkenny to Dublin under an escort of dragoons.

The following particulars of Tone's capture are taken from the "Irish Monthly Register of the Dublin Magazine" of November, 1798:—

"The Hoche was brought into Derry, the 2nd of November, 1798, on board of which was that unfortunate gentleman, Theobald Wolfe Tone, Esq. He was conducted to the gaol of Derry, and by order of Lord Cavan put in irons. Under is a letter written by him to his lordship on the occasion, with Lord Cavan's answer:—

"'*Derry Prison*, 12 *Brumaire*, *an.* 6, (*3rd Nov.* 1798), *N. S.*

"'My Lord—On my arrival here, Major Chester informed me that his orders from your lordship—in consequence, as I presume, of the directions of government—were, that I should be put in irons. I take it for granted, those orders were issued in ignorance of the rank I have the honour to hold in the armies of

Sir John Moore. But altogether it bears the appearance of a correct report of such portions of Tone's prepared address as he was permitted to speak.

"TRIAL OF THEOBALD WOLFE TONE, ESQ.

"*Dublin Barrack, Saturday,*
"*November* 10, 1798.

"Major-General Loftus, President. Colonel Vandeleur, Lieutenant Colonel Daly, Major Armstrong, Colonel Wolfe, Colonel Tyler, Captain Corry.

"Mr. Tone was brought into court, under a guard, from the Provost Prison, where he had been confined. He was dressed in the French uniform—a large cocked hat, with broad gold lace, and the tri-coloured cockade; a blue uniform coat, with gold embroidered collar, and two large gold epaulets; blue pantaloons, with gold-laced garters at the knees; and short boots, bound a the tops with gold lace.

"At first he seemed agitated, and called for a glass of water, he was afterwards composed and collected.

"The charges having been read by the Judge Advocate, implicating him as a natural born subject of our Lord the King, having traitorously entered into the service of the French Republic, &c., &c., was called to plead whether guilty or not guilty?

"Mr. Tone bowing to the court, said, he presumed this was the time in which he might read to the court the statements of a few points, which he had committed to paper for the occasion of his trial.

"He was asked in the first instance, if he would plead to the charge against him guilty or not guilty? He answered, that it was not his wish to avail himself of any subterfuge, or to give the court any unnecessary trouble; he was ready to admit the whole of the charge exhibited against him.

"He was then asked, what was his object in his reading the paper in his hand; was it any thing he

wished to offer in his defence: was it any thing which his own sense must tell him might be improper for the court to hear?—Mr. Tone answered, the paper was certainly drawn up with a view to vindication, though possibly it could not be considered as a defence against the accusation on which he was now called to trial. He could not say whether it was a kind of defence which the court might choose to hear. He had endeavoured, in the formation of it, to be as collected and moderate as his feelings could possibly admit; and if the court would do him the honour of permitting him to read the paper, its contents would best suggest how far it was admissible.

"Court—'Sir, before you read that paper, you will do well to consider whether it contains any matter irrelevant to the question now at issue, or any thing which your own good sense may suggest the court ought not to hear.'

"Prisoner—'In what I am about to read, I trust there is nothing irrelevant to my situation; nor any thing but what I should hope the court will not think improper to hear. I have endeavoured to be as collected and moderate as possible; and I should not wish to offer any language offensive to the court.'

"Judge Advocate—'Is there any thing in the paper which you wish should go before his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant.'

"Prisoner—'I have no objection.'

"A Member—'You have already pleaded guilty to the charge of having acted traitorously—do you mean by any thing contained in that paper to retract that plea?'

"Prisoner—'Certainly I have admitted the charge, and consequently the appellation by which I am technically described.'

"President—'It is not the wish of the court, Sir, to deny you any indulgence, which, consistently with their duty, they can grant, but they must reserve to themselves the power of stopping you, if you shall

utter any thing irrelevant to the case before them, or unfitting for them to listen to.'

"Prisoner—'The court, no doubt, will reserve to itself that discretionary power, but I repeat that I have endeavoured to be as moderate as possible, and if any of my expressions should happen to appear objectionable, I shall be willing to substitute others less so.'

"Here the President having given permission, the prisoner read the paper, which was as follows:—

"'Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the court,

"'It is not my intention to give this court any trouble, respecting the purport of what has been alledged against me. My admission of the charge prevents a prolongation of those forms, which could not be more irksome to you than they would be to me. What I have done, has been purely from principle, and the fullest conviction of its rectitude. I wish not for mercy; I hope I am not an object of pity. I anticipate the consequence of my caption, and am prepared for the event. The favourite object of my life has been the independence of my country, and to that object have I made every sacrifice.

"'Placed in honourable poverty, the love of liberty was implanted by nature, and confirmed by education, in my heart. No seduction, no terror could banish it from thence—and seduction and terror have not been spared against me. To impart the inestimable blessings of liberty to the land of my birth, I have braved difficulties, bondage and death.

"'For it I became an exile—I submitted to poverty—I left the bosom of my family—my wife, my children, and all that rendered life desirable.

"'After an honourable combat, in which I strove to emulate the bravery of my gallant comrades, I was forced to submit, and was dragged in irons through the country, not so much to my disgrace, as that of the person by whom such ungenerous and unmanly orders were issued.

"'Whatever I have written and said on the fate of Ireland, I here reiterate.

"'The connexion with England I have ever considered as the bane of the prosperity and happiness of Ireland, and have done every thing in my power to break it; and to raise three millions of my countrymen to the rank of citizens.'

"Here he was stopped by the court; and Mr. President said—Mr. Tone, it is impossible we can listen to this.

"Judge Advocate—'If what follows be of such a nature as you described to me yesterday, I really am of opinion, Mr. Tone, it must operate to your prejudice—you will therefore do well to consider before you read it.'

"On the further advice which the court and the Judge Advocate urged, the prisoner consented to cancel part of the most exceptionable of what he read, and also some subsequent matter, which he said was only the expression of his thanks to the Roman Catholics, a body whom he had once, he said, the honour of serving. He then desired to know if he might proceed.

"President—'It is a principle by which we shall be scrupulously ruled, to avoid most carefully every thing not immediately relative to your case, and the ends of justice; and it is but fitting, that we expect you to confine yourself simply to the charge made against you—a reverse conduct can tend to no good purpose.'

"Prisoner—'I have said nothing, nor do I mean to say any thing, that has not been already uttered with respect to me in both houses of Parliament, where my name has been so often quoted."

"He was then suffered to proceed.

"'Having considered the resources of the country, and being convinced they were too weak to effect her independence without assistance, I sought that assistance in France; and without any intrigue, but asking in the open honesty of my principles, and that love of freedom which has ever distinguished me, I have been

adopted by the French Republic, and in the active discharge of my duty as a soldier, acquired what is to me invaluable, and what I will never relinquish, but with my existence;—the friendship of some of the best characters in France, and the attachment and esteem of my brave companions in arms.

'"It is not the sentence of any court that can weaken the force, or alter the nature of those principles in which I have acted; and the TRUTH of which will outlive those ephemeral prejudices that may rule for the day. To her I leave the vindication of my fame, and I trust posterity will not listen to her advocacy without being instructed.

"'It is now more than four years since persecution drove me from this country, and I need hardly say, that, personally, I cannot be involved in any thing that has happened during my absence. In my efforts to accomplish the freedom of my country, I never have had recourse to any other than open and manly war. There have been atrocities committed on both sides, which I lament; and if the generous spirit which I had assisted to raise in the breasts of Irishmen, has degenerated into a system of assassination, I believe all who have had any knowledge of me from my infancy to the present hour, will be ready to admit, that no man in existence could more heartily regret, that any tyranny of circumstances or policy should so pervert the natural dispositions of my countrymen.

"'I have little more to say.—SUCCESS is ALL in this life—and, unfavoured of her, virtue becomes vicious, in the ephemeral estimation of those who attach every merit to prosperity.

"'In the glorious race of patriotism, I have pursued the path, chalked out by Washington in America, and Kosciusko in Poland; like the latter I have failed to emancipate my country; and unlike both, I have forfeited my life. I have done my duty, and I have no doubt the court will do theirs: and I have only to add, that a man who has thought and acted as I have done, should be armed against the fear of death.'

"A Member—'This paper, then, which you have

read, contains nothing in denial of the charge made against you.'

"Prisoner—'What I have once done, I would be ashamed to deny.'

"Here the prisoner having been asked by the Judge Advocate, if there was any thing else which he wished to offer to the court, he replied, that if he was not to be brought up again, before the decision of the court, he would wish to say a few words more, which being permitted, the prisoner proceeded:—

"'I conceive that I stand here in the same light with our *Emigrès*, and if the indulgence lay within the power of the court, I would only request,—what French magnanimity allowed to Charette and to the Count de Sombreuil—the death of a soldier, and to be shot by files of grenadiers. This is the only favour I have to ask, and I trust that men susceptible of the nice feelings of a soldier's honour will not refuse the request. It is not from any personal feeling that I make this request, but from a respect to the uniform which I wear, and to the brave army in which I have fought. From papers which I yesterday delivered to the Brigade Major, it will be seen that I am as regularly breveted an officer in the French service, as any here is in the British army, and it will be seen that I have not my commission as a protection.'

"Judge Advocate—'I wish you to be aware, that your acceptance of a commission in the French service, amounts to positive proof of the charge advanced against you; but, from your admissions already, I suppose that by the production of those papers, you merely want to show that you were an officer in the French army.'

"Prisoner—'Nothing more.'

"The papers were then produced, and were a brevet for the rank of Chef de Brigade, and a letter of service, both having the signatures of the President of the French Directory, and the Minister of War.—By one of those, it appeared that his last appointment, was to proceed to Brest, to join the army of England;

and to some questions asked of him, he answered, that he had been appointed to three several armies destined to three several expeditions, under Bonaparte, Hoche, and Kilmaine, an Irishman.—Having been asked, why he was designated in the brevet and letter of service by the name of Smith, together with that of Tone, he explained by saying, that in proceeding from America to France, it was necessary that he should have a passport, and accordingly took the first that fell in his way, which happened to be made out in the name of Smith; on entering France, he was accordingly registered by that, and his real name which he had added thereto; 'indeed, said he, almost every soldier in France has what they call a '*nom de guerre.*'—He repeated his desire to be indulged with death in the most honourable manner, and as he had no doubt of the decision of the court, he expressed a wish that the confirmation of it by the Lord Lieutenant might be had as soon as possible, and execution of the sentence immediately follow, within an hour, if it were practicable.

"The President replied, that the court would forthwith proceed to a consideration and judgment of his case, after which no delay would take place, in transmitting the proceedings to his Excellency; and that it was probable whoever went with them, would bear back the Lord Lieutenant's determination on the subject.

"The prisoner then thanked the court for the indulgence which had been extended to him; he was brought back to the Provost Marshalsea.

"The whole of Saturday and Sunday, Mr. Tone expressed much anxiety to learn the decision of his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, concerning the request, he had made as to the mode of his execution; having no doubt at all as to the sentence of the court, and its confirmation by his Excellency.

"On Sunday evening he was informed that his conviction and sentence was confirmed by his Excellency; but that his request, as to the mode of ex-

ecution, could not be complied with; that he must suffer the same fate as others, who were taken in war against their king and country; and that the peculiar circumstances of his case rendered it necessary his execution should be in the most public manner, for the sake of a striking example; that he must be executed in front of the New Prison.

"This, however, was an arrangement for which all his fortitude and philosophy could not string the nerves of Mr. Tone. Such a torrent of public ignominy was too much for reflection, and he took the resolution of anticipating the execution by his own hand, and relieving his mind from the intolerable load of horror, which the manner of his approaching fate impressed, for when the sentinel who watched in his room, went to rouse him on Monday morning—he found him exhausted, weltering in blood, with his throat cut across, and apparently expiring. The sentinel immediately alarmed the Provost Martial; a military surgeon of the 5th Regiment of Dragoons immediately attended, and on examining the wound, pronounced it not mortal, though extremely dangerous; to which Mr. Tone faintly answered, 'I find then I am but a bad anatomist.'

"The wound, which was inflicted with a penknife, intersected the wind pipe between two of the cartilaginous rings which form that organ, and amount to what surgeons style the operation of bronchotomy: it was dressed but only with a view to prolong life till the fatal hour of one o'clock, appointed for execution, to which end the cart was prepared, and an escort of cavalry and infantry under orders to attend it. But in the mean time a motion was made in his Majesty's Court of King's Bench, then sitting, to arrest execution, grounded on an affidavit sworn by the father of the prisoner, that he had been tried, convicted, and sentenced to death, on a charge of High Treason, before a Military Court of seven members, sitting in the Barrack of Dublin, though he did not belong to his Majesty's army; while his Majesty's Court of

King's Bench was sitting, before which the prisoner might have been tried in the ordinary way. Mr. Curran, who ably argued the point, moved that an *Habeas Corpus* do issue forthwith to bring up the prisoner *instanter*.

"The court immediately complied, and the officer who served the order on the Provost Martial, returned with answer, that Brigade Major Sandys said he would comply with no orders but those of the Commander in Chief of the garrison; the court immediately directed the Sheriff to repair to the Barrack, take Mr. Sandys into custody, and bring him before the court. The Sheriff, on his return, reported that Major Sandys was not to be found, that he had seen General Craig, at whose instance he accompanied the surgeon to Mr. Tone, and that the surgeon reported, the prisoner could not be removed to court, without danger of instant death.

"The surgeon attended and made affidavit to the same effect, and the return of the writ of *Habeas Corpus* was postponed for four days, and the court ordered the Sheriff, in the mean time, to take the body of Theobald Wolfe Tone into his protection. In this situation he continued until Monday, the 19th of November, when he died, having suffered most excruciating pain for eight days. His body was delivered to his parents for interment. Thus ended the life of this unhappy gentleman, whose talents might have been an ornament to his country."*

The particulars of Curran's application to the court are given more at large in "The Life of Tone," and they are so honourable to the character of that excellent man, Lord Kilwarden, that it would be an injustice to omit them, as they are given by young Tone.—

"'I do not pretend,' said Curran, 'that Mr. Tone is not guilty of the charges of which he is accused. I presume the officers were honourable men. But it is

* Dublin Magazine, November, 1798.

stated in this affidavit, as a solemn fact, that Mr. Tone had no commission under his Majesty, and therefore no court martial could have cognizance of any crime imputed to him, whilst the Court of King's Bench, sat in the capacity of the great criminal court of the land. In times when war was raging, when man was opposed to man in the field, courts-martial might be endured; but every law authority is with me whilst I stand upon this sacred principle of the constitution, that martial law and civil law are incompatible, and that the former must cease with the existence of the latter. This is not, however, the time for arguing this momentous question. My client must appear in this court. He is cast for death this very day: he may be ordered for execution whilst I address you. I call on the court to support the law, and move for an *Habeas Corpus*, to be directed to the Provost Marshal of the Barracks of Dublin, and Major Sandys, to bring up the body of Tone.'

"Chief-Justice—'Have a writ instantly prepared.'

"Curran—'My client may die whilst the writ is preparing.'

"Chief-Justice—'Mr. Sheriff, proceed to the barracks and acquaint the Provost Marshal that a writ is preparing to suspend Mr. Tone's execution, and see that he be not executed.'

"The court awaited, in a state of the utmost agitation and suspense, the return of the Sheriff. He speedily appeared, and said—'My Lord, I have been to the barracks in pursuance of your order. The Provost Master says, he must obey Major Sandys. Major Sandys says he must obey Lord Cornwallis.' Mr. Curran announced, at the same time, that Mr. Tone, the father, was just returned after serving the *Habeas Corpus*, and that General Craig would not obey it. The Chief-Justice exclaimed—'Mr. Sheriff, take the body of Tone into custody—take the Provost Marshal and Major Sandys into custody; and show the order of the court to General Craig.'

The general impression was now, that the prisoner

would be led out to execution, in defiance of the court. This apprehension was legible in the countenance of Lord Kilwarden; a man who, in the worst of times, preserved a religious respect for the laws; and who besides, I may add, felt every personal feeling of pity and respect for the prisoner, whom he had formerly contributed to shield from the vengeance of government, on an occasion almost as perilous. His agitation, according to the expression of an eye-witness, was magnificent.

"The Sheriff returned at length with the fatal news. The Chief-Justice instantly ordered a rule for suspending the execution."

CHAPTER IV.

Previously to the trial, William Dunbavin had an interview with Tone in the provost. His law-agent was likewise permitted to visit him, on two or three occasions after his conviction. His father would have gone to see him; but Tone had wisely determined to spare himself and the poor heart-broken old man the pangs of such a parting, and had sent an intimation to his friends, to that effect.

The trial took place on Saturday the 10th of November, and the following Monday was appointed for his execution at Newgate. In this interval, there were two gentlemen, busily employed in attempting to procure the means of forming a bar, for the purpose of bringing the case before the court of King's Bench. The two persons referred to, were, John Philpot Curran and Peter Burrowes—his early, constant, and faithful friends—faithful in those times which try men's souls, and put all their feelings and affections to the test.

On Saturday night Tone wrote two letters—one was addressed to the Directory of the French republic, wherein he called to the attention of its members his services to the republic, his sacrifices, and the for-

lorn state of a beloved wife and three infant children, about to be deprived, by his death, of protection and support. The letter was written in such terms as became the writer and his situation. The other was addressed to his wife—to that noble woman who was worthy of being the wife of Tone. One or two passages from it, will suffice to show the terms on which their union was founded and maintained.

"DEAREST LOVE—The hour is at last come when we must part. As no words can express what I feel for you and our children, I shall not attempt it. Complaint of any kind would be beneath your courage and mine."....."Adieu, dearest love. I find it impossible to finish this letter. Give my love to Mary (his sister), and above all things, remember that you are the only parent of our dearest children, and that the best proof you can give of your affection for me, will be to preserve yourself for their education. God Almighty bless you all. Yours ever,

"T. W. TONE."

"P.S.—I think you have a friend in Wilson, who will not desert you."

His dying wishes were fulfilled to the letter. The only parent of his dearest children, remembered her duty to them and to the memory of their father, and by both, through great difficulties, in many trials and tribulations, with scanty means, and with little sympathy on the part of former friends, that duty was performed with heroic constancy and courage.

On Sunday the 11th of November, Tone addressed another letter to his wife—the last he wrote, in which he tells her, "his mind was as tranquil as at any period of his life." His dying request was, that "she should keep her courage as he had kept his.....cherish his memory, and preserve her health and spirits for the sake of their dearest children."

Among the effects delivered to his father, after his decease, was a pocket-book (which was lately in my

hands), and was sent by his directions, to his friend, Mr. John Sweetman, with a note which is still preserved, in the original, in these words:—

"DEAR SIR—The enclosed has been ordered by my son to be delivered to you in remembrance of him,

"And am your most obedient servant,

"(*Signed*) PETER TONE.

"The night that———"

The pocket-book must have been either on his bed or person when the fatal act was committed on the night of the 11th. The green silk lining of the book is stained with blood, and on the lining the words are written in Tone's hand-writing—

"T. W. TONE,

"Nov. 11, 1798.

"Te nunc habet secundum———"

The latter sentence appears to have been left unfinished.

On Sunday night, after he had apparently gone to rest, it is supposed, that with a penknife, which he is said to have secreted, he inflicted the wound on his neck which caused his death on the 19th inst. During the eight days that he languished in a state of great bodily suffering, none of his friends were permitted to visit him. This unnecessary and barbarous rigour, has led to the entertainment of suspicions that some foul play had been practised, and that to prevent a discovery of it, the agents of the infamous Sandys, the Telles Jordao of Ireland, were alone suffered to be about the dying man. The circumstance of the medical man, who had been called to his assistance, being a French emigrant, and therefore supposed to be hostile to Tone's principles, has been likewise referred to, as a matter tending to confirm the suspicion I have alluded to. My firm persuasion is, that there are no grounds for it. That French medical man, then an assistant surgeon in the

5th Dragoons—at a much later period, I have a recollection of, as the medical attendant of my family, one of the most eminent physicians of his day in Dublin, and one of the most amiable and benevolent of human beings—Dr. Lentaigne, of Dominick-street. The circumstances connected with his attendance on Tone, he detailed to a relative of mine, in terms very similar to those which are given in the account which I have taken from the "Dublin Magazine."

Lentaigne's account to my relative was as follows:—There were several people in the cell when he entered. When Tone discovered by Lentaigne's accent that he was a foreigner, he addressed the latter in French, and said in that language—"They say that I know every thing" (in reference to the late projected descent on Ireland); "but you see, doctor, there are things I do not know. I find I am but a bad anatomist." He further said to Lentaigne—"Your skill had been better spared."

Lentaigne was a man, as little likely, as any person I ever knew, to lend himself to any act of the kind imputed to Sandys, by concealing a knowledge of its guilt. He was a most humane and honourable man. Tone's last words (as recorded by his son) show what his feelings were towards Lentaigne, when the latter was impressing on him the necessity of being still and silent, or death would ensue. Tone, it was said, replied—"I can yet find words to thank you, sir: it is the most welcome news you could give me. What should I wish to live for?" "Falling back with these expressions on his lips, he expired without further effort," in the thirty-fifth year of his age.

Thus passed away one of the bravest spirits of his time. His name lives, and his memory is probably destined to survive as long as his country has a history. Peace be to his ashes!

William Dunbavin was totally opposed to his kinsman's political opinions. He was a member of a corps of yeomanry, and possessed some influence with the terrorists of the day. By means of that influence,

probably assisted in high quarters by the interference of the Hon. George Knox, the body of Tone and his effects—clothes, uniform, and sword, were given up to his friends. The two Dunbavins, provided with a written order, went with four men to the Provost for the body, and it was given up to them by Major Sandys. It was taken to William Dunbavin's house in High-street (where his father and mother were then living), and laid out in a room on the second floor. The surviving relatives state, that the mother bore up astonishingly against the trials which befell her in such quick succession; but the poor father seemed to have been overwhelmed by this last calamity. Matthew was the favourite child of the mother. "She was proud of Theobald—but she loved Mat." "The father was proud of his eldest son, and thought there was none like him"—he doated on him. He seemed to feel the last loss, more than the mother, and was so broken down with grief, that he was unable to attend the funeral. The mother was a person of strong mind—the father was a simple, well-disposed, kind-hearted man, mild in his manners, and of ordinary understanding.

The body was kept two nights at Dunbavin's. A great number of persons came and sat in the room where the corpse was laid out. At length an order came from government that the interment should immediately take place, and as privately as possible. Dunnan was present when a person, whose name he does not know, was brought to the room where the corpse lay, to take a cast of the face. What became of that cast he does not know.* The funeral, in conformity with the orders of the authorities, was at-

* The cast, I have reason to believe, was taken by Petrie, and was amongst a large number of casts sold at the auction of Petrie's effects, and which eventually came into the hands of Mr. T. Ray. With the view of identifying that of Tone, I applied to a gentleman in Dublin, Mr. ———, one of Tone's early friends, notwithstanding the dissimilarity of their political opinions; and that gentleman, distrustful of his own recollection of Tone's personal appearance, was kind enough to make some inquiries of a lady who had a perfect

tended only by two persons, William Dunbavin and James Ebbs, a brazier, who resided in Bride-street: both were members of a corps of yeomanry. The remains of Theobald Wolfe Tone were interred in the ancient cemetery of Bodenstown, close to the wall (on the south side) of the ruined abbey that stands in the centre of the grave-yard, in the same grave where his brother's remains were recently buried, and those of his grandfather and his uncles reposed. A slab, with the following inscription, is laid over the grave:—

"This burial place belongs to William Tone and his family. Here lieth the body of the above, who departed this life the 24th of April, 1766, aged sixty years; and also three children."

The slab, in the absence of any other, may serve to point out the spot, to the stranger who visits that neglected place, where the ashes of Theobald Wolfe Tone are deposited. There is no monument to his memory—in stone or marble—but there is one in the heart's core of Ireland, and his name is written there in large and lasting characters.

The following lines on "Tone's Grave," published in the *Nation* newspaper, appear to have been written by a person whose pursuits are analogous to those of "Old Mortality." Claverhouse and Castlereagh have left

remembrance of Tone, and in a note of that lady's, the following observations on the subject of my inquiry are made:—

"I have been looking at a picture in profile of Theobald Wolfe Tone (prefixed to his life by his son). It does not resemble, according to my recollection of him. He was a very slender, angular, rapid moving man; a thin face, sallow and pock-marked; eyes small, lively bright; forehead very low, the hair cut close and growing up from it; nose rather long—I forget the shape—nothing remarkable. He laughed and talked fast, with enthusiasm about music and other innocent things, so that one could not possibly suspect him of plots and treason. Wise he could not be; but he had not a foolish look—it was too lively and animated for that."

"*Success is all in this life,*" said poor Tone, "*and unfavoured of her, virtue becomes vicious;*" and wisdom, he might have added, (with all respect for the opinion expressed by the amiable lady referred to), ever finds, a failure such as his, leaves the unsuccessful no claim to its possession.

graves enough for mournful strains and pious pilgrimages, in the land of the Celt and in that of the Gael :—

"TONE'S GRAVE.

I.

"In Bodenstown church-yard there is a green grave,
And wildly along it the winter winds rave;
Small shelter, I ween, are the ruined walls there,
When the tempest sweeps down on the plains of Kildare.

II.

"Once I lay on that sod—it lies over Wolfe Tone,
And I thought how he perished in prison alone,
His friends unavenged, and his country unfreed—
'Oh, bitter,' I said, 'is the patriot's meed;

III.

"'For in him the heart of a woman combined
With a heroic life, and a governing mind—
A martyr for Ireland—his grave has no stone—
His name seldom named, and his virtues unknown.'

IV.

"I was woke from my dream by the voices and tread
Of a band, who came into the home of the dead.
They carried no corpse, and they carried no stone,
And they stopp'd when they came to the grave of Wolfe Tone.

V.

"There were students and peasants, the wise and the brave,
And an old man who knew him from cradle to grave,
And children who thought me hard-hearted; for they,
On that sanctified sod, were forbidden to play.

VI.

"But the old man, who saw I was mourning there, said,
'We come, sir, to weep where young Wolfe Tone is laid,
And we're going to raise him a monument, too—
A plain one, yet fit for the simple and true.'

VII.

"My heart overflow'd, and I clasp'd his old hand,
And I bless'd him, and bless'd every one of his band;
'Sweet! sweet; 'tis to find that such faith can remain
To the cause, and the man so long vanquish'd and slain.'

VIII.

* * * * * *

IX.

* * * * * *

X.

"In Bodenstown church-yard there is a green grave,
And freely around it let winter winds rave—
Far better they suit him, the ruin and gloom,
Till Ireland, a nation, can build him a tomb."

Shortly after Tone's departure for America, his name was introduced into a discussion in the House of Commons, in a virulent and violently abusive manner, by one of the miserable creatures of that house, who dealt in "words, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." One of the brightest ornaments of that assembly, however—William Conyngham Plunkett, (Lord Plunkett), had the manliness to stand up in his place and to pronounce those words—"He (Tone) now wastes, on the desert air of an American plantation, the brightest talents that I ever knew a man to be gifted with. I am sorry for his fate; for I never shall speak or think of the unhappy gentleman to whom I allude, with acrimony or severity. I knew him from early infancy as the friend of my youth and companion of my studies; and while I bear testimony to the greatness of his abilities, I shall say of him, that he had a heart which nothing, but the accursed spirit of perverted politics, could mislead or deprave."

Respecting Tone's religious sentiments, having heard conflicting opinions expressed regarding them, I made some inquiries on the subject, of Miss M'Cracken, who had been intimately acquainted with him. Miss M'Cracken, in reply to my inquiries, stated, that "Tone was not sceptical. There was a society in Belfast of a political kind, all of whose members were sceptics. They would not admit Tone because he believed in the truths of religion: and he had given them some proofs of the fact; for they presented him with one of Paine's works, which he refused to read," and I think Miss M'Cracken added, "to accept."

With regard to the authorship of certain songs and poetical pieces, published in the *Northern Star*, and a collection of the same, in a little volume called "The Harp of Erin, or Paddy's Resource," Miss M'Cracken says—"The only song, in Paddy's Resource, I know to be Tone's is: 'When Rome by dividing had conquered the world.' I heard Maria Tone sing it in

William Orr, of Ferranshane, in the county of Antrim, was charged with administering the United Irishman's oath, in his own house, to a soldier of the name of Wheatly. He was the first person indicted under the act which made that offence a capital felony, (36 Geo. III.) His father was a small farmer, in comfortable circumstances, and the proprietor of a bleach-green. James Hope, who was intimately acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, informs me—"That William Orr was not actually the person who administered the oath to the soldiers. The person who administered the oath was William M'Keever, a delegate from the city of Derry to the Provincial Committee, who afterwards made his escape to America."

In a letter of Miss M'Cracken, dated 27th of September, 1797, addressed to her brother, then in Kilmainham Jail, I find the following reference to the recent trial of Orr—"Orr's trial has clearly proved, that there is neither justice nor mercy to be expected. Even the greatest aristocrats here join in lamenting his fate; but his greatness of mind renders him rather an object of envy and of admiration than of compassion. I am told that his wife is gone with a letter from Lady Londonderry to her brother on his behalf..... You will be surprised when I tell you that old Alexander Thompson, of Cushendall, was foreman of the jury, and is thought will lose his senses if Mr. Orr's sentence is carried into execution, as he appears already quite distracted at the idea of a person being condemned to die through his ignorance; as it seems he did not at all understand the business of a juryman. *However, he held out from the forenoon till six o'clock in the morning* of the day following, though, it is said, he was beaten, and threatened with being wrecked, and not left a sixpence in the world, on his refusing to bring in a verdict of guilty. Neither would they let him taste of the supper *and the drink which was sent to the rest*, AND OF WHICH THEY PARTOOK TO SUCH A BEASTLY DEGREE. It was not, therefore, much to be wondered at, that an infirm old man should not have sufficient resolution to hold out against such treatment. (*Signed*)

"MARY M'CRACKEN."

The report given in "The Press" of the 19th of October, 1797, is said to have been furnished by an eminent short-hand writer. Orr was defended by Curran and Sampson. The judges before whom he was tried were, Lord Yelverton and Judge Chamberlaine. The jury retired at six in the evening *to consider their verdict.* They sat up, *deliberating*, all night, and returned into court at six the following morning. The jury inquired if they might find a qualified verdict as to the prisoner's guilt. The judge directed them a special verdict on the general issue. They retired again, and returned shortly with a verdict of guilty and a strong recommendation of the prisoner to mercy. Next day Orr was brought up for judgment, when, after an unsuccessful motion in arrest of judgment, chiefly on the grounds of the drunkenness of the jury, which Judge Chamberlaine would not admit of being made "the foundation of any motion to the court," Lord Yelverton pronounced sentence of death "in a voice scarcely articulate, and at the conclusion of his address

burst into tears." Orr said, pointing to the jury—"*That jury* has convicted me of being a felon—my own heart tells me that their conviction is a falsehood, and that I am not a felon. If they have found me guilty improperly, it is worse for them than for me. *I* can forgive them. I wish to say only one word more, and that is, to declare on this awful occasion, and in the presence of God, that the evidence against me was grossly perjured—grossly and wickedly perjured!"

The witness, Wheatly, made an affidavit before a magistrate, acknowledging his having sworn falsely against Orr. Two of the jury made depositions, setting forth, that they had been induced to give a verdict contrary to their opinion, when under the influence of liquor. Two others made statements that they had been menaced by the other jurors with denunciations and the wrecking of their properties, if they did not comply with their wishes. The following persons composed Mr. Orr's jury:—Archibald Thompson, George Crooks, James M'Naghten, Geo. Pentland, J. Bell, Geo. Dickson, Samuel Semphill, Wm. Laughlin, Geo. Casement, Arthur Johnston, John Hall, and Geo. Patterson.

James Orr, in "The Press" newspaper, of the 28th of October, 1797, published a statement respecting his interference, with a view of saving his brother's life, to the following effect:—"He, James Orr, had been applied to by many gentlemen to get his brother William to make a confession of his guilt, as a condition on which they would use their interest to have his life spared. The High-Sheriff, Mr. Skeffington, and the Sovereign of Belfast, the Rev. Mr. Bristowe, were among the number—the former undertaking to get the grand jury to sign a memorial in his favour. James Orr immediately went to his brother, and the latter indignantly refused to make any such confession, for 'he had not been guilty of the crime he was charged with.' James Orr not being able to induce him to sign it, returned to Belfast and wrote out a confession, similar in terms to that required by Skeffington and Bristowe, *and forged* his brother's name. The forged document was then turned to the account it was required for. A respite had been granted; but the weakness of the brother is made instrumental to the death of the prisoner. The shaken verdict of the drunken jury, of the perjured witness, is not suffered to preserve the prisoner. The forged testimony of his guilt is brought against him. The promises under which that document was obtained were forgotten, and thus 'a surreptitious declaration, swindled from the fears of an afflicted family, was made the instrument to intercept the stream of mercy, and counteract the report of the judge (one of the judges, namely, Lord Yelverton) who tried him.'" Orr was executed outside of Carrickfergus, on the 14th of October, 1797, in his thirty-first year, solemnly protesting his innocence of the crime laid to his charge.

The act of James Orr might have led the Executive into error; but William Orr wrote a letter to Lord Camden, dated the 10th of October, plainly informing his lordship of the forgery committed by his brother, and that the confession imputed to him "was base and false," but stating, if mercy was extended to him, "he should not fail to entertain the most dutiful sense of gratitude for such an act

of justice as well as mercy."* On the day of the execution, the great body of the inhabitants of Carrickfergus quit the town to avoid witnessing the fate of Orr.

A person who visited Orr previously to his trial, speaks of his personal appearance and address as highly prepossessing.† His apparel was new and fashionable—there was a remarkable neatness in his attire. The only thing approaching the foppery of patriotism was, a narrow piece of green ribbon round his stock. He was six feet two inches in height, particularly well made—in fact, his person was a model of symmetry, strength, and gracefulness. He wore his hair short and well powdered. The expression of his countenance was inexpressibly captivating and manly. He possessed a very sound understanding, warm affections, and most benevolent disposition. In speaking to his visitor of the state of the country, who remarked that the government was disposed to act in a conciliatory spirit towards the country, he said—"No, no; you may depend upon it that there is some system laid down, which has for its object murder and devastation." He added, respecting the treatment of the Dissenters as well as the Catholics, "Irishmen of every denomination must now stand or fall together."

Thus a variety of depositions establishing the drunkenness of the jury and the perjury of Wheatly were laid before the Lord Lieutenant. One deposition was of the Rev. George Macartney, a magistrate of the county Antrim, respecting Wheatly's being brought forward by Mr. Kemmis, and on his (Wheatly's) coming into court, relating to Mr. Macartney his having seen a Dissenting clergyman, of the name of Eder, whom he had known elsewhere, and was sure he was brought there to invalidate his testimony. Another deposition was that of the clergyman referred to, stating that he had accompanied a brother clergyman, the Rev. A. Montgomery, to visit a sick soldier, apparently deranged, named Wheatly, a Scotchman, who had attempted to commit suicide; that he confessed to Mrs. Hueys, in whose house he then was, that he was in Col. Durham's regiment, and had committed a murder, which weighed heavily upon his mind, and that he had been instigated to give false evidence against William Orr, of which crime he sincerely repented. A similar deposition, before Lord O'Neil, was made by the Rev. Mr. Montgomery. Two of the jury made depositions respecting their drunkenness. Two others made statements of the menaces that had been used by the other jurors. But all were of no avail. Lord Camden was deaf to all the representations made to him. All the waters of the ocean will not wash away the stain on his character. Better fifty thousand times for his fame it were, if he had never seen Ireland. The fate of Orr lies heavy on the memory of Lord Camden.

There prevailed then and at every period which has come within the range of my inquiries, a terrible custom in Ireland, on the part of the law officers of the crown: whenever a political offence was laid to the charge of a prisoner, or a murder connected with the

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* "Press," Nov. 21, 1797. † Ibid, Dec. 21, 1797.

question of the eviction of tenants, or the disputed title of land, in consequence of the presumed guilt of the person charged with the crime, and the urgent circumstances of the times in which the offence took place, a conviction was deemed necessary; and if there was any private information of which the crown officers were cognizant, which seemed to them *to tell* against the accused parties, any means of obtaining a legal conviction were sanctioned by them; so that the consciences of men belonging to a liberal profession, persons who were honorable men in all their social relations, in matters connected with their public functions, "slipt from their moorings:" and provided, their private opinion of a man's connection with a seditious society, or moral conviction of a man's guilt, or cognizance of the crime laid to his charge was made up or entertained; *they considered the means of legally establishing the presumed guilt of little moment;* and whether the crown witness was perjured or true to his oath, whether the jury was packed or impartially chosen, drunk or sober, tampered with by the sheriff or proof against all efforts of seduction or intimidation, it mattered not—it was only necessary that the assizes should not close without "an awful example," and an execution, for the purpose of vindicating the violated laws.

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Tone, soon after the loss of her husband, received from the French Directory a sum of 1,200 francs as an immediate aid, and three months pay from the war office was assigned to her. The ordinary pension, rated according to the rank and time of service of her husband, amounted only to 300 francs, which she properly declined to accept. Various applications were made to the government by Tone's friends, amongst the applicants, Lucien Bonaparte, was foremost in his efforts, but even his were unsuccessful. In 1803 when Thomas Addis Emmet was in Paris, and some reference was made to the employment of the Irish refugees in the French army, Emmet said "How could they trust to that government when they saw the widow of Tone unprovided for." The pension was almost instantly afterwards granted, it amounted to 1,200 livres to the widow, and 400 to each of her three children. At a later period a subscription

amounting to £787 was raised in Ireland, for the assistance of Tone's widow and children. Some of his early associates, some of those who urged him on in his early political career, one of them, whose wealth and influence as a Catholic leader were then better known than his garden conferences with Tone, it was said, declined to contribute. About 1804 Mrs. Tone lost one of her children, a beautiful and accomplished girl of 16, and in 1806 another, her youngest son, a boy of 14 years of age. The following letter from Mrs. Tone to the mother of her husband, which gives some account of her position, and her son's progress about that period, will be read with interest. It is characteristic of the writer.

May 11, 1810.

"My dearest Mother—I have got an opportunity of writing to you by a gentleman who promises to deliver my letter into your own hands, and yesterday evening I had just finished a long letter to you and another to Kitty, complaining woefully of not hearing from you, when I had the happiness of receiving both your letters of the 10th of April, which rendered all I had written useless. My ever dear mother, it is a blessing to my heart to hear from you, and hear that you are tolerably well, that you have peace and security, and are not exposed to inconvenience. These negative comforts are all we can now aspire to, or that would become us to wish for, and for me I am still hardy in mind and body, and able to dispense even with them, if they were taken from me, but, indeed, if you wanted them in the town where our Theobald was born and died, I think I should in my despair take counsel from Job's wife; and——. You cannot afford to keep Mat's little girl by you to support and to comfort your age. As for me; no! I will never see Ireland whilst I can find a grave in any other part of the globe by land or by water. But let me say something that will comfort you. My William, the pleasure and joy of my heart, is coming on in every

respect as well as heart can wish; he is not strong in health, but he is safe; he completed his 19th year some days ago, his growth is nearly finished, and his conduct is so correct that I have no fear for him, he has gone through his studies with great honour, he will finish them this summer, and thinks of taking a course of law, perhaps it is time to turn his education to some account, but in this country there is but one line, and if he must take that it will be always time enough. The powerfully———! when you see him present him the grateful homage of my respect and my admiration.

"I cannot say more on this.

"Adieu, my beloved mother. May God Almighty bless and preserve you. William joins in every tender wish. Whenever it is possible I will send him to get your blessing, and return to me with it. I write to my beloved Kitty. What an admirable heart she has. I have not heard from G—— since my last.

"Ever your own child,

"M. TONE."

"To Mrs. Tone, Dublin."

Her only surviving child, William Theobald Wolfe Tone, who was born in Dublin, the 29th of April, 1791, was then prosecuting his studies in the Imperial Lyceum, (previously, and at present the College of "Louis le Grand.) He passed through his studies with great credit, obtained several premiums and certificates highly honorable to his talents and conduct. After having spent eleven years in the Prytaneum and Lyceum, he took his leave of the latter in 1810, in which year he contended for the prize of the Institute, which was obtained by a Mr. Sarlorius. The Essay, however, of young Tone was favourably received by the Institute, the subject of it was the legislation of the Goths in Italy. The work is in my possession, and it is one which exhibits considerable ability and research. It exhibits, moreover, in its dedication to his mother, feelings of the tenderest af-

fection and of filial respect, and remembrance of the obligations which his father's memory imposed on him. The beautiful appropriateness of the motto, "In me ipso sola spes," is not more striking than the unaffected simplicity and kindness of the boy's nature, in the first and concluding passages of that inscription.

"A Ma Mere."

"Si de l'enfance; le besoin de connaitre, la curiosite avîde; si des lors j'eus la ferme volontè de ne point languir dans l'ignorance de ne point suivre les sentiers battus de la vie c'est a vous, c'est a votre ame noble et courageuse dans l'adversitè; c'est au desir de vous consoler un jour de vos pertes, que je le dois. Ce leger Essai la premiere epreuve de mes forces, est donc a vous." * * *

"Si j'en fais tirer quelques exemplaires ce n'est point dans un pareille intentione, ce n'est point pour le publie: ce n'est que pour rendre un leger hommage a la meilleure, a la plus noble et a la plus cherie des meres."

He was in his eighteenth year when this essay was published. He was placed for the following two years at the Imperial Cavalry School of St. Germains, a military establishment of great repute. His mother, as usual, took up her abode near his school, and after a short time she determined on seeking an interview with the Emperor, with the view of securing his protection for her son in the military career on which he was soon to enter. She took occasion of the Emperor's passing through St. Germains from the palace, while they were changing horses, to approach the carriage and present the book written by her son, and a memorial setting forth his merits, and the claims of the son of Theobald Wolfe Tone. Napolean opened the paper, and when he saw the name of Tone at the commencement he said, "Je m'en souviens bien." After he had read, and re-read it, he said to Mrs. Tone, "Maintenant parlez moi de vous." After inquiring about her pension, and in reply to an observation about young Tone's destin-

ation he said, "Soyez donc tranquille, sur son compte, soyez parfaitement tranquille sur lui." After a word or two more the imperial carriage drove on, and young Tone's military career, under the imperial regime, was decided. The pension of his mother, which had been reduced 800 francs a year, in consequence of the deaths of her two children, was restored to its original amount.

Young Tone received the rank of cadet in the Imperial School of Cavalry, at St. Germains, in November, 1810; he was promoted to a Sub-Lieutenancy in the 8th Regiment of Chasseurs, in January, 1813, he joined the grand army in April, 1813; in that year he was in the battles of Lowenberg, Goldberg, Dresden, Lusatia, Bautzen, Muhlberg, Acken and Leipzig. He served in 1814 and 1815 on the Rhine, in the Pyrenees, at Erfurt, Sandan and Bayonne. He made three campaigns, served four years and nine months, and received ten wounds. He was promoted in 1813 to the rank of Lieutenant on the Staff, Aide-de-camp to General Bagneris, and made a member of the Legion of Honor.

A gentleman from Dublin, Mr. P. V. F., whose father was intimately acquainted with T. W. Tone, visited Paris in 1814, and for the first time saw William Tone at his mother's residence. He describes the young soldier as a person of a thoughtful and somewhat dejected, but highly pleasing expression of countenance. He was still suffering from his wounds, and the effects of his late arduous service, and bore the marks of suffering in his pale but manly and ingenuous countenance. When he spoke of his campaign, his features lighted up, and it was evident from his animation that he was proud of his profession, and conscious that he was worthy of it.

He had been either on duty, or in attendance on his general that morning, and was in his full dress military uniform. Some allusion was made to the difficulties through which his mother had been left to struggle, and the conduct of some individuals who had been,

as poor Tone thought in his early days, when his noble talents were devoted to their cause—his bosom friends—young Tone listened in silence for a moment, and, as if suddenly roused, put his hand to the hilt of his sword and said—"While I have this——mother, it is no matter."

The news of the fall of Napoleon, in 1815, reached Tone at Bayonne; the day before the white flag was hoisted in that town, he determined wisely and honourably to resign his commission, and after some months passed at the baths of Bagneres and Barreges he returned to Paris where he remained with his mother till the month of September, 1816. He had been prevailed on by Mr. Wilson, the invaluable friend of his mother and himself since the death of his father, to make an application to the British Ambassador, through his mother, for permission to visit England. In November, 1815, a polite answer to that application was received from Sir Charles Stuart, stating that he had transmitted Mrs. Tone's representation to England, "in favour of her son," but "the question appeared to have been referred to Ireland," and the disturbances of that country "had prevented that favourable decision which he had reason to hope for on the part of the government, at the time Mrs. Tone did him the honour to call."

This act was worthy of Lord Castlereagh. On the 19th of August following, Mr. Willson, who had come over to Paris with the intention of offering his hand and fortune to the woman to whom he had been as a father, a friend, and a generous benefactor for seventeen years, was married to Mrs. Tone in the chapel of the British Ambassador at Paris. Young Tone's career in France was now at an end, he had relinquished his profession, his prospects of fame and honour in it, were at an end, his hopes of preferment, his young day dream of military glory had vanished, his ambition, his enthusiasm in his pursuit had died away; "with a heavy heart" he parted with his mother and Mr. Wilson in the month of September,

and embarked at Havre for the United States. His mother accompanied Mr. Wilson to Scotland, the native country of the latter, and before another year had gone round, they joined the son of Theobald Wolfe Tone in the new land of his adoption, at New York. A few months after Mrs. Tone's arrival in America a meeting of the Hibernian Society of New York, of which Emmet and M'Nevin were members, was called in October, 1817, and a resolution was carried, of which the following minute has been transmitted to me by Mrs. Tone.—

"In pursuance of a resolution of the Hibernian Society of New York. A committee waited on Mrs. Tone on Saturday last, and in the most respectful manner presented to her a medallion with an appropriate device and inscription,* and to her son a sword, accompanied with the following address:—

"MADAM—We are appointed by the Hibernian Provident Society of New York, to embrace the opportunity of your presence in this city, to express to you, their very profound respect for the character and memory of your late illustrious husband, General Theobald Wolfe Tone, and of their affectionate attachment to his widow and son. To many of our society he was intimately known; by all of us he was ardently beloved, and, while we look back with anguish on the frightful calamities of our time and country, we delight to dwell on his talents, his patriotism, his perseverance, and his dignity in misfortune. Accept, Madam, a testimonial of their esteem, which can pretend to no value, but what it may derive from the sincerity with which it is offered. In some other country, perhaps, it may awaken a reflection, that wherever Irishmen dare to express the sentiments of their hearts, they celebrate the name and sufferings of *Tone*, with that melancholy enthusiasm, which is characteristic of their national feelings, for the struggles and misfortunes of their heroes.

* Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

"We are likewise directed to present a sword to his youthful son and successor. * * * *

"We are, Madam, with the utmost respect,

"Your most obedient humble servants,

"DAVID BRYSON,
"GEO. WHITE,
"WM. JS. MACNEVIN,
"THOS. ADDIS EMMET,
"GEORGE CANNING.

"*October 6th*, 1817."

To which Mrs. Tone returned the following answer:—

"GENTLEMEN—The sweetest consolation my heart can feel, I received in the proof you now give me, that my husband still lives in your affections and esteem, though, in the course of nine disastrous years, the numerous victims who have magnanimously suffered for the liberty of Ireland, might well confuse memory, and make selection difficult. I am proud of belonging to a nation whose sons preserve, under every vicissitude of fortune, a faithful attachment to their principles, and from whose firm and generous minds neither persecution, exile, nor time, can obliterate the remembrance of those who have fallen, though ineffectually, in the cause of our country. For your gift to my son, take his mother's thanks with his: while his mother tremblingly hopes that fate may spare him, to prove himself not unworthy of his father or his friends.

"I have the honor to remain, with grateful respect,

"Gentlemen, your most obedient servant,

"MATILDA TONE."

In 1819, he published an essay "on armed forces," of which General L'Allemand wrote—that "it is a work of which good generals might be proud." This work was the cause of his being invited to Washington by Mr. Calhoun. In 1824, he published "The

School of Cavalry," on which performance General Bernard has left a flattering comment. The author "was the only officer who, being competent to compare the schools of the different European nations, and gifted with the requisite faculties for doing so with ability, had been able to bring to the comparison the impartiality, without which one cannot discover truth. The United States is thus possessed of the best work that exists for the instruction of cavalry."

William Tone, in the account of his own career, makes no mention of his having commenced the study of the law soon after his arrival in America. He entered Mr. Sampson's office as a student, and "was received in his house as a dear friend." He continued his new pursuit till he received an invitation, from persons high in authority, to proceed to Washington. He accepted that invitation, and the result of it was, his being appointed to a Captaincy in the United States' army. In 1825, he married the daughter, and then only child, of his father's early friend, William Sampson. In 1827, he resigned his commission in the United States' army. "The Union," which was intended to bind heart to heart, and hand to hand in their native country, was not altogether a baseless fabric, or an impossible attainment. It was realized in this instance, as in many others, by the children of the exiled men of '98, in another hemisphere. Young Tone and his wife, shortly after his marriage, went to reside at Georgetown. Mr. and Mrs. Sampson gave up their house in New York, and fixed their residence in the former place. "Our house," says Mrs. Tone, "was pleasantly situated in the midst of a garden, shaded with locust trees, Our neighbours were amiable and enlightened, and the Society of Washington within our reach."

It was during their happy retirement in Georgetown that young Tone completed the work which bears his name, and does honor to it. The conclusion of his labours has a mournful interest for his countrymen, in the reference to his own position, which he

speaks of in terms of such contentment so shortly before his untimely death:—"Here," to use his own words, "enjoying an honourable rank in the American army, and the proud title of a free American citizen; united to the object of my early and constant affections, (the only daughter of his father's friend and countryman, Counsellor William Sampson, of New York, whose fate, it is well known, led him, like them, to that country, a victim in the cause of liberty and of his native land,) I feel at length like the sailor, who, after a stormy passage, returns to his home, and finds himself clasped by all the ties, and surrounded by all the charities that are dearest and most valuable to the human heart."*

Poor Tone's enjoyment of the peace and happiness of his haven in the new world was of short continuance. America, with her peaceful institutions, afforded no field for fame or distinction for one who had served in the armies of a military empire, under the soldier sovereign who swayed a large portion of the world with a sceptre-sword.

Tone's occupation was gone when he abandoned the French service. Literature seems to have been his favourite pursuit, and his last employment was an investigation into the origin of nations; but he did not live to finish his work. The seeds of consumption were sown in his constitution. He died, Oct. 10th, 1828, at the early age of twenty-seven, having just lived long enough to complete the publication of his father's life, which appeared in 1826. Whether with respect to those portions of the work of which he was the editor or the author, the praise must be accorded to him of having performed his task with signal ability and judgment, and of having left the most valuable work that exists, in connection with the subject of the rise, progress, and downfall of the society of United Irishmen.

This young man's memory, I feel, has claims upon

* Tone's Life, vol. II. p. 674.

Ireland. His ashes, which now repose in Long Island, ought to be in the grave-yard of Bodenstown. He has left one child, a daughter; and his widow (devoted to his memory and to his child) resides in New York with her mother, Mrs. Sampson. Her mother-in-law, the relict of Theobald Wolfe Tone, still survives in the neighbourhood of Washington, in Georgetown, in the district of Colombia, for upwards of twenty years the widow of that good man, Mr. Wilson of Dullatur, in Scotland.* From the daughter of Sampson I received the portraits, admirably executed by her, and copied from pictures in the possession of her family, which I have had engraved for this work, of her father and her husband.

I close this brief notice of the short career of William Theobald Wolfe Tone, with some lines of his, written about a month or six weeks before his death, for which I am indebted to his widow:—

AN ODE TO LOVE.

In the first state of the created earth
  Stagnant was life; in all existing things,
Which had received it at their birth,
  Dead were all feelings, all emotion's springs.
All drooped in listless gloom; e'en nature's powers
  Suspended seemed. No breath awaked the air,
And closed and motionless were leaves and flowers;
  In short, of waking life the signs appeared no where.

'Twas then, O! all-revivifying Love,
  That, pre-ordained by nature's will,
Thou didst on purple pinions soar above,
  Thy heavenly functions to fulfil.
Tossing aloft thy torches flaming brand,
  At once arose to life the world:
Through woods and valleys, breezes, soft and bland,
  Murmured, with music sweet, and all its waters curled.

Then rose, inspired by thy resistless power,
  The choral concert of the shady grove,
Cheering the morning and the evening hour
  With thousand songs, all of connubial love.

* Mrs. Tone Wilson is now in her 77th year; she was born the 17th of June, 1769.

Two, sweetest—the shrill lark, in loftiest skies
Poised and unseen, waking the blushing dawn;
The nightingale, pouring melodious sighs,
Which, from her panting breast, were in the still night drawn.

But if brute nature, thus, thy laws obeys,
To our own souls now let us turn;
What higher, nobler bliss in them they raise,
And with what purer flame they burn.
Paternal, filial, and connubial love,
How they confirm each virtue's sway;
The human soul, the heart, and mind improve,
And all their kindest, best, and highest powers prove.

CHAPTER VI.

TONE's father continued, during the remainder of his life, to hold his situation in the Paving Board, but the salary was small and inadequate to the maintenance of his wife and himself, even with an addition of some ten or twelve pounds a year, arising from the head-rents of one or two small cottages in Phibbsboro'; but from the time of the death of T. W. Tone to that of Mrs. Tone's, about 1818, I am informed by a confidential friend of the latter,* that Peter Burrowes allowed Mrs. Tone a pension of £40 a year.

Mrs. Tone's family were Catholic. She professed to be a member of that church for some time after her marriage, but she ceased to attend its place of worship and to frequent its sacraments, without formally renouncing its communion. "She passed, however, for a Protestant; but a year and a half before her death, she informed her friend, Mrs. Walsh, that she had sent for a priest of her old persuasion—and from that time she became a strict observer of the rites of the Roman Catholic religion. Her husband, Peter Tone, died about twelve years previously, in 1805–6, and both were interred in Bodenstown."

Some extraordinary fatality seemed to have pur-

* Mrs. Walsh, 27, Stafford-street.

sued the family of the Tones. The grandfather was killed, as we have seen, by a fall from a corn stack. Theobald died by his own hand. Matthew perished on the scaffold. William, a soldier of fortune, a brave and enterprising man, made his way in India to the command of a regiment in the service of the Mahratta Sovereign, and was slain in battle. He had been brought up to the business of a bookseller in Dublin, had quitted his occupation, enlisted at the age of sixteen in the East India Company's service, and was detained six years in garrison in St. Helena. He was a remarkably handsome soldier-like looking person—"the best looking of all his family." He had "a natural turn for poetry," a warm and enthusiastic imagination: "he was as brave as Cæsar, and loved the army." In 1788 he returned to England, remained in Europe for about four years, and re-entered the Company's service (in the ranks) in 1792. On his arrival in India, he distinguished himself so much, as to obtain his discharge, and a recommendation, which insured him employment in the service of the Nizam. After many vicissitudes, he quit the service of the latter, proceeded to Poonah, and entered that of the ruler of the Mahrattas, where he soon raised himself to the rank of commandant of a regiment. Some of his letters between 1798 and 1800 are in my possession, most honourable to his character and his principles, and creditable to the qualities of the head as well as of the heart.

The letters from William Tone, of which the following are copies, were kindly communicated to me by Mrs. Moore, one of his surviving relatives:—

"*Bombay, January* 25, 1779.

"DEAR FATHER—I wrote to you by the overland despatch which left this settlement the 1st inst., which I hope will reach you long before this can. By the same conveyance I sent a bill of exchange for one hundred pounds on the house of Law and Bruce, Laurence-lane, London. Should the first bill mis-

carry, you will immediately write to Messrs. Bruce and Law, where you will hear of the money, which I am sure must be convenient to you; and I only hope it may do you all the good that I wish. It is with very great regret that I have to complain of the total neglect which I have been treated with by the whole family—an inattention which I cannot forbear calling unkind. I will not, however, commence this letter (which is, I believe, the twentieth which I have written to you) with any reproaches; but I trust that this will produce an answer; and I can only assure you, if you will communicate with me, and apprize me of your real situation, that my purse, person, and credit, shall be strained for your convenience. My present situation I shall describe as concisely as possible. I have for some time commanded a small corps in the service of Paisheva, the head of the Mahrattah Empire. My pay has been tolerably liberal; but my expenses have nearly kept pace with it. I have it, therefore, in contemplation, to go into the service of the Lomba of the Dekan, where I have an offer of a brigade. I have not as yet determined, but shall inform you more fully in my next. In other respects I am very well in health, not very rich, but far above want, and have the peculiar happiness of enjoying the countenance and attention of the first characters in this country; a circumstance the more flattering, as I may say without vanity, that it is the consequence of my own behaviour. One circumstance has contributed very much to make me known here. I have now in the press a little book, a treatise on Mahrattah Institutions, which will be published in the course of a month. It is tolerably well written, and contains a good deal of local information. I sold the copyright a few days ago for a thousand rupees, which is the sum I sent for your use, which you will consider the first-fruits of my literary labours. This incident has procured me great reputation, and a general correspondence with our Asiatic literati, many of whom I know only by letter. The work itself I shall send

you when I hear from you, and also another to Theobald to America, where I understand he is. I have a very dear friend of mine returning to Boston, who has promised to find him out, if he be on the continent. As I am not certain whether this will reach you or not, I shall say but very little more. I have only to entreat you to write to me at large; let me candidly know your situation, which I am certain is not a splendid one. Professions are, I trust, not necessary between you and me; but, be assured, the last rupee I possess or can raise, shall be cheerfully contributed to your wants and that of the family.

"Write to me whenever this reaches you, and I will see what can be done; but I will positively give myself no further concern, unless I receive an answer to this letter. I write constantly to our old friend, Harry Douglass, and I am happy to be able to inform you, that I have had it in my power lately to do him a small service in return for the very great one he conferred on me. He met lately with a young man, a natural son of his father's, in the ranks in Bengal, and not knowing exactly how to provide for him, I desired him to send him round to me. I very fortunately happened to be in Bombay when he arrived, and shall take him up the country with me, where I am pretty certain of being able to procure him an appointment that will be worth from two to three hundred pounds a year. This circumstance may possibly put you upon thinking of something for Arthur. I wish to God I had him here: I could, without any difficulty, get him a commission in His Majesty's service, or, perhaps, something better; but of this more when I hear from you.

"Tell my mother, my dear Mary, and in short all the family, that I love them entirely; nor is it possible for any length of time or separation to alter me. I wish, however, to give other proofs than profession; but that totally depends on the answer to this. Give

the United States, where he remained till the 10th of December, 1795, when he was sent by his brother to Ireland on a perilous political mission, which he discharged with ability and discretion. Mr. James Hornidge, of Dublin, who had known him in America, states, that about 1797 he was serving his time, in the North, to a manufacturer in the linen business, and was implicated, though a mere boy at the time, in the affairs of the United Irishmen, and had to leave the North on that account. He came up to Dublin with his father's friend, Thomas Russell. The fact is, the great men of the "Union" in the North, were alarmed, at the secret of their connection with the society, being in the keeping of a boy, and they determined to send him out of the kingdom.

He was sent back to America; but finding his brother had left that country, he went to sea, and made a voyage to the West Indies. On his return to America, he met his brother Matthew; but the latter was on the point of leaving America, and the poor lad was again obliged to go to sea to earn a subsistence. At length he returned to Europe, and in the summer of 1798, made his way to Holland, where he entered the Dutch navy as midshipman, under the patronage of Admiral Dewinter. He became "a universal favourite, though very wild, and distinguished himself in several actions, by a rare intrepidity. Taken by the English about the same time as his brother, he was recognised by an Irish officer weeping over the account of his brother's death. His kind-hearted countryman favoured his escape, and he was promoted, at the age of sixteen, to a lieutenancy. He sailed soon after to the East Indies, and since that period, never has been heard of."*

* Life of Tone, Vol. II. p. 546.

On stone by J. H. Lynch. Published by Madden & Co. Leadenhall Street 1843 Day & Haghe Lith.rs to the Queen.

UNIV. OF MICH.

HARVEY FEELING.

From an Original Miniature in the possession of his Father.

MEMOIR

OF

BARTHOLOMEW TEELING.

"He had in him a salient living spring of generous and manly action."—*Burke's Letter to a noble Lord.*

At the urgent request of the author, the memoir of Bartholomew Teeling was undertaken by his nephew, the late B. Teeling, Esq. Barrister-at-Law. The undertaking was pressed on him from the thorough conviction of his ability to do justice to it. He was a young man of excellent abilities, but less remarkable for the sheweiness of his talents, than for the depth of his judgment, the rectitude of his principles; the lofty notions entertained by him of the obligations of men of knowledge and education to the cause of truth and of religion, and those, likewise, of persons in the class of society better fed and better clothed than others that are called the lower orders, to the interests of the poor, from whose condition, they happen to be removed by the accident of birth, or the fortuitous circumstances of the position they are placed in. He was taken from his friends and his country "at a moment when the loss of a finished man is not easily supplied." His father, in relation to that loss, might truly say, "the storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the hurricane has scattered about me. I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth."

tration of their house too. The then representative of the family, an officer of King James's army, having fallen at the battle of the Boyne, his estate was declared forfeited, and under an act passed in the 11th and 12th William III. sold for the benefit of the crown.

The century which succeeded, if it was not the least agitated, was certainly the darkest and the most hopeless in the history of Ireland. The English are accustomed to say it was the most peaceful. "They made a solitude and called it peace!" In this national obscurity we lose sight of the family of Teeling. Till the close of the 18th century, they are no more heard of.

But when a hundred years had passed, the sleeping energies of our devoted people were once more aroused.

It was a fine saying of that noble minded Jewess,* "Manure with despair, so it be genuine, and you will have a noble harvest."

And the elasticity of the human heart to resist the pressure of misfortune, is illustrated in the history of nations, as well as in that of individuals.

After two or three efforts to regain their legitimate rights, one of them unsurpassed even in the days of chivalry, in brilliancy and romantic interest, the cause of the Stuarts in the estimation of their most sanguine supporters, as well as in their own, became utterly hopeless, and their race was on the verge of extinction. The spirit of Jacobitism was gone from Ireland. But "nations are not mortal like the men that inhabit them,"† nor will a people perish even with a race of princes. Not by the restoration of the ancient dynasty, but by admission within the portals of the new constitution, was the regeneration of Ireland to be wrought. And then began that remarkable system of peaceful and constitutional agitation, which has been productive of such wonderful and such happy results.

* Rachel, Madam Von Hagan Von Ensse.

† Bolingbroke.

We find in the "Life of Tone" that, "in the beginning of December, 1792, the general committee of the Catholics of Ireland, which first represented the whole strength of their body, opened their meetings; and the single circumstance of their sitting with all the forms of a legislative assembly in the capital, produced a kind of awe and stupefaction in the government. Never did such a convention begin its proceedings under auspices more favourable. Their friends were roused, their enemies were stunned, and the British Government extremely embarrassed at home, shewed no desire to interfere."

Amongst the most distinguished of this body for talent and mental accomplishment, and foremost in the avowal, at least of those bold and spiritual views, which have ever since prevailed among the Catholics, was Luke Teeling of Lisburne. Prefixed to the recorded motion for the amendment of the first Catholic petition, and for the insertion of the prayer for total, unqualified and unconditional Emancipation, we find his honoured name.

Luke Teeling had acquired a considerable fortune in the pursuit of that branch of commerce which is regarded as the staple trade of Ireland, and to which Ulster owes its vast superiority to the other provinces, in wealth and social comfort.

It was established there by the French Huguonots, and in the aristocratic character of those who engaged in it, as well as in the large fortunes it returned them, seems to have resembled that which the Venetians established at Marseilles.

The linen merchants of the north of Ireland were, at the period of which I speak, somewhat of the same class of men as the merchants of that city when the Mivabeans trafficked there, and the sons of men of the highest rank, and in some cases of title, were apprenticed to them.

The social position then, which Mr. Teeling occupied, was the very highest, and I allude to it particularly, because it was in connexion with it, that his political

position was so peculiar. Ranking with the lords and gentlemen around, he was altogether devoted to the service of the people, and exerting his great influence to procure parliamentary honours for those whom he regarded as the peoples friends, he was himself under the ban of political exclusion.

In the return of the Honourable Robert Stuart, (afterwards Lord Castlereagh,) for the adjoining County of Down, while his exertions were, perhaps, not less influential than those of any other individual, he was precluded from the exercise of the commonest right, that of the elective franchise.

As a Catholic he stood altogether alone. He possessed, therefore, the unbounded and almost exclusive confidence of the Catholics of the provinces. For Antrim he was chosen as a delegate to the convention as a matter of course. And the Protestant inhabitants of Belfast paid him the singular compliment of assembling together, and unanimously voting that he possessed their confidence too, and fully represented their opinions. How he performed the important trust which was thus reposed in him, will best be seen from the "account of the proceedings of the general committee of the Catholics of Ireland," which I have no hesitation in saying is the very best fragment of Irish history extant.

It was with regret I found myself precluded, by the design of this work, from following up the life of this patriot: for he was not an United Irishman, nor did he even adopt the principles of the Society of United Irishmen. And yet herein consists his especial claim, if not to the increased sympathy of his countrymen, at least to the indignation of all honest men, against the authors of his most unjust persecution.

An interesting account of the devastation of his property, and of his four years imprisonment, will be found in the "Personal Narrative" of his son, (Charles Hamilton Teeling,) as well as a series of letters written during that period to a confidential friend, which are replete with sentiments of philosophy and religion,

and evince as high honour, as much intrepidity and practical fortitude, as any thing I ever met with in tale or history.

I shall insert here a few characteristic extracts: they shew plainly how resolved the government of that day was to prostrate or exterminate this family.

Mr. Luke Teeling was arrested in the summer of 1798, and lodged in the artillery barracks of Belfast. This was no sooner done than a communication was made to him, through General Nugent, commander of the northern district, that he might take advantage of the terms which had been granted to other state prisoners, by subscribing to the Banishment Bill. The following was his reply:—

"Mr. Teeling having never offended against the laws of his country, nor given any cause for the outrages committed on his family, his property, and his person, cannot accept General Nugent's proposal of transportation, nor any terms that imply guilt." He was then sent aboard a prison ship from which the first of his letters is dated—

"*September 3rd*, 1798.

"I find it impossible to acquaint you earlier with the change in my imprisonment, it is only now we have been permitted the use of pen and ink, and so closely are we jammed together, that it is with difficulty I can scribble a line on my knee. There are thirty four of us confined by day and night in space not larger than your small parlour, and not more than five feet head room between decks. We are not permitted to receive or send out sealed letters. Newspapers are prohibited."

Again he was removed to Belfast, when a new proposal was made to him, as appears by the following.—

"*Provost Prison, December* 9, 1798.

"Having an opportunity, through the kindness of my friend Mr. Fulton, I send here a blank bond and

oath. I have marked some of the objectionable parts; —your own prudence will point out the remainder. The parts I have marked are contrary to honour and religion, and therefore ought not to be required. It is unreasonable to expect, and dishonourable in any person who is not of the established religion, to swear that 'he will, to the best of his power, support the laws,' when one law, (without going further,) degrades and proscribes his mode of worship, and is contrary to the free will, which God has given to man. Non resistence is therefore all that can be expected in this case. To swear hatred against any man, is to violate one of the first principles of the Christian religion."

My reply was brief.—"Mr. Teeling will not subscribe to bond or oath, or to any terms which honour and conscience forbids. Justice entitles him to a trial, and he demands it."

On this he was sent back to the prison ship, from which we find a letter addressed to his wife, dated December 26, 1798.

"*December* 26, 1798.

"We got on board yesterday, a little before three o'clock—in all twenty four prisoners, which added to thirty six previously on board, makes our present number sixty. Out of these, I am informed, eleven got up this day to be sent with others from the provost to Dublin, and thence for foreign service, or what is commonly termed 'condemned regiments.' Under every circumstance I have cause of gratitude to God, and I assure you, my beloved wife, I have no uneasiness, save on your account, and that of my dear girls; but you will, on reflection, be resigned to the will of Divine Providence, and rise superior to the wickedness of our enemies, and cherish my darling daughters, who stand so much in need of your consolation and example. As it is impossible to come here and return with day-light, and as the cold in an open boat is extreme, I must request that you will not think of coming—it cannot improve my situation, but

may render it worse, by injuring your health, and thus deprive our children of the only protection left them. Poor John Dickey is on the list for foreign service, but he is manly and firm."

From the Provost Prison again the following year we find him in correspondence with the Right Rev. Doctor Moylan, dated—

"*September* 18*th*, 1799.

"My Lord—I have been informed of the humane and friendly interest you take, in my melancholy situation, and of the obliging tender you have made of your services. Pemit me to return you my cordial thanks, and to hand you herewith a letter to the Lord Lieutenant written agreeable to your directions. I expect much from your interest and endeavours, but let the event of your application be what it may, my gratitude shall be lasting and sincere. I have no objection to give security, but I have every objection to oaths, tendered on the occasion, in which there is an acknowledgment of guilt, and eternal hatred sworn to United Irishmen. In conclusion let me assure your Lordship, that my great, and only crime lies, in being considered the head of the Catholics in this county, and active in the cause at the time of our convention."

Colonel Littlehale, Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, having replied to the application alluded to, and with much concern signified to Doctor Moylan, "that upon the most mature consideration of the circumstances attached to the conduct of Mr. Teeling, it appeared, he had been too far implicated in treasonable practices to warrant his Excellency in giving directions at present for his liberation."

Mr. Teeling promptly addressed the Marquis Cornwallis—

"My Lord—I bow with submission to your pleasure, which the Right Rev. Doctor Moylan of

Cork has communicated to me. But I should be wanting in justice to your Excellency's known equity, and to my own character, were I to continue silent under implications of treasonable practices. My crimes consist in being of the Catholic religion, and considered first of the body in this county; this has rendered me obnoxious to a faction; and to this I attribute my loss of liberty and property. As your Excellency is now on the spot, I entreat of you justice, to inform yourself, particularly from the committee of magistrates, for the year 1798, what the charges are against me, and what character I supported in life before the mysterious policy was adopted of arming the minority against the majority, who were distinguished for loyalty and peaceable behaviour.

"You are in possession of my case, in a letter which had the honour of addressing to your Excellency, shall, therefore, only add, that

"I have the honour to be,

"&c., &c."

The good Bishop's efforts to procure the liberation of the unbending prisoner, upon such terms as he would submit to, having failed, he was finally removed to Carrickfergus Castle.

"*December* 11, 1799.

"I have this day been removed from the most unpleasant situation, I experienced from the commencement of my captivity. Our gaoler was as disagreeable as any man in authority could render himself to prisoners. We got one fire of coals on our admission, and no more during our residence in the gaol. We had no beds; we lay on the floor; and candles which we bought, were taken from us. At seven o'clock last night we were removed to this castle, and our satisfaction could not be exceeded by general liberation. I thank God, neither my health nor my spirits have been injured. This prison is clean and airy, and my room is large, commanding a view to the entrance of

the harbour. Captain M'Nevin has evinced much politeness, and acted the kindest part; he has just been here to give orders for some necessaries, and coals amongst the rest, so that I expect to warm myself this evening. M'Nevin is solely actuated by his own humanity: he is acting without orders."

"*January* 27, 1800.

"My situation here is more healthful, and communication with my family freer than at Belfast. The cold of the fortress is intense—from the malconstruction of the chimnies, I am sometimes, for weeks, unable to burn fire, but as the weather improves so will my situation. I have not heard any thing relative to myself lately, but my own opinion has been long formed, that unless I subscribe to the terms of emigration, I shall be confined during the war, with the chance perhaps of liberation in the event of a union with England, which may God avert."

"*January 4th*, 1801.

"In June last I memorialized the Lord Lieutenant for liberation, or an increase of subsistence. My memorial was presented at the castle, by General Drumond, who I am persuaded would have reported in my favour in case of reference, but my application having not been attended to, I suspect that Lord C——* opposed it: as the latter is now out of the kingdom, I think it prudent to make another effort."

"*Carrickfergus Castle, April* 19, 1801.

"Lord Fingall's kind behaviour to me merits my warmest gratitude, and I shall always have pleasure in acknowledging my obligations to him.

"I attribute our want of success with Lord Cornwallis, to Lord C——, and all my misfortunes to him and his faction, whose endeavours are exerted to

* There can be little doubt Lord Castlereagh is the person alluded to, who had been indebted to Mr. Teeling for many important services, and mainly to them for his return to parliament.—*R.R.M.*

undervalue my losses, and represent me as a man of large fortune. This is the very quintessence of cruelty. They cannot be satisfied with depriving me of liberty and property, they would rob me of my good name.

"I have it from unquestionable authority, that a good man high in office, to whom I am only known by character, went of his *own* accord to Lord C—— and recommended his allowing me an adequate subsistence: and received for answer that 'I had a property of thirty thousand pounds, which could not be expended yet.' But even if this unfounded account had been true, it proves him a bad man, as justice knows no distinction, and the law allows ample subsistence for all state prisoners; yet mine is little more than that of a common felon."

CHAPTER II.

Such was the father of this ill-fated young soldier, whose portrait is prefixed to this memoir.*

He was Mr. Teeling's eldest son, and born in the year 1774. The characteristic qualities which distinguished the brief career of his manhood, and which, while they attracted him to the stirring and tempestuous scenes through which that career lay, at the same time contrasted so finely with his sanguinary character, as well as with the dark fate which ultimately awaited him, began very early to be developed. In childhood his spirit was most adventurous and bold, yet his temper was as gentle, and his disposition as tender and humane, as if he had been designed for a life of domestic tranquillity. He was impatient of wrong, and scarcely brooked the restraint which the stoical, and somewhat severe principles of his father imposed upon him; but to his mother, whose idol he

* Luke Teeling was liberated in the early part of 1802, after an imprisonment of nearly four years, without the shadow of a proof of criminality against him. Castlereagh's memory has a heavy account to settle with his countrymen.—R. R. M.

was, and to his sisters, he was warmly and tenderly attached. There was no youthful adventure too daring, or even extravagant for him; but nothing which inflicted pain, or which trifled with human misery, ever had his countenance. Even in boyhood his habit was thoughtful and studious; and he was placed, at an early age, at a very celebrated academy, which was presided over by a clergyman of the established church, the Reverned Saumarez Dubondieu, who is represented to have been a man of refined taste and profound erudition, and distinguished moral virtues. This establishment flourished, I understand, under the same enlightened master for more than half a century, and sent forth many men who became eminent at the bar, in the army, and in the senate, all of whom cherished in after-life an almost filial attachment to their venerable preceptor.

Under this gentleman's tuition, Teeling acquired high classical and literary attainments, and he pursued his studies with assiduity to the close of his career, except when actually under arms, he made it an invariable practice to devote some hours every day to reading. There is evidence of his taste in the volumes which remain of a library which he selected before he left Ireland, and I have seen several of them, all the works of masters in poetry, philosophy, and history, and all distinguished by the careful erasure of a name which had been written in the title page. In the dispersion of his father's family, they had fallen into the hands of a friend, who, though sincerely attached to him, had regarded his own safety, and dreaded, in the reign of terror which ensued, lest any thing should lead to a knowledge of his connexion with a "Rebel."

Such tendencies and habits made it not very likely that Teeling would be one of the earliest victims to the awful penalties of high treason. He was even accustomed to restrain the more excitable temper of his brother Charles; and when "the coming events began to cast their shadows before," he used, with a melancholy foreboding, in allusion to the dark fate of

the hero of Shenstone's beautiful ballad, familiarly to term him 'Jamie Dawson.' As to one of them, the foreboding was too true; but he mistook the victim. And often have those sad lines recurred to his brother's memory, which, with the exception of the condemnation of the cause, are so significant of his fate:—

> But curse on odious party strife
> That led the gallant bark astray,
> The day the rebel clans appeared,
> Oh! had he never seen that day.
>
> Their colours and their sash he wore,
> And in the fatal dress was found,
> And now he must that death endure,
> Which gives the brave the deepest wound.

There was much in Teeling's external circumstances, which, combined with his general disposition and mental culture, was calculated, if not to prevent his adoption of the republican principles, which prevailed at this period in the province of Ulster, at least considerably to modify their sternness. On his mother's side, his connexions were all thorough royalists. This lady was the sister of the late Mr. Taaffe, of Smarmore Castle, who was the representative, I believe, of that branch of the family who held the Earldom of Carlingford under the dynasty of the Stuarts, and whose sons still possess extensive estates in the counties of Louth and Meath. The Taaffe's had rank in the French army from the Revolution of 1688. One of them accompanied Prince Charles Edward throughout the campaign of '45, and they continued in the service of the King of France, up to the disbandonment of the Irish brigade. They cherished, therefore, the most affectionate remembrance of two lines of princes, and had an equal horror of republicans and whigs.

I must now say a word or two of the excellent mother of Teeling—not so much because of the well-formed opinion, that almost all distinguished men inherit their characteristics rather from the mother

than from the father, as because I myself have the liveliest recollection of the amiable and endearing qualities of this venerated being; of her ardent piety; of her active benevolence; of her cheerful spirit; and her most graceful presence.

Whilst she was still a child, she had been seen by him who was to be her husband, and, who struck with her girlish beauty, had resolved "to wait for her." She, consequently, at the very earliest age, united her fate to his; and, at the end of fifty years, during which they journeyed together through all the vicissitudes of life—

> "In all their wanderings round this world of care,
> "In all their griefs, and they had had their share,"

the romance of this early attachment continued fresh and unabated. The contrast, perhaps, of her bright and buoyant spirit, with the stern and unbending one of the haughty politician I have alluded to, was more calculated to give endurance to their love than the most perfect similarity could have done; and, to the last hour of her existence, she was the pride and idol of her family.

It was matter of astonishment how she contrived, after the severe trials she had met with, to push the badges of grief away from her, in the society of those she loved, and to enter into the sports of her grandchildren, as mirthful as the youngest of them. She was proud of her high birth, and used to recount to her grandchildren the bright deeds of her ancestors—the loyal efforts of the noble commander of the Irish forces; of the unhappy Charles; and the heroic defence of her castle, by the Lady Cathleen, against the ruthless Cromwell and his adventurers.

But she scarcely ever touched upon the untimely fate of her own sons, slaughtered or scattered over the world. Once only did I hear her mention her gallant son, or allude to his dark fate, and then came a gush of anguish, which showed, indeed, the sources of her grief were far from being dried up, and, under

a bright exterior, how much of heart-rending suffering she had put up within her bosom; but, as I have already said, she turned from her own woes to alleviate those of others, and to spread joy around.

By rich and poor, she was admired and she was loved. I have been told, by those whom I myself saw adorn the most brilliant circles of the metropolis of the empire, that in childhood they were taught to regard her as a model of grace and excellence; and I speak a fact, which will be testified by thousands, when I say, that in the hearts of all the poor of the neighbourhood in which she resided, her memory remains enshrined, and that children born since her death have been taught to love it, and in their dear petitions to give her name a place.

Teeling's personal associates, in his own province, were all of the dominant party, and many of the military profession. There was an encampment at that time at Blaris-moor, in the immediate vicinity of his father's house, at which the officers of the several regiments were frequent guests and visitors. A close intimacy with many of them, and friendship with a few, was the consequence of his relationship; and this intimacy and friendship endured, under circumstances well calculated to try their value. When the French army surrendered at Ballinamuck, there were several British officers on the field who were personally acquainted with Teeling, yet none of them gave the slightest mark of recognition, nor any intimation whatever to the authorities, that the French General's Aide-de-Camp, was a British subject.

The circumstances of this encampment, tended, perhaps, to create and encourage more military propensities, which in Teeling and his brothers were most conspicuous; all their physical exercises, as well as their studies, were directed to the acquisition of excellence in the military art. They were the best horsemen and the most accomplished swordsmen in the province, and habituated themselves to the most active and laborious pursuits; and, there is little doubt, had

they not at a very early age inbibed political opinions and connexions, inconsistent with the duties undertaken by the servants of the crown, that, by availing themselves of the very favourable opportunities which were presented to them, they might ultimately have acquired high rank in the British army.

The Marquis of Hertford, whose influence at that time was second to none in England, proposed, at Mr. Teeling's table, to exercise it strongly at the Horse Guards in favour of his son Charles, and never to lose sight of his interests, if his father would permit him to enter the army. Mr. Teeling replied, that he had his free consent, but the young gentlemen had other views, and would not hear of the proposal. Indeed, whatever may be the technical terms applied to the political offences of this family, they were careful never to accept a trust they could not faithfully discharge; and the temptations to do so were of no ordinary character.

Some years later, when the crisis had passed, and the hopes of the revolutionary party were nearly extinguished, the same young man (Charles Teeling) after two years' imprisonment, had contracted a violent fever. He was consequently released on bail, to the amount of four thousand pounds. But court martials and executions were then of daily occurrence, and there was much reason to apprehend, that his recovery from fever was but a prelude to his undergoing a more severe ordeal still. A generous friend offered to discharge his bail-bond, and implored him to leave the country; this he peremptorily declined. Just then an old camp-companion called upon him, and told him he was very desirous of introducing him to a Colonel Campbell, a cousin of the Duke of Argyle, who had just arrived in Dublin. He assented to his friend's request, though he could see no reason for it. The introduction took place; and Colonel Campbell informed him that he had come over to Ireland for the purpose of raising a regiment. "I am aware," said he, "of the facilities which will be afforded me in

accomplishing this object if you will co-operate with me, and exercise your influence in the north; and the object I have in seeking this interview is to present you with his Majesty's commission."

"I cannot accept it," replied the other; "I am more than suspected of holding opinions which would badly become an officer of the crown; and I am, in fact, at this moment under heavy bail to stand my trial on a very serious charge." "You mean," said the old Highlander, "you're a rebel; the best reason in the world for taking service. We have all been rebels in our day in Scotland; join my corps, and if Argyle has any influence, a hair of your head sha'nt be hurt."

The officer who had introduced him, joined his entreaties to the colonel's; but they were both unavailing.

It has frequently been asserted upon late occasions, that the rebellion of 1798 was exclusively a Protestant one, and that the Catholics of rank and fortune in the country, were not committed in the struggle. That this is true of the majority of those influential men who formed the Convention of '92, and especially of all the Catholic bishops, and of nearly all the Catholic nobility—of all, in fact, who had taken the oath of allegiance, or who, by petitioning the crown, or accepting of the relief, such as was afforded with the understanding that that allegiance was due, and had virtually tendered it,—I admit; and that neither the injustice nor cruelty of the government could ever tempt them to violate it, is instanced in the case, amongst others, of the father of Teeling. But, that it is utterly untrue of those, who having early embarked in foreign service, had never made any acknowledgment whatever of allegiance to the house of Hanover, and which indeed their fathers would have regarded as treason to their legitimate monarchs, as well as those who had the misfortune to reside in districts in which military outrage became absolutely intolerable, is as incontrovertibly evinced in the fatal catalogue of the

men who perished in the field, or suffered on the scaffold, or lingered out their days in distant exile.

Amongst them are the names of Catholics of as high rank and descent as any, our country can boast. Along with the name of Teeling, we find those of Roche, M'Guire, Lawless, Magennis, O'Sullivan, Plunket, Montmorenci, Bellew, O'Reilly, Aylmer, Clynch, Byrne, Fitzgerald, Ryan, Blake, Bourke, M'Donnell, &c., all Catholics, and all, as I have said, encountered death or exile in the cause.

To return to our immediate subject. The part of Bartholomew Teeling in the forthcoming struggle, was early resolved upon; and not with the moderate and peaceable majority of the society to which he became attached, had he any thought of ameliorating the condition of his country by constitutional reforms; but with the more resolute and aspiring few, he aimed at the total subversion of English power in Ireland.

His first step was to make himself perfectly acquainted with her resources, with her capabilities of entering upon, and maintaining an internal war; with the intellectual and physical qualities, the habits and the manners of her people, with their wants and their endurance, their hopes and their resolves; as well as with the natural features of the country—her rivers, her coasts, and her harbours; and to effect this, he had to travel the whole island on foot, before he had reached the age of manhood.

It must have been very soon after his return from this tour, that he became a 'United Irishman;' for he shortly went to reside (for the purpose, it appears, of extending the 'Union' throughout the southern counties) with a friend to whom he was much attached, the late John Byrne, of Worcester; a gentleman of large fortune, who having spent some years in Lisburn, for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the linen trade, had built extensive bleaching mills on the banks of the Dundalk river, as well as a handsome residence, on which he and Teeling bestowed the significant appellation of "Union Lodge."

Still in pursuance of his object, and before final preparations had been made for insurrection in Ireland, he embarked for France, and entered the army of the Republic under the name of Veron. His brother is under the impression, that he served a campaign under General Hoche, and the family were fortunate enough to recover, and still carefully preserve, a highly valued token of the friendship and esteem in which he was held by that illustrious hero.

When we lay before the reader the traits of courage and humanity he evinced in Humbert's adventurous campaign, it will appear matter of regret, that the details of his brief military career upon the continent, must remain unknown, from the impossibility of holding any communication with his friends in Ireland at the time, and from his own untimely fate, and that of most of his associates. He paid, however, one visit to Ireland (in disguise of course) prior to his final return to it with the French army; and whether or not he had any express mission, there can be little doubt of what the object of this visit was, or the account to which he turned it.

He made no attempt to see any of his own family; but he entered into close communication with the United Irish leaders, and impressed upon the minds of all he met, the necessity of a speedy rising in Ireland. The talent and energy which he displayed in negociation, made him endeared and respected by all; but he seems to have especially won upon the confidence and affection of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who became attached to him with all the ardour of his fine nature. *I am inclined to think there was another of the Geraldines too, who took some interest in the fate of the young soldier.* I saw a ring, which was presented to him by one of them, on the occasion, probably, of this visit. It is a plain gold hoop, and characters are inscribed upon it, which perhaps lost nothing of the magic they possessed in those days, that they seem to have been traced by the hand of no dexterous engraver.

"Erin go Bragh,"

is upon the outside; and within, there have been since somewhat more carefully inscribed, "his name and life's brief date;" and this it is, which, most of all, in the estimation of the present possessor, gives to this little relic, a price beyond rubies.

He wore it the night previous to his execution, when he sent it to his brother, as the dearest pledge he had to leave, of fraternal love.

This visit took place in the autumn of 1797; and while we have no record of the more important transactions in which he was engaged, we find him in the following November in Paris, with Tone and a few other Irishmen, including his own early friends, and immediate political associates, Lowry and Tennent, entertaining the French Generals Desaix, Hedonville, Watrim, Mermet, and Dufalga. "Our dinner," says Tone, in his lively journal, "was superb, and every thing went off very well. We had the 'Fort of Kelk' represented in the desert, in compliment to Desaix....."

Here terminates young Teeling's narrative. The hand of death was on the writer when the last words of it were penned, the latest I believe that were written by him. There are evident traces of the failure of the bodily powers in the altered character of the hand-writing of the concluding lines, cramped and yet straggling as they are, and proofs of painful efforts in each separate word to steady the tremulous hand, the last employment of which, was a work of duty to the dead whose memory had claims upon his pen.

CHAPTER III.

BARTHOLOMEW TEELING accompanied Humbert to Ireland on the fatal expedition which reached the bay of Killala the 22nd of August, 1798. He held the rank of captain in the French service, and was ap-

pointed Aid-de-camp to Humbert at the departure of the expedition from France. He accompanied his general to Ballina, who marched from Killala with about 800 men, (leaving 200 to garrison the latter place), and on the 27th of August was present at the battle of Castlebar.

Charles Teeling, in his "Personal Narrative of the Irish Rebellion," describes the force under Humbert as less than 800; that under Lieut.-General Lake, 6000, with 18 pieces of cannon. After the defeat and route of the latter force, Charles Teeling states, his brother was dispatched by Humbert, with an escort and flag of truce, bearing proposals to the commander of the British troops. On coming up with the retreating army, the flag was fired on, the escort slain, and the officer made prisoner. After many refusals of access to General Lake, and repulsed proposals to the prisoner to communicate with officers of inferior rank, he was at length admitted to the presence of the English general. The tenor of his message was an anxious desire, on the part of the French General-in-Chief, to put a stop to the effusion of blood, and an offer of honourable terms of capitulation to General Lake and the troops under his command. Lake received the message with sullen choler, and observed to the bearer of it—"You, sir, are an Irishman; I shall treat you as a rebel. Why have you been selected by General Humbert on this occasion?" Teeling replied, he was selected in order to convey the proposed terms in a language which General Lake understood; and with regard to his menace, "General Lake could not be ignorant he had left with the French many British officers, prisoners at Castlebar." Lake retired, and in a short time General Hutchinson came forward, and apologised for the conduct of the troops, and the treatment the bearer of the proposals had met with, and begged it might be attributed to the laxity of discipline at a moment of great excitement. Teeling was then sent back, having declined an escort of British troops to convey him beyond the

lines, stating, that he would trust to General Hutchinson's honour for his protection; whereupon, the latter said he would be his escort, and he accordingly accompanied him along the British line.

"Humbert (continues Charles Teeling) was enraged at the intelligence of the murder of the escort, and the imprisonment of his officer, and spoke of reprisals; but Teeling pacified him, and persuaded him eventually to liberate several of the British officers, who were in his power."

On the occasion of Teeling's return to Castlebar, Humbert, in acknowledging his services observed, that he owed his life to him that day in the engagement. Teeling's bravery in the field was not more conspicuous than his humanity subsequently to the engagement, in rescuing numbers of persons from the hands of the insurgent peasantry, and saving the houses and property of the obnoxious gentry from plunder and devastation. Teeling was strongly impressed with the impolicy of Humbert's delay at Castlebar: he repeatedly pressed him to follow up his success, before the army, advancing under the command of Cornwallis, should effect a junction with Lake's forces.

The next account we find of Teeling, is of his distinguished bravery at the battle of Ballinamuck, on the 8th of August, where he fought hand to hand by the side of Humbert, till the French were borne down by an army, whose numbers exceeded theirs, in a far greater proportion than they did at the previous battle of Castlebar.

This account of Teeling's mission to General Lake, it will be observed, differs materially from one given in a preceding memoir, extracted from the notes appended to the "Impartial Relation, &c., of an Officer who served in the Corps under the command of His Excellency Marquis Cornwallis."

In that account it is stated, that in the flight of the British troops, "Teeling, with about nine volunteers, came forward to harass our rear with the six-pounder

mentioned in the text; but as he was on the point of a hill, just traversing the gun to fire on our troops, already in the utmost confusion, a party of Lord Roden's cavalry turned suddenly back, mounted the hill at full gallop, and cut down four out of the nine Frenchmen, who lie buried in a little heap by the road side. Teeling escaped into a bog; but finding his retreat cut off by the cavalry, had the boldness to come into our lines, and pretending to be a French officer, with a message from his general, was permitted to return safely before the truth could be discovered."

This account was evidently founded on the reports of the noble officer who commanded the party of cavalry by which the four Frenchmen were cut down. It did not suit that noble officer to state, that so far from any part of the force under General Lake stopping to attack the pursuing enemy, "their retreat," in the words of the notes just cited, "was a most disorderly one." It did not suit that noble officer to state, that the party (of nine men and their officer) which he did attack, was under the presumed protection of a flag of truce—that the four men murdered, formed part of the escort of the officer bearing a message to the English general. This kind of valour of Lord Roden and "his foxhunters," was not exhibited, for the first time, at Ballinamuck. His lordship and his cavalry were not less distinguished in the carnage of the unarmed, unoffending peasantry, under terms of capitulation on the Gibbet Rath of Kildare, where General Duff gave the murderous command, to attack the defenceless people, and Lord Roden and his foxhunters carried the bloody execution of it into complete effect. The valiant exploit of the noble lord and his foxhunters, in the attack on the officer bearing a flag of truce, and the murder of his escort, must have had some little qualification as to its licitness, when we find General Hutchinson "apologising for the conduct of the British troops, requesting that it might not be unfavourably represented to General Hum-

bert," and adding, "that General Lake was much concerned at the occurrence."*

After the surrender of the French army, a cartel was concluded for the exchange of prisoners, under which, Humbert and the residue of his force, was to proceed to France, but no stipulation was made specially for the Irish officers who accompanied Humbert, or terms of any kind for the unfortunate people who had joined the French standard. Teeling was among the prisoners who had surrendered at Ballinamuck. His person was identified; he was set apart from the French prisoners, and claimed as a British subject by General Lake. Humbert ineffectually remonstrated, and demanded his officer in the name of the French government. He said, had he known that such a claim would have been made, before he would have surrendered his officer, "he should have perished in the midst of them; he would have had a rampart of French bayonets around him."

Humbert insisted on accompanying his Aid-de-camp, and was permitted to do so, as far as Longford. He remained one night in Longford Jail with Teeling, and then was ordered to proceed to Dublin. In a few days the former was removed to the capital to be tried by court-martial, and in the interim, was imprisoned in the provost in the Royal Barracks, in the charge of Major Sandys.

The following account of the trial of Teeling, is taken from the "Irish Monthly Register" of Oct., 1798:—

"The court having met at twelve o'clock, the prisoner, Mr. Teeling, was brought forward, and presented a form of affidavit, which stated the necessity of certain persons, from the town of Castlebar, and of the French General Humbert, to attend as witnesses on his part, and requiring time, until these could be produced. This affidavit he professed himself ready to subscribe to.

"The court having been cleared, for the purpose of consulting on this application, remained closed for some

* Sequel to the "Personal Narrative," by C. H. Teeling, p. 219.

time. On the re-admission of strangers, the Judge Advocate declared, that no decision had been formed on the subject of their conference; but that after the evidence for the prosecution had been gone through, it would then be a proper season to determine, whether the application of the prisoner was such as could be complied with. The court having accordingly proceeded to hear evidence,

"William Coulson was called for the purpose, as explained by the Judge Advocate, of identifying the person of Mr. Teeling, and proving the fact of his being a natural-born subject of the king, and of assuming a different name. This, however, was rendered unnecessary, by Mr. Teeling candidly acknowledging that he had been born in Ireland, but on entering the service of France, adopted the name of Biron. He made this acknowledgment, he said, in order to save any trouble to the court, that was not connected with a manly and honest defence of himself.

"Michael Burke was then sworn.—This witness deposed that he went to Castlebar on the 31st of August, where he saw the prisoner, who told him that he came with the French; that he saw him act as a French officer, under the command of General Humbert; that the prisoner told the witness he fled from this country fourteen months ago, in consequence of an order having been issued by government for putting him to death; that he blamed the gentlemen of that neighbourhood, and censured their inactivity and tardiness in coming forward with their assistance, and that they should do so although the soldiery should burn their houses, adding that his place in the north had been burned by the army. The witness further deposed, that he was in Castlebar from Friday until the Tuesday following, during which time he saw a considerable number of pikes fabricated for the purpose of arming the rebels who should assist the French. From Castlebar he accompanied the French as far as Coloony, where he took occasion to quit them, previous to the action which took place there, between the enemy and the king's forces. Being asked what

brought him to Castlebar, he replied, that he went there for the purpose of obtaining information for government. He was then asked why he did not quit the French, sooner, if his motive for joining them was such as he professed, and to this he answered, that he was detained by the difficulty of getting a pass from the persons empowered to give them. He deposed that it was principally through Mr. Teeling, and the other gentlemen who spoke English, that the French commander-in-chief had issued his orders, and that those gentlemen saw these orders executed; and he concluded his direct evidence, by the voluntary declaration, that while he was witness of it, the conduct of the prisoner at Castlebar, and on the way to Coloony, was most exemplary.

"The Judge-Advocate having here read the minutes of the evidence, asked the prisoner if he wished to interrogate the witness, by way of cross-examination.

"Mr. Teeling replied, that he merely wished the witness to explain what he meant, by his, (the prisoner's,) exemplary conduct.

"To this the witness, in explanation, said, that enormities had been committed by the rebels against a certain description of people, which, when complained of, they endeavoured to excuse, by saying that they had only injured Protestants, on which Mr. Teeling warmly exclaimed, that he knew of no difference between a Protestant and a Catholic, nor should any be allowed; and, that as far as he could, he would not suffer persons of any sect to be injured; and the witness further added, that the prisoner constantly and zealously interfered in preventing the excesses to which the rebels were inclined.

"The witness having been further questioned as to his motives for apparently joining the French army, he said that he proceeded from Loughrea, the place of his residence, to Castlebar, voluntarily, and of his own accord, to obtain information for the government of the state of the enemy; that he was taken prisoner by a party of rebels at Hollymount, but, on affecting to be an United Irishman, he was permitted to go on

to Castlebar. On arriving there, and professing attachment to the invaders, he was appointed a secretary to take returns of men and arms, composing the rebel force, but he never exercised the duties of the office.

"Mr. Teeling here briefly addressed the court, and again urged the necessity which existed for the attendance of General Humbert, and the persons from Castlebar and the county Mayo, in order to support his defence. He also represented that his agent was obliged to attend the assizes of Armagh, and under all these circumstances, requested such indulgence in point of time, as would enable him to obviate those difficulties, that lay in the way of his defence.

The Judge-Advocate answered, that as to the presence of General Humbert, it was out of the question, as he was not within the jurisdiction of the court, but that the letter written by General Humbert to the president of the court, and which, in the opinion of the court, contained every thing in favour of the prisoner that could result from a personal examination, without the risk of being weakened by a cross-examination, would be admitted as evidence in his favour, and transmitted, with the minutes of the trial, to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant. With respect to the other persons, to admit the necessity of their attendance would be to produce a delay, operating against the purposes of speedy justice, for which court-martials were especially constituted. If the attendance of those persons was to go to the merits of the case, the court would certainly feel itself bound to pay attention to the application relative to them; but there appeared nothing to justify a conclusion that the evidence of those persons would be any other than palliative, and in this respect their testimony, however respectable those persons might be, must fall infinitely short of that which the witness for the prosecution had already voluntarily given in favour of the prisoner, and who proved that the conduct of Mr. Teeling had been such as even to challenge the approbation of a person, whose examination of that conduct had been made with a hostile intention.

"The prisoner repeated his desire not to give the court unnecessary trouble, and acknowledged that the evidence of the persons at Castlebar was merely intended as palliative.

The Judge-Advocate again said, that no evidence could come so strongly before that court in favour of the prisoner, as that which had been given by the witness already examined, adding, that if Mr. Teeling wished to address any thing to the court, in the way of defence, the court was ready to attend to him.

"The prisoner said, that if it was inconvenient to the court to adjourn to Saturday, he would make his defence to-morrow; but if their indulgence would extend the period of his defence to the day following, he would be in a state of better preparation.

"To this the Judge-Advocate replied, that the adjournment of the court would not affect him, for he need not be brought up again until Saturday.

"The court then adjourned.

"The court having met at twelve o'clock, the prisoner, Mr. Teeling, was brought up to make his defence, which he read from a written paper to the following effect:—

"'Mr. President—I know I am addressing a court of soldiers, and men of honour; my case is short. I feel that my defence ought to be simple and concise. I shall confine myself to the suggestion, and the suggestion only, of a very few matters; fully persuaded that if they have weight, they will not be without effect, however unadorned and unenforced.

"'I am accused of high treason. Permit me, sir, with the most profound respect, to observe, how many and great the advantages are, which the regular laws of this country give to every man under such a charge; which I would have if tried before the ordinary tribunals which are now open, and to which I am amenable, and which I cannot have here; and permit me just to submit to you how far it is agreeable to your constitution, in a case of life, to decide upon me in an extraordinary and summary way, and whether such trial can be had according to law. To me, sir, this

question cannot be unimportant. To the members of this honourable court, I presume to think, that, as a point of constitutional liberty, it is infinitely more important than it could be as merely regarding the fate of a single individual. Sir, I am accused of treason as an Irish subject. I admit I was born an Irishman, but I had for a considerable time relinquished my connexion with this country, and became the subject of another, where I embraced the profession of a soldier, in which I need scarcely observe to this honourable court, that it was my duty to obey the orders of my superiors without the privilege of inquiry; and that any disobedience of them must have been followed by infamy and death. In obedience to such an order, 'which you will see contained no intimation whatever of the object of the expedition,' I repaired to La Rochelle,—embarked with my General as his Aide-de-Camp, and was landed in Ireland. You will decide, sir, whether I can fairly be considered as an Irish subject, deliberately rebelling against the state of which he was a member, or joining an invader as a traitor against that state. That I acted as a French officer I admit,—nor do I fear it can prejudice me in a court of soldiers, to say, that I did my duty to the utmost of my power. I did what I conceived my duty. I did not desert my post. I did not endeavour, as a conscious traitor, to save myself by flight. I did not endeavour to waste unnecessary blood by fruitless resistance.

"'I surrendered, upon the confidence of being treated as a prisoner of war. To that privilege of the conquered, the General under whom I served, and to whom I immediately belonged, has put in a claim in his own, and in my behalf,—to that privilege, sir, permit me, with great respect, to repeat my pretension. It is with you, sir, and this honourable court, to decide upon it. One word more, sir, and I have done. The witness against me has said, that my conduct was exemplary in discountenancing all religious antipathy, and all violence and injury to individuals,—perhaps it scarcely becomes me to claim any merit upon such a

ground as that. Certainly, I did not pursue that conduct under any idea that it might thereafter give me a claim to that mercy, which I was then ready to extend, merely because I felt that I ought not to abuse the power which I had of withholding it, and because I had learned, as a Roman Catholic, that every man was my fellow Christian. Sir, I shall trouble you no further; I have no further case, and I have no witnesses to examine. I feel gratefully the humanity I have found at your hands. I know the high character of the great personage, in whose breast my fate may, perhaps, find its final decision. To you, sir, and to him, if it shall so happen, I do submit that fate;—and whether it shall be life or death, I shall await it with that confidence which becomes a man, who has no doubt that his sentence can be neither unjust nor unmerciful.'

"HUMBERT GENERAL CHIEF, COMMANDING IN THE FRENCH ARMY, TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE COURT MARTIAL.

"SIR—I wrote some days ago to Lord Cornwallis, relative to the generous conduct that has been observed by my Aid-de-Camp, Teeling, since he came into your country.

"I dare to hope, Sir, that he will pay attention to my letter, and that he will not leave you ignorant of the particulars of it.

"I proceed myself to put you in possession of them, well persuaded that you will regard them.

"Teeling by his bravery and generous conduct, has prevented in all the towns through which we have passed, the insurgents from proceeding to most cruel excesses. Write to Killala, to Ballina, to Castlebar, there does not live an inhabitant who will not render him the greatest justice. This officer is commissioned by my Government; and all these considerations joined to his gallant conduct towards your people, ought to impress much in his favour. I flatter myself that the proceedings in your court will be favourable

to him, and that you will treat him with the greatest indulgence. "I am with respect,

"HUMBERT."

On board the Van-Tromp, second complimentary day of the sixth year, (September, 18th, 1798.)

Here the trial closed, and the court after some deliberation found the prisoner guilty, and sentenced him to death, which was in the usual way laid before the Lord Lieutenant, and by him approved: in consequence Mr Teeling was executed at two on Monday, the 24th of September, at Arbour-hill. His conduct previous to and at the time of execution, was marked by a strength of mind and fortitude, seldom met with, and when we compare it with his exertion in restraining the excesses of the rebels during the late invasion, humanity will drop a tear at the unfortunate fate of a man endowed with such manly qualities and virtues.

Walker's Hibernian Magazine, a timid and servile periodical of that day, gives the following particulars of his conduct at the place of execution.—"He conducted himself, on the awful occasion, with a fortitude impossible to be surpassed, and scarcely to be equalled. Neither the intimation of his fate, nor the near approach of it, produced on him any diminution of courage. With firm step and, unchanged countenance he walked from the prevot to the place of execution, and conversed with an unaffected ease, while the dreadful apparatus was preparing. With the same strength of mind and body he ascended the eminence. He then requested permission to read a paper which he held in his hand: he was asked, by the officer, whose immediate duty it was, whether it contained any thing of a strong nature? He replied that it did: on which, permission to read it was refused, and Mr. Teeling silently acquiesced in the restraint put on his last moments. * * *

"This melancholy consequence, from the trial of the unfortunate Teeling, was not expected by the public. The humanity which he so effectually exerted in restraining the excesses of a vindictive warfare, it

was thought would have produced a mitigation expressive of humanity in his favour. The members of the court which tried him, seemed strongly influenced by the evidence appearing to that humanity. But theirs was the office of justice alone—to extend mercy was not in their power. It is not for us, in the present day, to hazard a conjecture whether strict justice be always, and under all circumstances, true policy; but we will suppose, for so far we may suppose safely, that the severity of Teeling's fate was rendered necessary by the peculiar state of the times....." "Humanity will drop a tear for the unfortunate fate of a man endowed with such manly qualities and virtues."

Thus perished on the scaffold, Bartholomew Teeling, in the 24th year of his age, another victim of the pernicious system of government which England was pleased to carry on in Ireland, another martyr, who was offered up on the altar of persecution, a youthful, but a noble victim, sacrificed to the Juggernaut of Irish Orangeism. A consecrated grave was too good a burial place for the mangled remains of the youthful "rebel." A hole was dug in the ground, which was the site of a dung-hill, at the rear of the barrack, and the remains of the brave, the gallant, the humane, the polished, the spirited young soldier,* were flung into the common receptacle of excuted "traitors," pleasantly denominated by the humorous terrorists of the day "Croppy's hole." The day will come when that desecrated spot will be hallowed ground, consecrated by religion—trod lightly over by pensive patriotism—and decorated by funeral trophies, in honour of the dead whose bones lie there in graves that are now neglected and unhonoured.

* In a former series of this work it was stated, on the authority of a gentleman in Paris, that Teeling, who had risen to the rank of Captain in the French service, had the cross of the Legion of Honor conferred on him. I have been informed that this statement is not correct. At his trial and execution he wore the French uniform of an officer of the Etat Major.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

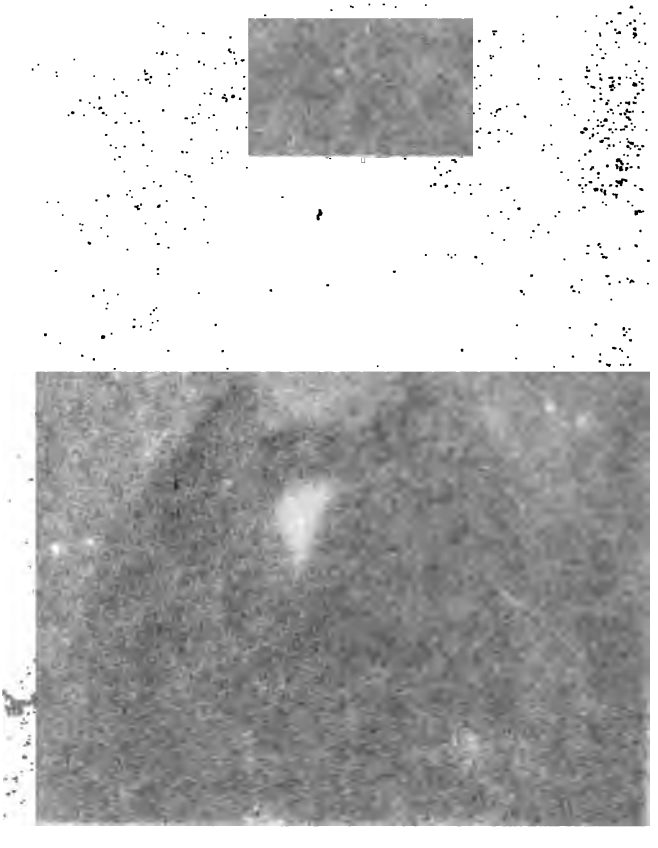
OF

JAMES HOPE.

" Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty."
As you like it—Act II. Sc. 3.

[In the following narrative, James Hope, a native of Templepatrick, in the North of Ireland—a poor mechanic, self-taught and self-ennobled, now verging on his eighty-first year, has told his own story, recorded his own acts and opinions; and the duty which devolved on me was, to reduce to order a mass of unconnected materials, piled on one another in reference to events, not in the order of their succession, but as passing circumstances or topics of conversation chanced to recall them. The labour which this duty imposed, was sufficiently arduous. With the arrangement of those materials, their orthography and grammar, I have taken the liberty of dealing, as it seemed to me the disinterment of the sense required. It only remains for me to add a few words, as to my own opinions of the character and mental qualities of the writer of the narrative, calculated, I think, to show that no ordinary powers of mind were bestowed on this illiterate man.

James Hope, one of nature's nobility, and one of the finest specimens of "his order" whom I ever met with, is a poor weaver, living in Belfast, not in abso-



JAMES MONROE.

From an original portrait in his possession.

UNIV. OF MICH.

Published by Madden & C°

lute poverty, but in very humble circumstances. My first interview with him was at the house of a man of his own class, and of his own stamp—Israel Milliken, of Belfast. Nothing could be more unpromising than our first acquaintance. I have reason to feel proud, however, of having appreciated the man's worth, under discouraging circumstances, of having obtained his confidence, and got the better of his reserve on the second occasion of our coming together. To that circumstance, is due the publication of the following narrative. The portrait which has been given of Hope, in a former series of this work, conveys a correct idea of the mild, thoughtful, resolute expression of his countenance. He is now in his eighty-first year—hale, hearty, cheerful, and steadfast in his early principles and opinions. Though bent with age, and impaired in bodily vigour, his gait, his frame, his deportment, still give the idea of a man who had been fitted to endure fatigue and hardship, and moulded for emergencies in which great activity and energy of mind and body were requisite to his safety, or that of others.*

His wife died in Belfast some fifteen or sixteen years ago. He seldom speaks of her; but when he does, it seems as if he felt her spirit was hovering over him, and that it was not permitted to him to give expression to the praise which rises to his lips when her name is mentioned. There is something of refinement—rare as it is pleasing to contemplate, in the nature of his attachment—in the ties which bound him to that amiable, exemplary, and enthusiastic creature; for such she is represented to have been by those who knew her, amongst whom, was Miss M'Cracken, of Belfast.

* I had an opportunity of seeing the qualities of this man strikingly displayed on a dreary journey, in his company, between Belfast and Antrim, on a most tempestuous night in the depth of winter, when we arrived at our journey's end, (after visiting the scene of that struggle at Antrim, in which he had taken so prominent a part five-and-forty years before), so benumbed with cold and wet, as scarcely to have the power of motion.

Hope is a modest, observant, though retiring man, discreet and thoughtful. His height is about five feet seven inches, his frame slight but compact, his features remarkable for the tranquillity and simplicity of their expression. His spirits seem to undergo no change: he is always in good humour, gay without levity, and yet laughter appears seldom to go beyond his eyes. His private character is most excellent: he is strictly moral, utterly fearless, inflexible, and incorruptible. The most eminent leaders, both of 1798 and 1803, had a thorough confidence in him. He was always temperate, moderate in his desires, and industrious in his habits. I have had personal experience of the independence of his principles: to no man would he be indebted for his opinions or his comforts. He is a self-taught man, of the most clear and vigorous intellect; fond of reading history, of the lives and maxims especially of ancient philosophers, and of the application of the latter to modern times. For a term of upwards of sixty years he has earned his bread by his own industry; strictly honourable in his dealings and in his connections; he is unalterable in his attachments, faithful to his promises, fearless of every consequence in the performance of his duty to his friends and to his country. He is a man of very profound reflection. His courage has been tried on numerous occasions: his fidelity to his associates no less often—to Neilson, M'Cracken, Emmet, Russell, and Hamilton. He was at all times averse to bloodshed. His mind seems so constructed, as to make it impossible for him to feel or manifest any respect for men, whatever may be their station, except on account of their good or noble qualities. He treats of events in which he was an actor, as if his only anxiety was for the fame of his associates, and his only object had been to promote their common cause. He is perfectly conscious, however, of his intellectual powers.]

LETTER FROM JAMES HOPE.

"I have read the first and second volumes of your

work. You could not have sent any thing to me of equal value: it refreshes my memory, and recalls the events connected with that resistance which was offered to mis-government in 1798; for I cannot call it by any other name.

"I am so well convinced of the impartiality of your intentions, and their accordance with my own, to be fair and faithful, that my notes are at your service, if you think them of any value to my country, which was the only view I had in writing them.

"To write the history of Ireland from 1782 until 1804, is a difficult task in 1843. Many useful documents having been lost, and few are now alive who have a true knowledge of the events of that period in remembrance. The power and ingenuity of the enemies of our country during that period, exerted in distorting and suppressing truth, have never been surpassed in any age.

"When writing of Ulster, you would require an extensive view of the influence with which patriotism had to contend—sectarian, mercantile, and landed—to a greater extent than in any other part in Ireland. The other provinces had only the land and church interests against them; our landed aristocracy extended to the forty-shilling freeholders, a class to which no other province compared in numbers. We had also a manufacturing aristocracy, little known in the South or West; and corruption ran through those different channels, like that which now flows into a common reservoir elsewhere.

"At the time that politics were first mooted in the North by the press, the mass confided in *the writers and speakers*, as men who were necessarily competent to the direction of public affairs, and laid more on them than they were able to perform, had they even been, all, honest men. The seeming confidence of the mass emboldened their advocates; but the corruption above alluded to, kept pace with the progress of light, detached views of interest prevailed, and every honest man became a victim to ill-placed confidence. Besides

the idea of secrecy was a mere delusion, when so many and complicated interests were connected with the business.

"The historian who avoids suspicion and surmise has the best title to credit. It is hard for a man who did not live at the time, to believe or comprehend the extent to which misrepresentations were carried at the close of our struggle; for, besides the paid agents, the men who flinched and fell away from our cause, grasped at any apology for their own delinquency.

"I know no responsibility equal to that of the historian. To direct the judgment of future ages to the events of the past, is a difficult, and in many instances, a very delicate task.

"The contradiction of falsehood was called sedition in the wicked times of *Pitt* and *Castlereagh*, in consequence of which, the labour of the historian of those times, who wishes to transmit truth to after ages, is attended with great difficulty, and, in some instances, with difficulties beyond his power to overcome. But the leading facts are still attainable by unwearied perseverance, to which it is the duty of every survivor of that period, to contribute his share.

"Neilson, M'Cracken, Russel, and Emmet, were the leading men in that struggle, with whom I was in closest intimacy. They were men—Irishmen—than whom I have met none more true—than whom none could be more true.

"The cause of Ireland was then confined to a few individuals. The masses had no idea of the possibility of managing their own affairs.

"It is easy to asperse our struggle; but let those who asperse us, take care that those, who come after them, have not to shield them from the misrepresentations which false friends and wicked enemies have forged against them. We had bad men with us, and so may they have amongst them; but no good cause requires the support of bad men. The bad men who joined us had to play the hypocrite; they had the enemy's ranks for a retreat, whenever they feared

detection, and they then charged us with their own evil intentions.

"Mr. O'Connell has written a history of Ireland. He knows more of the corruption in his own ranks than I do; and I know more than he does of the corruption in mine. If our knowledge could be combined, the history would be enlarged perhaps, and enriched. When I speak of myself, I mean the survivors of the working classes, who struggled from 1794 until 1806, when the State prisoners were banished, and the Castle spies paid off: that twelve years was the period of Ireland's infancy in politics compared to what it is now. Things have undergone a complete change, which make our present struggle comparatively safe and easy. We have not now an overgrown mercantile and agricultural aristocracy, flushed with the profits of every speculation, which an exclusive cotton manufacture, and the war price of provisions, furnished in abundance. A printer cannot now be banished for publishing the advantages of reform to Ireland, (as John Rab, of the *Northern Star*, was), or pillared for the expression of truth, as Richard Dry, of Dublin, was. The leaders of that day had the raw material of moral force to manufacture: they had tyranny to face, and treachery to defeat; and their descendants have misrepresentation to get rid of. A writer in the *Nation*, speaking of Sam M'Skimmin, of Carrickfergus, cannot account for his aversion to United Irishmen. But I can; he was a spy, and in arms against them in 1798, and was gained over by Serjeant Lee, of the Invalids, in Carrickfergus.

"'Belfast was the cradle of politics in Ulster, of which, the ideas held forth at their public meetings, is a clear proof. The foundation of Ireland's freedom was laid there by a few master spirits; and, although they now rest in death, their memory can neither die, nor be run down.'

"In my youth, competence was attainable by industry, until the increase of ingenuity produced the means of

luxury, and worldly possession was mistaken for the chief good: ranks arose in rapid succession, and physical force became the order of the day; the pressure of ranks on each other, had a convulsive effect on the mass, of which every rank in its turn took advantage, and social intercourse became a civil war, which like convulsions in the elements, expend their fury and finally settle into a calm. Witness the physical-force men of 1798, (myself among the number,) appealing to moral force in 1843, a fact that no writer of Irish history ought to overlook, and here a question arises, Do men change? Or is it only a change of circumstances, that shews what they are?

"My life has been a scene of escapes, demonstrating to me, that, '*with God all things are possible.*' I wanted help, and I have found it in you, for which I wish to direct thanks where it is due. Let us look to a higher motive than praise or profit—to promote truth, and labour together as Irishmen, bound by the love of country, which is a stronger tie than any human obligation.

"To mix biography with the history of any political movement, and do justice to both, is the most difficult task to the historian, especially when he interferes with the personal character, of men of whom he has no personal knowledge, whereby he may take, for truthful testimony, the insinuation of a traitor, corroborated by some proof in writing or other evidence, the result of an interested intercourse between him and the person concerning whose character the historian wishes to inquire.' I was the bosom friend of Neilson, M'Cracken, Russel, and Emmet,—I mean there was not a thought respecting public affairs that one of us, to the best of my belief, would conceal from the other, and for their truth I would answer with my life.

"Volumes have been written, recording the crimes and cruelty of mankind, but the causes from which they spring, is often overlooked, of which the circumstances in which men are placed appear to have a prominent share, and historians often have some

reasons for avoiding their delineation, sometimes interest, and sometimes ignorance. If the Scriptures were searched for application to our condition for rules of life, and understanding of the springs of action, instead of recurring to them for arguments for controversy, we would be better prepared for events as they occur. If historians would only state what they knew to be facts, truth would run in a freer channel from age to age. From the extension of literature, the present age lies under a heavier responsibility, than any age since the world began for the transmission of truth to posterity.

(*Signed*) "JAMES HOPE."

CHAPTER I.

"I WAS born in the Parish of Temple Patrick, in the County Antrim, the 25th of August, 1764. My father was a native of the parish of Temple Patrick, he was a Highlander, a refugee, one of the Covenanters. He followed the linen weaving business, and brought me up to it. My parents died at Temple Patrick, and were buried at Molusk. They were simple honest people, Presbyterians, and their children were brought up in that religion, chiefly under the ministry of the Rev. Isaac Patten, near Lisle Hill. I had two brothers who grew up to manhood, one of whom is still living. By the time I was 10 years of age I had been fifteen weeks at school, and this was all the day school learning I ever received.

"The first three years I earned my bread, was with William Bell, of Temple Patrick, who took every opportunity, of improving my mind, that my years would admit. In winter he made me get forward my work, and sit with him while he read in the Histories of Greece and Rome, and also Ireland, Scotland, and England; besides his reading and comments on the news of the day, turned my attention early to the nature of the relations between the different classes of

society, and passing events rather left impressions on my mind for future examinations, than established any particular opinions.

"After some time I was taken from Bell, and hired to a farmer named John Gibson, in the same parish. His father, a small farmer, was still alive, and from this venerable old man, I received a great deal of good instruction, which confirmed my first impressions of a religious nature. I had learned to spell, and he set me to read and write, but he died before I had made much progress. I served half a year with another farmer, named John Ritchy, who gave me a little more help in writing; and afterwards returning to my former master, he assisted me in reading, until I could read a little in the Bible, though very imperfectly.

"At length I was apprenticed to a linen weaver, and I served my full time to him without reproof. On leaving my old master I entered into an engagement with a small farmer who had a loom in his house, at which I wrought, for eight years and a half, during which time I improved in reading and writing by attending a night school during the winter seasons. I subsequently worked as a journeyman weaver with a man of the name of Mullen, and married the daughter of my employer, Rose Mullen, a young woman gifted with noble qualities, with every advantage of mind and person, she was every thing in this world to me, and when I lost her, my happiness went to the grave with her. She died in 1831. I had four children who grew up, two of whom are now living.

"From early age my mind was directed to public affairs. I attended public worship with the members of a seceding congregation in the parish of Templepatrick, in the County of Antrim, in which there were then two congregations, one in the village where the Rev. John Abernethy was minister, and the other near Lile Hill, taught by the Rev. Isaac Patten, where I was baptized. One day I heard Mr. Patten

explaining the 83rd Psalm, and praying for the downfall of Turk and Anti-Christ, and for the purging of the blood that lay unpurged, on the throne of Britain, and also for the downfall of Pope and Popery, which latter prayer composed part of his devotions every Sabbath. But when the Royal Bounty was extended to our ministers, then the destruction of Pope and Popery became the principal supplication of the poor northern sinners to the throne of divine grace; the throne of Britain, according to the fanatical notions of those times, was purged and purified in the smoke of the blood then beginning to be shed in the woods of America, and in fairs and markets in Ireland, particularly in the County Armagh; then Mr. Patten began praying for the stoppage of the effusion of *Protestant blood*, but from the impression of his former instructions on my mind, I used to think of the stoppage of the effusion of *human blood* when attempting to join him in prayer.

"These thoughts began to expand, when I saw the regiments of fine looking fellows, driving off to be slaughtered in America, and heard "the break of day men" boasting of the indulgence they got from magistrates for wrecking and beating the papists, as they called their neighbours, and the snug bits of land that their friends got when the papists fled to Connaught, and the fun they had, when committing depredations, for which warrants lay out against them, of which they had, always notice, in time to escape. Our parish was inhabited by settlers from Scotland, some of whom had fled from persecution in their own country, of which my grandfather was one.

"When King William landed, they joined his interest, and dreaded the natives, of course, who had all left our parish but two families of the names of Niell and Tolan, who were servants in Castle Upton during the siege of Derry, and respected by the Upton family for many years for their fidelity during that war.

"The parish of Templepatrick was thus cleared of all the natives who were Catholics, and was very

thinly inhabited, even within my own memory, to what it is now. The republican spirit, inherent in the principles of the Presbyterian community, kept resistance to arbitrary power still alive, though selfishness prevented its proper direction, and induced men to do to "others what they would resist if done to themselves."

"The American struggle taught people, that industry had its rights as well as aristocracy, that one required a guarantee, as well as the other; which gave extension to the forward view of the Irish leaders. The war commenced between the claims of the plough and the sword, fiction became arrayed against reality, the interests of capital against those of labour, and the rich lost sight of their dependance on the poor. Society was disjointed, and there was no guarantee for the preservation of the rights of industry. The claims founded on fiction, however, predominated, and ranks arose in such disproportion that mankind seemed divided into different species, each preying on the other; from necessity, with the exception of a few enlightened men, in every rank, who deprecated those evils, and looked forward to a better state of things.

"Until the commencement of the contest with the United States, foreign war had encouraged industry at home, but the difficulty of recruiting for our armies in America, suggested an unnatural expedient." "Discourage the linen trade," said the then Lord Hillsborough, "and you will have soldiers." The plan succeeded and the linen weavers suffered. Every other branch in Ulster felt the depression, and until machinery was introduced, trade continued low. The cotton manufacture, however, succeeded the linen one, and many of the hands that it had employed joined the former.

"*The Volunteers* of 1782 were the means of breaking the first link of the penal chain that bound Ireland. They were replaced by the Break-of-day robbers, the wreckers, and murderers, who were supported by an indemnified magistracy; and the system which

grew out of these combinations, comprehends the political history of Ireland from 1782 down to a later period in the history of orangeism.

"The blood of Ireland has been abundantly shed during that period, at home and abroad. Those who profitted by this system, and were privy to it, are not guiltless of murder;—*and who were they?* Every man of mature age during that period, who did not use all his rational powers to prevent that mischief, who connived at it, who encouraged, or permitted it to be encouraged, who shared in the temporary plunder, or adopted the policy of sowing dissentions, with the view of reaping temporary or supposed advantages to the governing powers.

"My connection with politics began in the ranks of the Volunteers; I was a member of the Roughford corps. Of the first founders of the United Societies only two were intimately known to me—Mr. Samuel Neilson and Henry Joy M'Cracken. I lived in the country when I joined the society, and was delegated to a committee in Belfast, where I met them. Some time after I met Mr. Thomas Russel. There was a rule, then in the societies, that required seven to constitute a society; and, when constituted, every additional member was proposed and ballotted for at one meeting, and admitted at the next. Mr. Russell told me that he took the test from James Agnew O'Farrell, of Larne, when he was admitted to the society.

"June 26th, 1795, I was met by a neighbour, who told me that a political society was being formed; that the members were chosen by ballot; that I had been approved of, if I was willing to join; that there was a declaration to be made, and a test, or oath, to be taken, of which, if I did not approve, I was told I might decline to take it, on condition that I would not divulge any thing concerning the society. We talked on the subject for some time, during which I lamented that we should shrink from an open declaration of our views, into conspiracy; that oaths would never bind rogues, that I would rather act openly, in which way of pro-

ceeding, there was but one danger. I was told that my neighbours would not go with me in this view of matters, and it was necessary to know, would I go with them. "I will not desert my neighbours," said I, "though I do not like the road; I'll travel it, however, as clean as I can." By the direction of the man referred to, I attended the next meeting; the declaration I felt to be true; I voluntarily conformed to the rules of the society, and joined it with heart and hand. A deputation from Belfast formed the Molusk society, of which I became a member, the Hightown society having been that in which I was initiated, and composed of the men I had first joined in arms as a Volunteer.

"I was delegated to a committee in Belfast, and when the baronial committees were formed, I was appointed a delegate to the upper half barony of Belfast; there was a committee in every half barony.

"I was not qualified for public speaking; my mind was like Swift's church, the more that was inside, the slower the mass came out; my comrades called me the Spartan. My motives for joining the United Irishmen were, to carry out the objects of the Volunteers; my first views were not beyond theirs; they became more extensive. The person who induced me to join the society is still living. I was employed in 1796, 1797, and the spring of 1798, and again in 1803, as an emissary, going from place to place throughout the country, organizing the people. I received my orders generally from Russell, Wilson, and M'Cracken, and communicated with certain persons, I was sworn never to name; also with John M'Cann, and Edward Dunn, foreman in Jackson's foundry, who had a very close acquaintance with the views of the Directory. In my own society, in the north, I held the office of delegate to the county committee. I was in the confidence of the Ulster Director, and of some of the principal members of the Leinster one. I took the oath of an United Irishman by being sworn on the bible; the Covenanters were sworn by lifting up the right hand; the Catholics on their own prayer-book.

"Manufacture and commerce sprung up rapidly, and corrupt and interested views increased in variety and complication. The manufacturer had two strings to his bow, while the mere cultivator of the soil had but one, and that one only during the landlord's pleasure. The younger branches of his family either learned some trade, or became day-labourers. Such as were prudent and industrious, rented cottages from the farmers, and were able to offer a higher rent to the landlord, at the end of the farmer's tenure, which completely destroyed good will between them. This was the real source of the persecution in the county Armagh, religious profession being only a pretext to banish a Roman Catholic from his snug little cottage, or spot of land, and get possessed of it. The sufferers were forced into associations, in defence of life and property, directed by a committee, which they agreed to obey. This association was for a time confined to those professing the Roman Catholic religion, but the members joined eventually the cause of their Protestant fellow-countrymen, and became sworn brothers. This plan of union was projected by Neilson, assisted by Luke Teeling of Lisburn, and his family and connection, being a linen merchant of the first rank, and a Roman Catholic, who never came under any oath or obligation to the society, but that of conscientious approval.

"While Tone and Neilson were endeavouring to establish the United Irish Societies in Belfast, young Charles Teeling was labouring in the meantime to unite the Defenders and Catholics of the smaller towns of Ulster; and even the Break-of-day-men and Defenders were made friends, and joining in sworn brotherhood, became United Irishmen.

"At a later period, Henry Joy M'Cracken advised and assisted in the special organization of a body of seven thousand men, originally of the defenders, to act as a forlorn hope, in case of necessity, out of the twenty-one thousand that were returned fighting men in the county of Antrim; they were directed by a

committee, by whom their chief was chosen, who communicated with the committee by a deputy.

"In Ulster, the population holding on by small patches of the soil, the influence of agricultural wealth, had the greater number of roots, and that influence ran through every channel of rural society, and likewise through the commercial and manufacturing classes; the pulpit and the bench there were under aristocratic influence. Nor was the jury-box exempted from it, so that the men who attempted to stem the torrent of corruption in Ulster, had still the heaviest task. The southern mass, consisting of landlords, tenants, churchlords, and labourers, had but four interests, diverging from that which was general; while in Ulster, manufacture and commerce, fictitious capital, fictitious credit, fictitious titles to consideration, presented the numberless interests of the few, in opposition to the one interest of the many.

"Such were the difficulties with which the men of Ulster had to contend, besides that perplexity arising from a pensioned clergy, puzzling its followers, with speculations above human comprehension, and instigating them to hate each other, for conscience sake, under the mask of religion.

"So complete was the concentration of aristocratic monetary influence, that nothing but its own corruption could destroy it. I remember when power was law, and physical force settled every question. The destruction of the "Northern Star" silenced moral force for a time, and physical force was then resorted to, by the people, for the preservation of life and liberty.

"In the battle of the press, Neilson, in the hour of danger, stood alone, as M'Cracken did in the field, at the close of the struggle; all their former auxiliaries having abandoned them in the time of peril. Mr. Neilson's partners in the "Northern Star" establishment retired from it when the capital of the concern was consumed by legal tyranny; he continued the struggle of moral force at his own expense; while a

prisoner in Kilmainham, the unlawful destruction of his property, by a military mob, took place. Let posterity observe, the providential turn of affairs, how the sword, that was drawn to put down moral force, now rusts in the scabbard by the operation of other powers, admonishing mankind to ascribe the retribution of evil to the true cause, as in the case of *Herod*, who was consumed by worms, for rottenness itself became the proper punishment of that man's exalted wickedness. Moral force, in its operation, resembles that of Herod's visitation; it ultimately works on the opponents of truth like a consuming worm.

"The "Northern Star" represented the moral force of *Ulster*, sowed the seeds of truth over the land, and the opposition of the enemy only caused its roots to strike deeper in the soil, and they are now springing up in all directions.

"Physical force may yet prevail for a time, as we have seen it recently did in China and Afghanistan; but there is music in the sound of moral force, which will be heard like the sound of the cuckoo. The bird lays its eggs, and leaves them for a time; but it will come again and hatch them in due course, and the song will return with the season."

CHAPTER II.

"I EARLY observed, that in the different ranks which had sprung up under the influence of war-making wealth, no one rank was willing to throw its interests into the common stock, and act in concert with another for the public benefit. In every rank there were a few honourable exceptions; but these were marked for death, banishment, or for ruin if they had property, wherever the power of the enemy could reach, or bring pretended friends to desert or betray them.

"The demands of the popular leaders of that day, were, for a bill to regulate places, one to regulate pensions, and one to make the servants of the crown more

responsible. Had Grattan produced drafts of these bills, instead of that of the insurrection bill, by which he pointed out to ministers, at a later period, how to tie the people's hands, he might have done a little good. But Grattan was with a party, not with the people, though he took the test of the United Irishmen from Mr. Samuel Neilson, and the rules of the society from its founder. The knowledge he gained is displayed in the bills which originated with him, when he declared in parliament, that Ireland required a strong government; for a French party existed in the country. The wounds he had inflicted on faction with his tongue, he healed with his pen, when he drew the gagging bills for his country, and thereby made his peace with the high priests and ministers of despotic power;* but it is hard for me to note the recollections of fifty-seven years without digression, or be correct in dates. I must only follow my recollection as matters strike me.

"Grattan declared, in the House of Commons, that they might as well stamp on the earth to prevent the rising of the sun, as think to prevent the eventual parliamentary independence of Ireland, when he saw their drift was a Legislative Union, which, he said, would terminate in a total and perpetual separation after two civil wars. How far he contributed to their success in the first civil war, it is difficult to say. The conduct of public men, of popular men in those times, convinced me, that so long as men of rank and fortune lead a people, they will modify abuses, reform to a certain extent, but they never will remove any real grievances that press down the people.

"It was either in the year 1790 or 1791, that the Belfast Battalion of Volunteers, with the sovereign, Stewart Banks, at their head, first celebrated the taking of the Bastile, on the 14th of July, and next year

* A paper in the appendix on the subject of the sanction given to the insurrection bill, subsequently to the Duke of Bedford's administration, will throw some light on this matter, and shew Hope to have been, in some respects, in error.—R. R. M.

a review of the Volunteers took place for the same purpose: the company to which I belonged, marched into the field in coloured clothes, with green cockades. We had a green flag, bearing for a motto, on one side —"Our Gallic brother was born July 14, 1789. Alas! we are still in embryo;" and on the other side —"Superstitious galaxy;" "The Irish Bastile—let us unite to destroy it." These are the words, though somewhat varied by a writer of a History of Belfast; and I have a better right to know them, being the one who dictated them, and my brother-in-law, Luke Mullan, painted them on the flag.

"Mr. Neilson's incarceration, and the destruction of his printing materials, left the venal press in quiet possession of the agricultural interest, which had not then emerged from the cupidity of former ages, when every man looked into his neighbour's field, and wished he could annex it to his own. The higher classes of the old Volunteer officers abandoned their corps, and began to yawn for rank in a mercenary militia.

"There are circumstances which should be kept always before one connected with the events of 1798, to which their production is mainly to be attributed. As a people, we were excluded from any share in framing the laws by which we were governed. The higher ranks (in which there never was, nor never will be a majority of honest-principled men) usurped the exclusive exercise of that privilege, as well as many other rights, by force, fraud, and fiction. By force the poor were subdued, and dispossessed of their interests in the soil; by fiction the titles of the spoilers were established; and by fraud on the productive industry of future generations, the usurpation was continued.

"A person called Atkinson, who lived in Belfast, and a Low Church clergyman near Lisburn (Philip Johnson), organised a faction of intolerant turbulent men into lodges, like Freemasons, called the Loyal Orange Institution. It at first consisted of persecuting yeo-

men, renegade 'croppies,' the hangers-on about landlords, and Low Church clergymen, with their spies and informers, all over the country—the bullies of certain houses in garrison towns, and those of fairs and markets in the rural districts. This association, under the nursing care of the magistrates, left no visible protection for either life or property out of its own circle, and its members boasted, that the government protected its institution, and that a judge did not ride the circuit that was not a friend to Orangeism. Their July rites were duly observed by the sacrifice of numerous victims to the memory of King William the Third; and when legal redress was resorted to by the relations and friends of the sufferers, the conduct of the authorities fully justified the above assertion. The character of the Orange lodges was such, that no man who had any regard for his character would appear in them; but most of the United Irishmen, known as the Foreign-aid men, found some means of secret connection with them; some took the Orange oath in personal confidence, and were reported in the lodges to be loyal men.

"These renegades were the cause of more blood-shed in 1798, than the open enemy whom we knew and might avoid. Some of the sufferers took personal vengeance, but paid dearly for it, either by death or banishment, and several suffered for acts of which they were known to be innocent; for at that time, there was any money got for swearing; and in every district there were some men, who by taking contradictory oaths, became habituated to swear whatever any cause required, in which they were embarked; and although these were few in proportion to the mass, they were sufficient for the reign of terror, and there were still men of high rank among them, who had the address to retain the confidence of the people, who are ever ready to give such men credit for more than they deserve.

"Ulster was the seat of politics, in which there were three parties: those whose industry produced the necessaries of life, those who circulated them, and

those whose subsistence depended on fictitious claims and capital, and lived and acted as if men and cattle were created solely for their use and benefit, and to whom a sycophantic clergy were ever ready to bow with the most profound respect. The town of Belfast was the centre of this factitious system, and, with few exceptions, the most corrupt spot on the face of the earth. In Belfast, the British ministry had, and long continued to have, its sheet anchor, whenever a political storm menaced its interests. These circumstances, and changes, in the currency, the staple manufacture of the country, and condition of the people, tended to a state of things, in which hucksters became merchants, merchants became bankers, and bankers became provincial bashaws; and then, as now (1834), when the fitness and capability of Ireland for independence were discussed, the above classes were always with the government. I remember being present at one of these discussions. Mr. Henry Joy M'Cracken was the only man present who supposed self dependence possible. His arguments had little effect on the company. One—the chief difficulty with those who opposed his opinion—was, in reference to naval protection. I said, that Ireland was the eye of Europe—it required no naval protection; it was the connecting link in the chain of the commerce of the two hemispheres. When we parted, M'Cracken blamed my rashness, and bade me never use such language while Ireland remained as she then was; "for," said he, "there are many mercantile men, and some of them were in that very company, who are efficient members of our society, and who, rather than see their shipping interests or commercial establishments, on the east and north-east of this island, lessened in value, by the increased traffic on the western coast, would see the whole island, and every vestige of our liberty, sunk into the sea." "Well," said I, "Harry, these are the men that will put the rope on your neck and mine, if ever they get us into their power." "Are you afraid of being hanged, Jemmy?" said he. "It would ill

become one, who has pledged his life to his country, to shrink from death in any shape," I replied; "but, I confess, I have no desire for that distinction." "For my part," said he, "I do not desire to die of sickness."

"The struggle at that period, as at the present, was merely between commercial and aristocratical interests, to determine which should have the people as its property, or as its prey; each contending for the greatest share. When an appeal was made to the mass, the mercantile interest had the support of opinion, but the aristocracy, which carried with it the landed interest and the court, had the absolute sway. Grattan was the darling of the merchants, for his exertion in 1782, and Castlereagh that of the landlords; and with these competitors for power,—to a certain extent having one common object, the promotion of the interests of the wealthy classes,—Pitt rode rough shod over the people, and eventually secured or banished all the active leaders of the north, taking care that a traitor or two, should keep them company in prison or in exile, who might furnish him with their secrets the more easily, having gained their victim's confidence, from having apparently shared his punishment.

"The influence of the union soon began to be felt at all public places, fairs, markets, and social meetings, extending to all the counties of Ulster, for no man of an enlightened mind had intercourse with Belfast, who did not return home determined on disseminating the principles of the union among his neighbours. Strife and quarreling ceased in all public places, and even intoxication.

"The 'Break-of-day boys,' and 'Defenders,' lamented their past indiscretions on both sides, and tracing them to their legitimate source, resolved to avoid the causes which led to them. In short, for a little time, Ulster seemed one united family, the members of which lived together in harmony and peace. A secret delegation to Dublin was resolved on, and I was one

of two persons, who were appointed to proceed there, to disseminate our views among the working classes. We succeeded to our wishes, and likewise formed connectionswith Meath and Kildare, which soon extended to the other counties. In Leinster the gentlemen soon found the people prepared to support them in any effort, and the power of a united population became perceptible every where. Our enemies trembled at the prospect of unanimity, they insinuated themselves among the people, and even some of them joined the association. These were the parties who were mainly instrumental in deluding the people into conspiracy, and a desire for foreign aid, pointing out France as the then arbitrator of the destinies of Europe, which the success of her arms seemed to indicate. The people were advised to prepare for action; in 1797 some of their friends who had fled to the Continent were accompanied by traitors, who by the assistance of other traitors at home, deceived the principal leaders *abroad*, and urged them ultimately to consent to attempt with a handful of men, what in reality they knew would have required a considerable and well provided force.

"The idea of foreign aid, and French connection, which although the original projectors of the society did not approve of, was now introduced by men of weight and influence in the societies. Henry Joy M'Cracken was the first who observed the design and operation of this underplot. The majority of the leaders became foreign aid men, and were easily elevated or depressed by the news from France, and amongst their ranks, spies were chiefly found. They were also the prolific source of contradictory rumours, to distract the societies and paralyze confidence.

"The appearance of a French fleet in Bantry Bay, brought the rich farmers and shop keepers into the societies, and with them, all the corruption essential to the objects of the British Ministry, to foster rebellion, to possess the power of subduing it, and to carry a Legislative Union. The new adherents alledged, as

a reason for their former reserve, that they thought the societies, only a combination of the poor to get the property of the rich. The societies as a mark of satisfaction at their conversion, and a demonstration of confidence in their wealthy associates, the future leaders, civil and military, were chiefly chosen from their ranks. We had traitors in our camp from the beginning to the close of the career of our society. For years our agent in Hamburg, (Mr. Turner,) and one of our state prisoners, at Fort George, were furnishing Pitt with all our secrets, foreign and domestic. M'Cracken, who was by far the most deserving of all our northern leaders, observed that what we had latterly gained in numbers, we lost in worth: he foresaw that the corruption of Ulster would endanger the union in the south. Agents had been sent to Paris at an early period of the revolution, and while the Republican party predominated, funds were at their disposal, but on the change of parties in France, and the unfavourable turn of affairs at home, many of the refugees were left to starve, or to embarrass private friends. Such was the state of the refugees, when those from Fort George arrived in Paris. For the reason above stated Bonaparte did not like the Irish, and for the same reason they had no confidence in him. It was easy to persuade them, that he was in treaty with the British Government to banish them from France; and even in America, their asylum had been doubtful under one president. But the republican spirit of the Irish refugees did not accord with Bonaparte's imperial views, this was the chief cause of his unfavourable dispositions towards them. The first attempt at invasion, that of Hoche's expedition, seemed powerful enough, but was disconcerted by separation from their commander at an unfavourable season. The aristocrats rushed into the societies, complaining that they had only been deterred from joining, from a suspicion that foreign aid could not be had, but that they nowmost earnestly wished to join in every prudent attempt to free their country.

" Their plausible pretensions soon lulled the people into confidence, and having obtained it, they began to persuade the people that if the French came here with a formidable force they would hold the country as conquered, that a few experienced officers, an able general, and a small supply of arms and ammunition, was all that would be required; and that the standard once raised would soon collect a sufficient force.

" This being communicated to Bartholomew Teeling, in Paris, he made the demand of the French Government, which they reluctantly complied with, as afterwards became evident from their ordering him immediately to the place of embarkation, and then delaying the sailing of the expedition, by retaining the pay of the troops, until General Humbert had to force the officer whose duty it was, to pay the troops, which he said he only delayed for want of orders.

" The other half of the expedition, with J. N. Tandy, was detained until the defeat of the first was known at Paris, and from this it is conjectured, if not fully ascertained, that there was treachery all along with the French Government, for Admiral Sir John Borlace Warren, knew when to fall in with the last division of their fleet, with a superior force, and to capture it in sight of land.

" General Hoche, who commanded the expedition to Bantry Bay, was of opinion that the frigate in which he sailed was separated from the rest of the fleet by treachery, and this is thought by all who knew him, to have broken his heart, as he died soon after.

" The internal enemies of Ireland were no less successful at home than abroad, headed and directed by a renagado Volunteer, Castlereagh, whose very name rouses all the angry passions of the Irish heart.

" The secret or ganizationof the people, while it sheltered treachery and nourished spies, completely tied the hands of the honest and resolute: this class, naturally unsuspecting, and possessing moral, as well as military, courage, patiently waited the signal for

action, from the year 1797, until May, 1798, whilst the country, suffering every species of military depredation, was driven to distraction.

" The counties of Wexford and Wicklow, which had not been so long organized, were selected by government for singular vengeance. A considerable number of the Foundling Hospital boys, of Dublin, had been nursed in those counties, and having settled in it, without any natural ties of blood or kindred, prejudiced by their education against the Roman Catholics, they were found to be ready tools, from their local knowledge, to point out the men who were suspected. Thus they became a public scourge in those parts: the corrupt and the corruptible, of every circle, from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, were known to the dominant despotism of that day, and regularly employed either as yeomen or spies.

" The seeds of corruption, it was evident to me, were sown in our own society, but I was unable to convince my acquaintances, my observation was only useful to myself, and prepared me for the worst, which realized my dreariest forebodings, without, however, sinking my spirits in the least, or making me regret any step I had taken. Although I executed the part assigned me, in every movement cheerfully, I was always prepared for defeat, for none of our leaders seemed to me perfectly acquainted with the main cause of social derangement, if I except Neilson, M'Cracken, Russel, and Emmet. It was my settled opinion that the condition of the labouring class, was the fundamental question at issue between the rulers and the people, and there could be no solid foundation for liberty, till measures were adopted that went to the root of the evil, and were specially directed to the restoration of the natural right of the people, the right of deriving a subsistance from the soil on which their labour was expended. The plan of the United Irishmen was carried into effect with success, until Lord Castlereagh had the address to get into the confidence of a United Irishman, named James Breese, who afterwards suf-

fered death in '98; by taking the test or oath of the society, he was put in possession of all the secrets of the society that Breese was acquainted with, by which means he could weigh all the other secret informations he received, and find out proper agents for any purpose he might require."

CHAPTER III.

"In the spring of 1796, I was sent to Dublin, with a man named Metcalfe, as delegates from the Belfast Society of United Irishmen, to introduce the system among the operatives in the capital. We were promised assistance in money, which did not arrive, and the men to whom we were recommended, showed no inclination to forward our designs, but rather discouraged us; we had to rely on our own exertions. One of them directed us to a man we might rely on, but took care to send him word not to see us; the man was denied, but afterwards acknowledged that he had seen us through a hole in the door. I had the pleasure of freeing the same man at a later period out of Roscommon gaol, by appearing at the assizes as a recruiting sergeant. I took up my residence at Balbriggan, in the character of a silk-weaver from Scotland, and used to come backwards and forwards, between Dublin and that town, without exciting suspicion for some time.

"The man with whom I worked in Balbriggan was a bitter orangeman, and at length I became an object of suspicion to him, on learning which, I returned to Dublin, and succeeded in obtaining my freedom to work in the Liberty, which enabled me to promote the objects of my mission.

"From Dublin the Union soon reached the other provinces, and a National Committee was formed, which met in Dublin. The leading men were still unknown to the societies, for no one knew any thing of the persons belonging to them, beside those he met

in his own society, except the delegates who met in the Baronial Committee, and the delegates from it again who met in the County Committee, and those from the counties who met in the Provincial Committee, and appointed a National Council, or Executive.

"After having formed a society, and obtained a deputation to Belfast, I returned to the north, to report, and was again sent to Dublin to complete the organization among the workmen. I got to work on my arrival, and the circle of friends increased; societies were formed through the City and Liberties, and former connections were renewed; but the imprudence of my comrade brought us again under suspicion. He was a Protestant; I a Presbyterian. One of the Dublin societies had entrusted a secret of some importance to him, and there was a breach of confidence on his part. I was brought under suspicion unjustly, and without cause; however, it was thought most prudent to drown us both; for which purpose an appointment was made with us to attend a meeting outside of the Circular-road, by the side of the Royal Canal, where six men were appointed to meet, and drown us. We kept the appointment until it grew dark, and returned to our lodging. On going to work next day, I observed my employer change colour when I appeared. I inquired what was the matter: I insisted on his candidly informing me what caused his agitation. The truth came out—I was suspected of having betrayed the secret which my comrade had divulged. I had been denounced—my doom had been pronounced—and the man who had left his home to execute his murderous commission, had been accidentally prevented from carrying it into effect: he had met a comrade on the way to the place of appointment, had accepted an invitation to drink with him, and the time of the appointment expired before he quitted the public house.

"Such meditated acts even were injurious to our

cause; but it was the object of our enemies to have wretches in our ranks to blacken the character of our society, and to have crimes ascribed to its members. Nay, even to have them committed in their name, of which they were wholly guiltless. They had even highway robberies, and house-breaking offences, committed in our name.

"I met a man, named Connell, in Dublin, who said he came from the county of Cavan; he lived at Bluebells, and invited me to breakfast there with him. He introduced me to his family, as a friend to our country from Belfast. He had a stout-looking son, to whom he introduced me; and also six of his comrades, whom he said belonged to a society of United Irishmen. He told me they lived about the commons of Crumlin. A few nights after, the young man and his mother called where I worked, and asked my employer and myself to take a walk. Our road was up the canal, and the old woman kept my employer in talk until the young man and I were out of sight, for it was then dusk. She persuaded him to go home, as she said there would be a meeting at her house, and her husband wanted to introduce me to the neighbours. There was a line of high trees, and a path behind them, and she could pass on unnoticed by us. I wished to stop until the old people would come up, but my companion said we would stop at a lock that was before us. We stopped at the lock, and he began to whistle a tune, when a number of men came out on the road, and he then told me I was on a command. "What for?" said I,—"to lift some arms," was his reply; "and we want your north country tongue to give orders. I then saw my situation, and asked if there "was any money in the way?" "We don't demand it," said he; "but, if it is offered, we don't refuse it." "I have no arms," said I; "here is a blunderbuss," answered one of the company. I took it, drew the ramrod, and found it loaded. "I'll use no arms but what I load myself," said I. They gave me a rod, with which I managed to draw the charge;

I tried the flint, and put in a heavy charge of swan-shot, and, clapping the muzzle to Connell's breast, I said to his comrades—'you cannot save him; if one of you move, he is a dead man; you shall not make me rob. Do you, Connell, walk before me, until I get within a race of the watch; I will not injure you if you obey; turn your back, and walk before me.' He obeyed, and I warned his comrades not to follow us. I made him keep his hands down by his side, for fear he might have pistols; and when I came within a short distance of the watch, I made him stand; I then walked backwards until I could just see him, and, holding up the blunderbuss, flung it into a meadow, and took to my heels.

"I thought it advisable to leave Dublin for some time. I returned home to Belfast; but was soon ordered back to Dublin. I was charged with a message to the Kilmainham prisoners. I stopped with them all night; and in the morning I was standing, conversing with Tom Story, in one of the cells, looking into the condemned yard, when I saw Connell crossing the yard, with bolts on him. Storey informed me, that he had been sentenced to death, for a highway robbery, committed by a gang of robbers, called the Crumlin gang, of which he was the chief.

"An informer, named Edward John Newell, was procured by George Murdoch, a hearth-tax collector, near Belfast. Among other services performed by him, he had pointed out the soldiers who were shot at Blaris-camp. Newel had also five young men of Belfast arrested, who had been sent to Dublin for trial at the Four Courts. He was to have appeared as a witness against them, but the trials were put off, for that term, for want of a material witness in their defence; H. J. M'Cracken, who could not attend from bad health. In the meantime, a criminal correspondence was discovered between Newel and Murdoch's wife. The letters which passed between them were sent up from the north, and communicated by me to Murdoch. The consequences were, that the

coalition between these worthies, then living in the Castle, was broken up. They quarelled, and Murdoch shot at Newel, in the Castle-yard, and, for that act, was sent to Newgate, but was only confined a few days; and, on his liberation, Newel fled to the north, taking with him Murdoch's wife. After a trip, in the direction of the Giant's Causeway, he returned to Doagh, and lived there in concealment for some time. At length, when he was about to leave the country, he wrote to Murdoch, telling him where he would find his wife. Newel staid with her at the inn, until Murdoch, and his son Robert, appeared at the door, in a carriage, and then escaped by a back window. What became of him afterwards, little is known; but Murdoch returned with his wife, as if nothing of the kind had ever happened!

"If any committee, or body of men, directors, or managers of assassinations, had existed in any part of Ireland, some traces of the proceedings, discussions, or reports, in reference to such an object, would be forthcoming; but none such are in existence, for the best of reasons, because no such committees ever existed. It is the duty of the historian, in handing down the virtues and vices of the age he treats of, as examples to the virtues, and warning to the vicious, to make the information he obtains confirmatory of the maxim—"Virtue carries with it its own reward, and vice its punishment."

"In all the societies, or committees, or in any meeting that ever I attended, I never heard a system of assassination advocated. My motion in the Baronial Committee, to exclude any man that would advise it, was opposed, on the ground, that the agitation of the question would only extend an idea, that no good man ought to be thought capable of harbouring.

"An attempt was made to form a committee to manage assassination, of which it is only necessary to say, *Newel* was one of the agents employed for that purpose, he was seen through by the United Irishmen, and disappointed. We all set our faces against it,

and our success is evident; for, if such a system had any existence, evidence of it could easily be had; and no such evidence was ever brought forward on any trial. Assassination was the work of individuals, either in defence of their lives, or that of their associates. Neilson, M'Cracken, and Russell, were altogether averse to it. It was by their advice that I brought forward the motion in our society, formerly mentioned; and the motion would have been brought forward again, but from the state of the times; the public mind was ill prepared for its calm discussion. Had such a committee been formed in Belfast, it could not have been kept secret, as most of its advocates that I knew, became orangemen, on our reverse of fortune.

"Nicholas Maginn, of Saintfield, the noted informer, and protegèe of Lord Castlereagh's spiritual guide and tutor, the Rev. John Cleland, had a meeting in his neighbourhood, to assassinate the Marquis of Downshire; but the Marquis escaped, by taking a different way home from that by which he was expected to pass; which prevented any further collection of assassins in that county. This account I had from the very best authority.

"The preceding account was given to me by one of the Northerns, who was as undaunted in the field, as he was worthy of credit and respect—Thomas Hunter, a native of Killinchey.* On his death bed, he was asked, by a woman in attendance on him in his last moments, if he would wish *to turn?* He seemed not to understand the question, or his thoughts were running on events which had been long uppermost in his mind, he replied—"*No; I will never turn, or take a bribe.*" These were nearly his last words. He had stood the brunt of the battles of Saintfield and Ballynahinch.

"The following anecdote I had from John Murphy, one of the young men who was arrested with Hart

* In Shankhill burying-ground, a stone records his name.

and Weldon, on the evidence of William Lawler, who had caused them to become Defenders, and then had them arrested in 1797. The names of the young men were, John Murphy, John Newburn, John Cusac, John Brady, John O'Leary, Patrick Hart, and a dragoon, named Weldon. Counsellor Curran was employed by Murphy's mother to defend her son. Counsellor M'Nally was employed to defend O'Leary, who was tried, and acquitted, on the ground "*that the witness was an atheist;*" upon which admission, Alderman James led the witness to the quarters of the informers, at the Castle, where he had the sacrament administered to him. Hart and Weldon were convicted: the others were liberated; and some of them became my associates and friends, when I was sent from Belfast to Dublin, to introduce the Union.*

* There are some inaccuracies in the statement of the order of the trials referred to. James Weldon was the first person tried, and convicted, in Dublin, on a charge of Defenderism, the 22nd of Dec., 1795. The next person tried, on the same charge, was, Michael Maguire, on the 24th of the same month: the witness broke down, and the prisoner was acquitted. The next person tried for a similar offence, was, John Leary, on the 28th of the same month. The witness, William Lawler, broke down, and the prisoner was acquitted. When this witness was sworn, on being asked by the Prime Serjeant, "to what profession, or trade, he was bred?" he replied—"To the Protestant religion." He deposed to having been one of a party of four Defenders, charged with the assassination of Cockayne, the night before the appearance of the latter at the trial of Dr. Jackson. They first went to the house where Mrs. Jackson lodged, in Stephen's-green, in quest of Cockayne, who was expected to be there that night. They found he had been there, and had left. They then proceeded to Cockayne's lodgings, in Henry-street, and walked up and down the street for two hours and a half, when, despairing of seeing their intended victim, they went away. One of them had suggested, instead of killing Cockayne, the better plan would be, to take him out of the way, so as to prevent his appearing at the trial.

It appeared on the trial, that Lawler renounced Atheism, to qualify himself for a witness. M'Nally, in reference to a similar character abjuring his infidel opinions, and receiving the sacrament, to qualify himself for a place, applied the following epigram, made upon him:—

"Who now can think recanting odd,
To shun a present evil?
The wretch who oft denied his God,
Has now denied the devil."

"O'Leary, subsequently, went to Roscommon, and through his imprudence, was committed to jail there. A young man, named Richard Dry, had been sent from Dublin with money to him, and was committed also. Two other men had been sent, and were taken in Mullingar, and were sent to the Provost, in Dublin. I was sent for the same purpose, from Belfast, with a comrade, named Daniel Digney. We went through the counties of Monaghan, Cavan, Armagh, and Leitrim. We formed a County Committee in Castleblany, and Societies in the other counties, as we passed. But, arriving at Elfin, the gentleman to whom we were directed, Colonel James Plunket, was in Dublin, and all we could learn of him was, that he was recruiting for some regiment. We returned to Belfast, and were sent to Dublin along with William Putnam M'Cabe, and got beating orders. We had left five hundred copies of our constitution in and near Elfin, and went there for head quarters, to wait the coming assizes.

"Our money failed, and I was sent to Dublin, by M'Cabe, for more. The man to whom I was directed, was on his death bed, and I had to go to Stratford, in the county Wicklow, to sell a horse that M'Cabe had

On this trial, a Mr. George Cowan, a carver and gilder, appeared as the patron and protector of Mr. Lawler, whom he encouraged so far, as to give him free access, at all times, to his workshop, and thus enabled him to entrap two of Mr. Cowan's apprentices, and to have them prosecuted on a charge of Defenderism.

On the 30th of the same month, Cooke, Clayton, Turner, Flood, Hanlon, Clarke, Thomas Dry, and Oliver Corbally, charged with the same offence as Leary, were discharged from imprisonment,—the prosecutions being relinquished, for want of evidence in some cases, the infamy of the witness on the former trial, on whose informations some of these men had been committed. James Weldon, a dragoon, who had been convicted on the 22nd of December, was sentenced to be executed on the 2nd of March, 1796. Brady, Kennedy, and Hart, were tried on the same charge as Weldon. Hart was convicted, and executed along with Weldon.

These particulars have been given, as the commencement of those judicial proceedings, which made the people frightfully familiar with sanguinary punishments, during the following three years.—R. R. M.

left with the brother of this person. The horse was sold, but the money was not forthcoming.

"I started for Roscommon, in the disguise of a soldier. I took the rank of a serjeant. The assizes had begun. Colonel Plunket was there, and likewise, M'Cabe, in the character of an officer of militia, on recruiting service. I enlisted Dry in the dock; and when he was called to the bar, and represented as a vagabond, the colonel and the pretended captain interfered, and I got my recruit. I would have got O'Leary also, but for his own imprudence. He made such a noise in the dock, with the chains and bolts he had on, that he had been ordered back to his cell, before the arrangements were completed.

"M'Cabe, Dry, and myself, went to Strokestown, settled our accounts, and started for Athlone, where we parted,—M'Cabe for Dublin, and I for Cashcarrigan, in the county Leitrim, to join my comrade, and return to Belfast. Dry proceeded to Cork, and there had the misfortune to be recognised by an Antrim militia man, named M'Dermot, who prosecuted him, and transported him to Botany Bay. O'Leary was left in prison, through his own imprudence, and I never heard of his liberation.

"Having assisted in forming the county Monaghan Committee, in Castleblany, on a market day, when several very respectable linen merchants were there, we planted the Union at Maguire's-bridge, Clones, Enniskillen, Ballynamore, Cashcarrigan, Carrick-on-Shannon and Strokestown, where we saw delegates from a body of the old Defenders, and initiated them. We left five hundred copies of the constitution in Roscommon, and on our return home, formed committees in Ballyhays, Butler's-bridge, and Newtown Hamilton. Such of these connections as we were able to visit the second time, were increasing rapidly.

"The substance of the reports, however, which we were obliged to deliver in, was communicated to the County Committee, of which Maginn, the informer, was a member; and likewise to the Mudler's Society,

of which Hughes was a member. No real secrecy ever existed among us; for as soon as any efficient measure was proposed, the government was instantly prepared, if not to prevent its execution, yet eventually to counteract its effects.

"The progress of the revolution in France had excited the mass of the people in this country, and had put the aristocrats to their shifts. The people, as appeared afterwards, wished to rise at various times, trusting solely to their own resources; but were always withheld by their committees, who were, for the most part, aristocrats, and foreign-aid men, who contrived to involve the people with France, thereby frightening government, and enhancing their own value as traitors. Many of them thus obtained and enjoyed tolerable advantages, and some hold them, even unto this day.

"Mr. Samuel Turner, of Newry, had made great professions of patriotism at an early period. On one occasion, he walked into an inn, in Newry, and was there met by Lord Carhampton, who, seeing a green handkerchief on his neck, proceeded, very quietly, to take it off. Turner sent Carhampton a challenge, and the act served as an apology for him to fly, for fear of arrest. He fled, and settled in Hamburg, where he was entrusted, by the Executive, with carrying on the correspondence between the Irish and French Executives, always taking care to furnish Pitt with true copies of the correspondence.

"Another informer, named H——, formerly a ship-broker of Belfast, was one of the prisoners in Fort George. A coolness had been occasioned among them, from a conversation between Robert Simms and Arthur O'Connor, in which they agreed, that the then present constitution of France, was too good for Ireland. This idea was resented by Joseph Cuthbert, and some others, and occasioned very warm words, —Cuthbert asserting, that no constitution could be too good for Ireland. "I am talking to a politician, not to you, Joe," said O'Connor. Joe, and his

friends, took that ill. Russell took no part in the debate, but was not of O'Connor's, or of Simms' opinion.*

"Prior to this, some attempt had been made by individuals, to open a communication with the Scotch militia, and H——, having had a knowledge of it, wrote to Pitt about it, who, being in communication with Turner, did not answer H——'s letter;† and the prisoners having notice of an expedition preparing in the Scheldt, were cheered by that prospect, although the misunderstanding still continued individually among them. One night, as they were in society over a glass of punch, H——, observing a feeling of distrust prevailed against him, which he could not account for, concluded that his letters had been intercepted, and in a moment of compunction, of fear or of unguarded conduct, he made a confession with tears and protestations, that he would never follow up his information. Peace coming on, the discharge or banishment of the State prisoners ensued. Messrs. H—— and Turner were permitted to return.

"Mr. John Palmer, of Cutpurse-row, formerly eminent in the hosiery line, and a sincere friend of our cause, had a son named John, one of the warmest and most faithful friends I ever had. He and William Putnam M'Cabe, met Major Sirr and his party in Bridgefoot-street, on their way to arrest Lord Edward Fitzgerald. The Major stopped them, and M'Cabe knocked him down, and Palmer made a stab at the Major's neck, which cut through his neck handkerchief. *Palmer would have succeeded in his attack,*

* I feel bound to state, as far as I am capable of forming an opinion, or qualified by any data whereon to found one, with respect to O'Connor's opinions, the sentiment attributed to him is not in unison with any of his recorded sentiments.—R. R. M.

† For the best of reasons, the letter, I am informed, was not answered—it never went to hand. The humane and honorable man who filled the situation of governor of the fort, being charged with the examination of the letters of the prisoners, detained this letter in his hands, believing it was the production of a mischievous and malignant man.—R. R. M.

but M'Cabe prevented him. M'Cabe was arrested the same night, Palmer was arrested two days subsequently; but in the bustle about the capture of Lord Edward, before the Major had time to visit the persons sent to prison, Miss Biddy Palmer, sister to the young man, went to the Castle, and, meeting Major Sirr, she hung on him, and would not let him go until he gave her an order for her brother's liberation,* not knowing that he was the man who wounded him the night before.

"M'Cabe, no less fortunate, through being familiar with the Scotch dialect, and the gaol being under a Highland guard, he passed on a Highland sergeant for the son of a manufacturer in Glasgow, named Brand. The sergeant went to his officer, and, as no complaint lay against him, he was liberated. But when the Major came to Newgate a few hours after, a rigorous pursuit was commenced after both Palmer and M'Cabe. Palmer immediately fled to France, and from thence to Holland. He had learned that one Bureand, who had formerly been a spy in Ireland, was employed in the same branch of business in Holland. Although this man had run away from the Castle of Dublin, and written against government, Palmer set off on foot, with the design of frustrating this man's villany, and travelled from Paris to Hamburg, and mostly barefooted, where he met Samuel Turner, and entered freely into communication with him. Palmer gave him a gold watch to keep for him, lest distress

* The same account of John Palmer's arrest and liberation, was recently given me by Mrs. Horan, formerly Miss Biddy Palmer. This lady, in very reduced circumstances, far advanced in years, is now residing in London, in the neighbourhood of Finsbury-square, earning a miserable livelihood by keeping a little school for the female children of the poor, in a neighbourhood where indigence and misery abound. She states, that Sirr must have been in possession of information from some one of the persons who formed the body-guard of Lord Edward, for, when another attempt was made to rescue Lord Edward, when they were conveying him to the Castle, Major Sirr was able to tell her, the sword which was used by one of the party engaged in that attempt had been lent by Palmer.—R. R. M.

might force him to sell it, the watch having belonged to his mother, who was dead. His father had sent him thirty guineas by a man named Murky, which he never got. However, under every disadvantage, he had Bureand arrested, and put into the hands of the French authorities. But Bureand's employers exerted their influence, and caused him soon to be released; while Palmer was forced by want to enlist in a Dutch regiment, and, while bathing with some recruits in the Scheldt, was drowned. Rumour attributed his death to Bureand's vindictive feelings.

"When Turner returned to Dublin, and was applied to for the watch by his sister, then Mrs. Horan, he cooly replied, "he did recollect something of a watch he got from her brother, but forgot what became of it."

"At Cashcarragan, we learned that a man named Toby Peter, had seen us there as we passed that way before, and that a chapel in the neighbourhood had been searched for us, the Sunday before. We went over the Cash to one Dignum, a school-master, who saw us safe on the Ballynamore road, before day-break next morning.

"We had formed some acquaintance in Ballynamore, but we changed our rout, and came through Belturbet to Butler's-bridge, in the county Cavan, and from thence proceeded to Newry. My comrade, being then among his relations and friends, stopped there for some time, but came with me as far as the old four-mile house, kept by Andrew Steward; we went into a room, where six of the City Limerick Militia sat refreshing themselves, being on a march to Carrickfergus, for one of their men who had been committed to gaol, on the oath of a woman, charging him with a rape, of which they said he was innocent, being taken for another man, which they were prepared to prove. As I was for Belfast, I joined their company; and, while we were talking, we heard a scream. As I sat next the door, I sprang into the hall, and the first thing I saw was a horseman riding into the door,

with his sword drawn, and a woman, with a child in her arms, creeping under the stairs, at the end of the hall. I had a sword in my hand—I drew the sword, and the horseman, not having room enough to use his sabre, it struck against the ceiling, when he attempted to cut at me; I threatened to run him through, if he did not instantly leave. By this time the soldiers turned out, and drew their bayonets. The horseman, on retiring, ran his horse's heels against a door in the hall, and broke it; we followed him out, and saw another, they both rode slowly on towards Banbridge. The affrighted woman then told us, that two of the same corps had stopped at the door just before they came up, called each for a tumbler of beer, drank it, and threw the tumblers on the flags at the door, and rode off, without paying anything; that, on account of her standing at the door, and looking after them, she thought it caused the others, who had just come in sight, to behave as they had done. While we were at the door, the main body came up, with an officer at their head, whose name, we were told, was Wardle.

"A Limerick soldier, named Maher, demanded of the officer if he had given orders for the "raking" of the house. The officer said, "who are you, sir?" Maher replied, "I am a soldier of the City Limerick Militia." "Where is your officer?" demanded the English officer. "I command this party," said Maher, "and, being here to refresh, and seeing the house perfectly orderly, I think it my duty to acquaint your honour with the circumstance." The officer ordered a party forthwith to dismount the two soldiers of his party, and march them away on foot; and desired Stewart to make out his bill of the damage, and come into Banbridge, and it should be paid. But Stewart said they knew where he lived, and might injure him again, and he refused to do so. I went with the Limerick men into Banbridge, and being, as they thought, in the recruiting service, they got me a billet for two men, which I did not think right to use; but,

after spending the evening with them, I went to a lodging-house, where some of the aforesaid horsemen (the Ancient Britons) were billeted. I slept but little, and the next day proceeded on my journey to Belfast, and was glad to get home, having travelled—

	MILES.
To Roscommon, and home to Belfast.....	200
To Dublin	80
To Prosperous, and back to Dublin	30
To Roscommon from Dublin	79
To Dublin from Roscommon	79
To Stratford on Slaney from Dublin.....	26
To Dublin from Stratford.....	26
Astray in the mountains of Wicklow.....	8
From Dublin to Roscommon.....	79
From Roscommon to Belfast, by Athlone...	100
	707

"Early in 1797, we had been led to expect a movement; but what prevented it I know no more of, than what I was told by William Putnam M'Cabe. He said he had travelled from Dublin with Colonel James Plunket of Elfin, and another gentleman, a school-fellow of Bonaparte, who had been a soldier, by profession, on the Continent, (whether in the French or German service I do not know,) and John Hughes of Belfast, who turned informer in 1798, but was at that time one of Lord Edward's confidential acquaintances, which confidence continued until the very day of Lord Edward's arrest. After viewing the camp at Blaris and the adjacent country, the gentleman said, that if the people were firm, and would stand to each other, the conquest of the camp and country would be easy—the counties of Antrim and Down had only so to be directed, to act in concert—to cut off the communication with the camp—to secure some guns that were then in Hillsborough, with the view of using double-headed shot against the wooden houses that were in the vicinity of the camp, and

me on a command to the south, and said he had called a meeting of his colonels that day. I was met on my way by Henry J. M'Cracken, who stopped me, and said the general had not obeyed the signal for general action, and must be watched. I went home by his orders, and that evening he came to my house, we learned that the general had resigned; and John Hughes, the informer, being the medium of communication between Down and Antrim, he sent me with a letter to Dr. Dixon, but he had been arrested that day. Hughes sent me subsequently to different places to look for him, but he knew well my labour was lost.

"The organization of the north being thus deranged, the colonels flinched, and the chief of the Antrim men, the forlorn hope party of the union, not appearing, the duty fell on Henry J. M'Cracken; he sent fighting orders to the Colonels of Antrim, three of whom sent the identical orders to General Nugent, and the messenger he sent to Down proving unfaithful, the people of Down had no correct knowledge of affairs at Antrim, until they heard of the battle of the 7th of June.

"The greatest part of our officers, especially of those who were called colonels, either gave secret information to the enemy, or neutralized the exertions of individuals as far as their influence extended.

"I never knew a single colonel in the County of Antrim, who, when the time for active measures came, had drawn out his men, or commanded them, in that character. They had, however, a sufficient apology, for the General-in-chief whom they had appointed, resi ned on the eve of action.

"We were thus situated, forced by burning of houses, and the torturing of the peasantry, into resistance. Without the due appointment of superior officers in the place of those who had resigned and abandoned the cause.

"I have already given you some account of the battle of Antrim; on some points, and not unimportant ones, you were misinformed by the Rev. Mr. M'Cartney. I was present on that occasion, and not a mere spec-

tator of that battle. I pointed out to you, on the spot, the ground we occupied, and the several places where our people, at the onset, had triumphantly charged their enemies, and had been at last repulsed by them. Previous to our march for Antrim I was not appointed to any command; I had refused to accept of any. In the front rank there were 18 men, most of them personal friends and acquaintances of my own, led by a man named John M'Gladdery. I was in that front rank; and it was allowed by our opponents the men belonging to it marched up the main street, and met the enemies troops in good order, and did the duty assigned to them in a becoming manner. The first position taken was the church-yard, which commands the main street. There our green banner was unfurled, and M'Cracken was stationed with his principal officers about him.

"When the street firing on us commenced, a girl came up to us, in the church-yard, and told our leader there was a loop hole in the wall where he had better go. She had come there in the midst of the firing to point it out to him. When the panic occurred, and the party in reserve mistook the flight of some dragoons for a charge on their companions, M'Cracken on quitting the church-yard to check the disorder, left me in command of that place, and I maintained it as long as there was a hope of keeping possession of the town.

"I wish to correct a few errors in the statement of Dr. Macartney's, respecting the battle of Antrim. It is not true, that we had two pieces of cannon at Antrim, we had a brass piece which had belonged to the Volunteers. It, and another of the same description, had been buried without the knowledge of the Rev. Mr. Campbell, in his Meeting House at Templepatrick. When the Monaghan Militia were burning the village of Templepatrick, the other piece was discovered, and Mr. Campbell, who knew nothing whatsoever of the concealment of the pieces there, was suspected to have had a guilty knowledge of the fact, and was never forgiven by Lord Templeton.

The men who were in the foremost ranks of the people, marching into Antrim, were a small body of the Roughforth Volunteers, remarkably steady men, they came on in three files, six deep. The column that followed consisted of Templepatrick and Carmoney men, and some of the Kellead people, who had arms. Those of the Campbell family were particularly distinguished among them for their courage; Joshua and Henry fell in the action.

"It is stated by Mr. Macartney, that the people marched to music, or that the air of the Lass of Richmond Hill, was played. We had no musical instruments of any kind amongst us. A man of the name of Harvey commenced singing "The Marsellois Hymn," as we marched into the town, in which his companions joined, but thinking we needed a more lively air, I struck up a verse of a merry Irish song, which was soon joined in by our party.

"With respect to persons dressed in green uniform amongst us, the only green uniform at the battle of Antrim was worn by Robert Wilson, which uniform I had succeeded in bringing out of Belfast, in a sack the day that the flogging of the people commenced there. Wilson was a young man of great courage, and excellent conduct and discretion. He has been very active all along, and always behaved with prudence and resolution. His family were highly respectable, his father held a situation in the Belfast Bank.*

"Mr. Macartney, and the yeomen he commanded, after the burning of some houses in the town, had taken refuge behind the wall of the park of Lord Massarene, in front of the high street, and occasionally rose up and fired some shots down the street. Close to the market-house, near the castle gate, some yeomen and horse soldiers kept their ground, the yeomen had two pieces of cannon there, which were soon silenced. We were about to attack the horsemen

* Miss M'Cracken says her brother spoke in the highest terms of Wilson's conduct at Antrim.

when a body of Ballyclare men entered the town by the west end street, and by Bow-lane. This caused some confusion, and the troops at the market-house profitted by it to renew their fire, and took off some of our leaders. The people began to give way, and in attempting to stop the fugitives, M'Cracken, who proceeding with a party of men, by the rear of the houses, to dislodge the yeomen stationed in Lord Massarene's park, was borne down, disobeyed, and deserted by the panic struck multitude. He then made his way to Donogore Hill, along with Robert Wilson, where he expected to find a body of men in reserve, but all his plans had been frustrated by the defection of the military chiefs. James Agnew Farrel, and Mr. Quin, a person employed in the salt works at Larne, had been appointed colonels, but neither acted. Farrel either brought, or sent, his fighting orders to General Nugent, and then he went to Scotland. One of our prisoners was a Captain George Mason M'Claverty, who had been taken that morning in his house, and carried to Donegal Hill. He used every argument to prevail on the people to disperse and return to their homes, promising them every protection in his power. He subsequently fulfilled his promise to the letter, not one of the persons in his neighbourhood, many of whom he had seen in arms that day, did he suffer to be troubled or prosecuted. He was one of the most humane and just magistrates in the county. The number of the people killed in the town, that is to say in the action, was very few. James M'Glathery, who had a command, wrote a sketch of the action, which Miss M'Cracken saw in the hands of his sister, Mrs. Shaw, of Belfast, in which it was stated that only five or six of the people were killed in the town in action, and H. J. M'Cracken said the statement was correct.* The dead bodies of

* The Mr. J. M'Glathery, who fought at Antrim, in what he considered the cause of liberty, proved a recreant to his principles. He escaped from Ireland—he ended his days on board a slave ship, on his way to the coast of Guinea.

both parties were buried in the sands, at Shane's Castle, but those of the people, who were found slain in the fields, were buried in the cross roads at Muckamore, where it had been customary to inter those who committed suicide.

"While any prospect of serving our cause appeared to exist, a few of us remained in arms; our ranks at length diminished, the influence of the merchants on the manufacturers, and that of the manufacturers on the workmen, formed a strong chain of pecuniary interests in the province of *Ulster*, so that shelter or relief of any kind afforded to those who stood out, was at the risk of the life and property of the giver.

"The very perfection of our organization in *Ulster* gave treachery the greater scope, from the greater intercourse it caused in societies and committees, and numbers of persons, thus becoming personally known to each other, the organization of treachery was rendered still more complete, and, if a comparative few had not thrown their lives into the scale, Castlereagh's plan of keeping the north and south divided, must have sooner succeeded.

"When all our leaders deserted us, Henry Joy M'Cracken stood alone faithful to the last. He led on the forlorn hope of the cause at Antrim, and brought the government to terms with all but the leaders.

"He died, rather than prove a traitor to his cause, of which fact I am still a living witness, who shared in all his exertions while he lived, and defy any authentic contradiction of that assertion now, or at any future date.

"On the 7th of June, 1798, the Braid men had assembled near Broughshane, and marched for Ballymena. They were met, on the way, by some yeomen from Ballymena, whom they took prisoners, and marched back to town. The prisoners seeing their

neighbours were suffered to carry their arms, until they should deposit them in the market house, but when they were on the stairs, going up to the market house, one of the prisoners, named Davison, having a blunderbuss, discharged it at the people, killed one man, and wounded another, firing then commenced from both parties, several fell in the streets, and the yeomen got in safety into the house. The people left the street for some little time, until a tar barrel was set on fire under the ceiling, and some shots were fired up through it, one of which killed a yeoman; the smoke of the burning tar, admonished the yeomen of their danger, they threw out their arms, and begged for mercy, which was granted, and they were put into the Black-hole under the market-house. A jury sat on the man who broke the peace, and he was condemned to die: two imprudent young men went to put the sentence into immediate execution, and were followed by others, but, on entering the cell, they found the man they were in search of, sitting on some timber that lay there. They ordered him to rise, he refused, and one of them struck him with the butt of his musket, he fell back over the timber on which he sat, and one of the young men taking him by the hand, to raise him on his feet, having a dagger in the other, the yeoman seized the weapon, and drove it through the young man's breast bone, who exclaimed "I am killed." Another young man then rushed forward and received three wounds, when an old man entered, took hold of the prisoner, and though he was wounded by the yeoman in nine places, the old man dragged him to the door, and there he died by the pike. The other wounded man recovered, but the old man was afterwards prosecuted, and suffered death in Ballymena.

"The people continued to flock into Ballymena for two days; but treachery was too well organized in the middle ranks, particularly among the rich farmers, who discouraged their neighbours with contradictory reports.

" An officer of the Volunteers of 1784, had the command of the town of Ballymena at this time. He said he had 11,000 men under his command, with whom he would march for Dublin; that he would put the Kells men in the advanced guard, to prevent them from running home again. We obeyed his order; joined the Kells-men, who were ordered to Donegore-hill, and on our march were followed by a young man on horseback, who reported, as he rode along our lines, that peace had been made; that Lord O'Neil had forgiven all his tenants a year's rent, and they had returned home; and that the men at Toombridge had accepted the terms, and dispersed, which news produced a mutiny. We then returned to Kells—this was on the 9th—and on the 10th, in the morning, we learned that the leaders in Ballymena had deserted, and the people had dispersed; the Kells-men followed the example. Mr. M'Cracken had been employed in collecting a few stragglers in the mountains, mostly Belfast-men, who could not go home; and such as were willing to continue in arms marched with him.

" On Saturday, the 9th of June, I joined the Kells-men, and was told that there were some boxes of new arms in the neighbourhood, that would be distributed as soon as required. I got a fine-looking new musket, which my comrade fancied, and I gave it to him. He brought it to Themish before he discovered that the touch-hole was only bored sufficiently far into the barrel to prevent discovery, without its being tried by a pin; my comrade threw it on the green. Whether his doing so prevented us from getting more new arms or not, I do not know; but we saw but the one musket. The open danger which we ran, was nothing to the deep treachery which we had to encounter and defeat.

" The first authentic account received at Down from Antrim, was from William Kane, a native of Belfast, who crossed the channel in a boat to Holywood. But the principal leader in that district had fled to a tender, that lay in Belfast Lough, for refuge. News

went to Bangor, and the people, commanded by James Scott, who afterwards went to New York, secured some guns from a barge that lay in Belfast Lough, and marched to join a body of Killinchy-men, who had defeated a party of the York Fencibles, near Saintfield. They advanced a short distance, when a party of Loyalists, mostly belonging to the towns, who had joined through fear, was met, and permitted to return home. They were reinforced by some men from Holywood, and the surrounding country, and learning that a party from Newtownards had received a check in Newtown, they marched in that direction. The soldiers fled on their approach, and left their drums, baggage, and arms with the people. They then marched to Scraby mountain, and next day joined the Killinchy-men at Creevy Rocks, when Munro appeared, and was appointed, by acclamation, to the chief command. He marched direct for Ballinahinch; divided his men into two parties, in order to enter the town at either end, and, on their approach, the enemy fled, and left a baker (the only one in town) hanging at his own door. The main body took post on the Hill of Ednavaddy, and next day, about two o'clock, the enemy appeared,—horse, foot, and artillery, from Belfast. Munro ordered his musketry to intercept them at the Windmill-hill, which they did by a well-directed fire. The enemy retreated, and the people followed them some distance; the troops rallied, brought up their artillery, gained the town, and planted out-posts at no great distance from the people.

"A company of young men, called the 'Broomhedge Boys,' from their having sprigs of broom in their hats, dislodged them, with the loss of 17 of their number, and 36 of the enemy killed, and some prisoners, *for the people gave quarter, though the enemy did not.* A troop of the enemy's horse was cut off in the night, by an out-post of the people, which was all that happened during the night. Early in the morning, Scott, of Bangor, led a select party into town, under a heavy

fire from the enemy stationed in the houses on each side of the street, and grape-shot from the artillery in the street. The guns were taken and re-taken three times. The last charge the enemy made, they fell to a man; but the sound of the bugle for retreat, on the part of the enemy, was mistaken by the people for the signal for another charge, which produced a panic, the people fled in all directions; the retreat from the town caused the panic to extend to the hill, and the whole mass dispersed.

"The people's cause was finally lost, (at least in that struggle). It now only remained for the enemy to attack the memory of the dead, and the characters of the living, and to slander all who had dared to resist their cruelty. Such as could be neither intimidated nor corrupted, were put to death, or banished; and those, whose fortune it was to escape, could not contradict the false reports, with any chance of safety or success.

"At this period, confidence was driven back to the narrow circles of well-tried acquaintance, and every stranger was met with suspicion. The names of the inmates of houses were posted on every door; the situation of such as would not surrender on Cornwallis's proclamation, can only be conceived by those who felt it. What induced so many to risk the danger of refusing the proffered terms, I will not pretend to determine; but mine was this—having joined the Union in the spring-time of its strength, from a conscientious conviction of its principles being right, and having had no reason to change my opinion, when the society was overtaken by adversity, I felt bound to that cause to which I had pledged my life along with my countrymen, and I considered to surrender under that proclamation, was not only a recantation of one's principles, but a tacit acquiescence in the justice of the punishment which had been inflicted on thousands of my unfortunate associates.

"To hold up my hands for pardon to those who had imbrued theirs in the blood of my associates, seemed

to me to carry with it a participation in the guilt of the blood of my brethern. Thinking a clear conscience of all things most necessary, and looking to the *Most High* alone for protection, I could not join in any written or verbal acknowledgment of guilt, or solicitation for pardon to any human being. I resolved never to be taken alive; I knew no danger, but that of wilfully and knowingly doing wrong.

"They in Ulster, that acted otherwise, gave our enemies an opportunity of shaking the confidence of our countrymen in the other provinces, by constantly reminding them how the Dissenters of the north began the business, and in the time of need were the first to abandon it. The taunt only served for a time to keep up a desire in the Northerns to show that the cause in the North had not been abandoned by them. There was an earnest watching of the fortunes of the Continental war at this time. The Liberals, or moderate aristocrats, in some instances, affecting to sympathize with the people, became the channel of intelligence to the enemy, of the hopes and expectations that still lingered in the people's mind. In many instances information of this kind was conveyed without intending perfidy; its being given, arose from the intercourse of the parties with the higher classes. The feelings of the people thus ascertained, kept the government in perpetual apprehension; but their hired spies often raised the apprehension to very unnecessary alarm, fabricating conspiracies, plots, &c.

"In this way they fabricated a plot, which they pretended to discover, after the suppression of the rebellion, amongst the state prisoners in Kilmainham gaol. The report occasioned a search to be made, when some papers were taken from a man named Ivers, of Carlow, one of the state prisoners, who immediately after was removed to Fort George in Scotland.

"The few who were neither to be intimidated nor corrupted, were thus sacrificed in one way or the other, either put to death or banished, or pursued, and forced to fly to foreign countries."

CHAPTER V.

"I REMAINED at work nearly four months, after the failure of our last effort in the neighbourhood of Belfast and Ballymena. No positive information appeared to have been sworn against me, and so far, I was fortunate enough to escape the fate of my noble leader, and of many of my brave companions. But still I was a marked man, and was compelled for years to wander from place to place, and avoid my enemies. During this period many circumstances came to my knowledge, connected with our struggle, which made a deep impression on my mind, and some of them ought not to be forgotten.

"James Hunter, of Glenely, near Glenarn, was a respectable farmer, and well beloved by every honest man who knew him; when the people assembled in arms, on Balare Hill, above Glenarn, he appeared among them. Squire Boyd, of Ballycastle, came to his house, some days after the dispersion of the people with his yeomen, early in the morning, roused him and his wife and family out of bed, set a ladder to a tree before his door, and fastened a rope about his neck, and setting his house on fire, had him mounted on the ladder ready to turn him off. While the yeomen were about their hangman's work, Boyd inquired, of the unfortunate man, if he had any confession of his guilt to make, or any thing to say. Hunter, who had previously in vain supplicated to be heard, cried out—there is a child in that house, an orphan, who was brought up by me—if I saw it out unhurt, I would be content to die: but the house began to burn with such fury that no one dared to enter. Boyd ordered the yeomen to take the prisoner down and let him venture in. He was taken down, and, the moment he was unbound, he rushed into the house. He knew well that no child was there, he ran to a window that was in the gable of the house, and near it was a hollow, where some apple trees

grew, which was so covered with smoke, that the yeomen did not observe his escape until they saw him on a lime hill, at a considerable distance, waving his hand for them to follow, which, from his knowledge of the mountains, they knew it was useless to attempt.

" Hunter was taken afterwards and prosecuted by a school-fellow of his own, under the following circumstances,—the witness's name was Daniel M'Coy, he had joined the yeomen, and the country people had taken some of the yeomen's families as hostages to Balare Hill. M'Coy's wife was one of the hostages, and lay in, on the hill. Hunter had a tent erected on a convenient place, and set a guard over the tent to prevent any annoyance to her or the women that attended her, which M'Coy alledged was a proof of his being a commander among the rebels. Hunter was condemned on his evidence, and lay under sentence of death, nine days in Carrickfergus Jail. By the interest of Sir Henry Vane Tempest, of Glenarn Castle, George Anson, M'Laverty, of Larne Glen, and some other gentlemen, his sentence was changed to banishment, and he was sent to New Geneva, and from thence to the 11th Regiment in the West Indies, from which he escaped to the United States, and got home to his family. He had not been long at home when he was taken again, and by the same interest that had saved his life before, he got permission to go to Norway. The same gentlemen subsequently got permission for him to return home with his family. He had not been very long at home, when the cattle of his neighbour, the man on whose evidence he had been convicted, were seized on for debt. As soon as Hunter heard of the distress the man had fallen into, he went to him, entered bail for the debt, and relieved the cattle. I happened to be on a visit at Hunter's when the prosecutor came to him for a receipt, in discharge for the debt which had been punctually paid by him. He talked of his having kept his promise, and began to boast of his honourable conduct. Hunter took no notice of his boasting, but I did, and took

some pains to shew him the difference between Hunter's conduct and his own. I told him he must never think of boasting in the presence of a man who had gained two such great victories, for Hunter must have conquered himself before he was able to conquer his deadly enemy.

"During Hunter's exile, his farm which was valuable, had been heavily mortgaged, he sold out his interest in it, and went with his family to the United States. I heard of their safe arrival at Philadelphia, but never had any further account of him or his family since his arrival there. * * * *

"Joseph Corbally, a tailor, lived near Nawl. He was a well disposed young man, and when Defenderism was introduced into the counties of Meath and Dublin, he was appointed a captain, but a faction sprung up in his neighbourhood, the followers of which began to plunder in the name of Defenders. The Defenders of which he had the command, were under obligation to obey him, *not in any violation of the law*, but in the defence of life and property. In virtue of this obligation, he procured a warrant, arrested some of the robbers, and delivered them up to the civil authorities. The Volunteers had not then been put down, and he used to discipline his men, (the Defenders,) as if they were Volunteer recruits, on a hill in the neighbourhood. Archibald Hamilton Rowan, and James N. Tandy, happened to pass, from Drogheda to Dublin, by the road, along the side of the hill, in sight of the parade where the men were mustered, and went up to them and gave them their advice to desist, telling them that their appearing in arms would not serve either themselves or the country; and their parades were discontinued. A magistrate, named Graham, having discovered the circumstance, induced two of the robbers, whom Corbally had arrested, to swear against him, as a leader of Defenders, and had him committed to jail; while he lay in Kilmainham for trial, Graham offered him his liberty, and a large reward, if he would swear against Rowan and Tandy.

" Corbally, after his trial was over, told the offer he had from Graham, to the gentlemen whom it concerned, who commenced, or talked of commencing, a suit against Graham for conspiring against their lives. Corbally had no witness but the jailer, and he swore that he was drunk at the time, and could not remember the conversation, and Corbally was sentenced to four years transportation to Botany Bay. On his way to his destination, one of the convicts told the captain of the vessel that there was a conspiracy to murder him, and the crew and turn pirates; he pointed one out as leader, whose name I have forgotten, and Corbally being observed as the acquaintance of the man that was accused, was put in irons along with him. The man was tried, and condemned, and flogged to death, and Corbally lay for three days hand-cuffed to his corpse, before it was committed to the sea. Before they landed, it was found out that the information was false, and the captain flogged the informer severely. When his term of banishment expired, Corbally returned to England in a South Sea whaler, came to his own country, and died with his widowed mother at home.

" At the beginning of the short peace, the Orangemen of Dublin held their usual rejoicings on the 12th of July. Cavan-street was then the residence of many of them, mostly nailors. An opposite party, in the neighbourhood, took a notion, that being then at peace with France, they might lawfully hold a day of rejoicing on the 14th, which they did by dressing the fountain, in Cavan-street, with green boughs. The Orange party, who were mostly yeomen, stood inside of their doors with loaded arms. A tall young man, named Ryan, a wine-porter, passing through the street, being a Catholic, but not at all concerned in the business, was shot dead by a nailor named Shiels. The nailor was sought for, and proclaimed by the magistrates, but was concealed in the Royal Barracks. This was disclosed by a soldier from the barrack to a friend of mine; but who dared to go there

to apprehend him? I had no knowledge of any of the relations of the deceased; but I had some knowledge of Counsellor M'Nally, so I went and told him, that if he would procure me a warrant, I would go to the barracks, present myself to the commanding officer, and point out the very room in which the murderer was. M'Nally seemed highly pleased, and desired me to call in the evening, and he would have the warrant, which I did. He then put me off until next morning, when he sent his son with me to Justice Greenshields, of Bride-street, with whom he stayed in private for about ten minutes; and then, coming out of the office with the Justice, he said to him, (pointing to me,) this is the man. The Justice then asked me my name, and where I lived, my business, and if I was any relation of the deceased; and, being answered no, he asked what interest I had in pursuing. Shiels. I said none, but the common interest, that people might feel, who wished, to be able to come and go through the streets, about their business, without being shot; but if his honour did not think proper to intrust me with the warrant, I had no right to insist; and, telling him where Shiels was to be found, I walked away. While I was doing this, word arrived that Shiels was gone off with a party of soldiers. A number of the Liberty-boys set off to keep them in view, if possible. They met the soldiers returning without Shiels, and, being then convinced of his flight, two of the party, one Donally, who had served with Shiels in the Tipperary Militia, and a lad named Barry, continued the pursuit.

"An uncle of the deceased was called on, and acquainted with the step I had taken; he applied to Greenshields for a warrant, and it was granted to him. The uncle, accompanied by Edward Finn and myself, then began our pursuit.

"Shiels had left the barracks in the morning, and the same day, at sun-set, we were at Castleknock, on the track of the murderer. We passed through Dunshaughlin at dusk; we observed Donally standing at

a door. He had overtaken Sheils, who said he meant to travel by Enniskillen for Derry; but, a car-man joining them on the road, Sheils agreed for a seat on his car into Navan, and Donally, having no money, was forced to return. At day-break we set out, and passed through the town of Kells, where Sheils had told Donally he expected to meet friends, and stop, perhaps, two days. Barry was left at Navan, on the look-out; others were left on the watch at Kells, and the uncle and I continued our journey in another direction.

"The uncle, an old soldier, who had the ague, in the West Indies, was unable to continue the chase, so I proceeded, alone, as far as Butler's-bridge, where I had some acquaintance closing that pass also; but, on my return, I learned that Barry had arrived, and had met with Shiels in a public-house in Navan, and being asked by him, or some of his company, to drink a toast which he did not like, Barry went out, seemingly in a huff, and returned with a constable, and arrested him, and had him confined; but the magistrate, having no information to warrant his committal, could only detain him twenty-four hours. He, therefore, sent Barry forward with a carriage in quest of the uncle, who had the warrant, and thus, our object having been accomplished, I set out for Dublin. Shiels was committed to gaol in Navan, and from thence transmitted to Dublin.

"When his trial came on, Counsellor M'Nally called the strongest evidence, which was so clear, that no jury could have acquitted him; but it was so contrived that the jury sat out the commission, and were discharged. A day was appointed for a second trial, he was again brought before a jury. The Judge, in charging the jury, said—"gentlemen of the jury, I see this is party business." And so the murderer Sheils, was acquitted, and rewarded by government, by being appointed to the situation of a guard of the mail coach; what became of him afterwards I know not, but Ryan was not his first victim.

"Of my many escapes from danger, there was one which I had great reason to be thankful for. I had been working at my trade in Dublin, from the time I came from Tullamore. The house where I lived was next to one in which a tailor, named Oder, lived, who belonged to Major Sirr's gang. He was what we called a guinea-pig, from the wages which he received weekly, for attending every night at Smyth's in Crampton-court, off Dame-street, with such information as he could procure. In the house where my family was, there was a very honest man, named Edward Holmes, who was very kind to my wife and children; he was a slater, and, in the course of his business, he fell into a job, in which the notorious Hugh Woolahan was also employed. Holmes being a United-man, and an unsuspecting one, was easily persuaded by Woolahan that he was a friend also. Holmes invited him to dine at his house, and, while at dinner, told him what a fine fellow lodged up stairs, to whom he would introduce him the first opportunity. When I came home at night, he told me that a friend of our cause had dined with him, from Wicklow or Wexford; and, on hearing his name, "take care," said I, "it is not Woolahan the murderer you have, for whose acquittal the officers who sat on his court-martial were censured by Lord Cornwallis." Holmes met him going to work next morning, and asked plainly if he was that man, he denied it, and said he was only his brother; but as soon as Holmes went to work, he was warned, by stones and brickbats falling near him, that he was not among friends, and he was glad to get his ladders and his life safe out of it. Shortly after, the wife of Oder, the tailor above mentioned, called on my landlord, John Golding, and said she had a secret to tell him, if she durst, that might be useful to some of his friends who were in danger; but he kept his distance, alledging, he knew of none of his friends being in danger at all.

"One evening, shortly after this occurrence, I had to go to Cork-street, and did not go straight home,

which was fortunate for me, for when I came home, a man at the door told me that men of a suspicious appearance had been inquiring for me, and that one, who called himself Adair, a carpenter, said I had appointed to meet him that evening; that there were several of them, and that they parted three and three, and went different roads. My own son James, then about seven years of age, came up, and said, that bad-looking men were there, he saw their pistols under their coats; I then ran up stairs, but Rosy had been invited to spend that evening at Mr. Palmer's. I went down stairs immediately, and Mrs. Barry, whose husband had given me the first warning, met me, and showed me three of the gang at the corner of Little Longford-street. I observed a boy under a lamp opposite, in the lane; I left the house, and walked smartly down the lane, with a pistol cocked in each hand, expecting to meet some of the party, and, on turning the corner, I observed the boy following me, whom I had seen under the lamp: I went down Great George's-street into Dame-street, and over Essex-bridge to Capel-street, to warn a man named Kirkwood, with whom I had been that evening, that he might be prepared if the search came.

"The boy who had followed me all this way passed me as I entered Bolton-street, and ran before me, I at first thought that Coffey's house might be guarded, and that he was going to warn the guard of my approach, but observing him stop at a gateway, and place himself close up to the gate, I sprang round the corner into King-street, and then turning down by the front of Newgate, and crossing to Church-street by the lower end of Newgate, went up Church-street, and round by King-street, and into the house of one Patrick Martin, a cooper, where I stopped for the night, and next morning sent to inquire for my family, and learned that I had been only gone from home a short time when the guard returned, they stopped there until Rosy came home, accompanied by Mr. Palmer's son, William, a very undaunted youth, but

of a mild appearance. She passed in through the guard, and they inquired of her if Mrs. Moylan was in, (the name she went by,) she said she was going up to see, and bid Mr. Palmer come up—her seeming unconcern deceived them, and she going into the room, next to her own, and biding Mr. Palmer good night, he was not stopped at the door. Two of our children being asleep in that room, and the third in care of the mistress of the house, Rosy threw off her cloak, took the child on her knee, and sat on the foot of a bed, in a few minutes the guard came up, and, my door being locked, they went into the room where Rosy was, in which there were two men and two women in bed, whom they examined very strictly, but they all speaking with *up-country* tongue, they never seemed to see Rosy at all, and the mistress of the place not being in bed, kept them in talk until they went out on the lobby, and began to talk of searching my room, when Rosy slipped the key to the mistress, and she told them, the woman left it with her when she went out, they then went in, and searched the room narrowly, not forgetting the chimney, but no discovery. Rosy was represented as a woman whose husband was at sea, but as she had not heard of him for some time he was thought to be dead, but some of my clothes being in the room they remarked she must be a curious widow who had men's trowsers in her room, which the mistress dexterously answered by saying that she was well handed, and mended and made for men or women for the support of her children. They then went away, saying they would call and see their widow again. They took a letter which we had been both writing, which they noticed, but no clue was in it for them. As soon as they were gone, and the hall-door shut, Rosy took her bed, and the children, down to Mr. Holme's room, for the night, and, at the first light in the morning, the informers returned, and were told she had left the house on hearing of their visit, and no one knew, or wished to know, where she went. Oder, the informer, lost his birth, he was

taken and sworn to as a deserter, and sent to a condemned regiment.

"When I arrived in Dublin, in 1798, it was then believed, by the best informed of my friends, that Lord Edward's arrest was occasioned by the imprudence of a girl in Murphy's house, in Thomas-street. But at a much later period, in 1815, I was informed by the wife of an employer of mine, John Blair, who had been a soldier in the Antrim militia, that she was in the Royal Barracks, Dublin, the day that Lord Edward was taken; and that it was known to the soldiers wives, the whole afternoon of that day, that Lord Edward was in the house of Murphy's, the feather merchant, in Thomas-street; she said, that one of the soldier's wives had been employed to wash down Murphy's stairs, that Lord Edward had been down stairs when she began to work, and had sprung lightly past her, leaving the marks of his shoes on the newly washed stairs, and when he was out of hearing she cursed his feet, but the servant girl, who heard her, said, 'why do you speak so rude to a gentleman?' 'He is some scut,' was the answer. 'Oh,' said the girl, 'that is Lord Edward Fitzgerald.' This agreed so well with what I had heard in Dublin, that I thought it likely to have gone from the barracks to the castle. Nor did I hear any other reason given for the discovery, although I had recourse to Dublin for eight years, immediately after the transaction, and had access to men of all ranks, that had been kindly to our cause.*

* The report respecting Murphy's servant being the cause of the discovery of Lord Edward, at her master's house, I believe, has no foundation. The sister of Nicholas Murphy, a few weeks before her death, informed me that neither her brother, nor herself, ever had the slightest suspicion of the fidelity and integrity of that servant. She was rather an elderly woman, her name was M'Loughlin. She and her husband had lived in the service of their family, in Thomas-street, nearly twenty five years. A few weeks before Lord Edward's arrest, the husband had gone into the country. Both he and the wife were long since dead. Poor Miss Murphy ended her days

CHAPTER VI.

"AFTER the battle of Antrim, I remained in the north, till the month of November, 1798, when I was compelled to quit that part of the country to avoid being arrested. I proceeded to Dublin, where I was joined by my wife and child, in the summer of 1799, and worked there at cotton weaving, until I was employed by Mr. Charles H. Teeling, who was then establishing a bleach green at the Nawl, in the County Meath.

"While I was living at Mr. Teeling's, a poor fellow who had been discharged from the Armagh militia, and was returning home with his family, his wife and children fell sick on the road near Mr. Teeling's, and got a lodging in a farmer's barn for a night, but learning it was fever, they were turned out next morning; being unable to travel further they lay down in a ditch on the road side. I found them in that miserable situation, and told Mr. Teeling of it, he sent his men that instant, and before night had a booth erected and thatched, fit to resist the heaviest rain, and had the family provided regularly with plenty of clean dry wheat straw; by his assistance and support the family were all restored to health, and enabled to pursue their journey. I worked at weaving with Edward Finn, in the Liberty, till June, 1799. Circumstances then obliged me to move my quarters. I went down to Mr. Charles Teeling's place, at the Nawl, in the County Meath, and remained in his employment, as over-seer of his bleach green, till 1802. A foreman of Mr. Teeling's, named John

in great indigence, at the age of 75 years, in the summer of 1843. The charity of a relative, and the interest of a sum of money saved from the wreck of her brother's property, amounting to about £10 a year, enabled her to drag out a miserable existence, fully conscious that she had claims on the justice of persons who did not choose to acknowledge them.—R.R.M.

M'Carroll, gave information against me. I then had to fly, and return to Dublin. With the assistance of Mr. Teeling I set up a small haberdasher's store, at No. 8, on the Coombe, and I remained there till the month of June, 1803. I had formerly worked, for a short time, with Mr. Lawrence Tighe, in his bleach green at Blue Bells, near Dublin. Tighe one day asked me a question which caused me to think he was an informer, and I immediately left his employment.

"The place I lived in, on the Coombe, was directly opposite a temporary barrack, where a company of soldiers was stationed. In the spring of 1803, James M'Gucken, the attorney of Belfast, called upon me for information, which I refused to give him. I had a comrade, a native of Dublin, who had settled with his family in Belfast. Russell had sent for him, and this he had told to M'Gucken. The latter followed him to Dublin, accompanied by Cornelius Brannon, a tailor, and called on me, at my little place on the Coombe, to inquire for my comrade, and to put other questions to me which I did not answer. He then offered me money to quit my connection with the United Irishmen. 'If you have fulfilled your obligation to their society,' said I, 'you can quit when you choose; but it does not seem to me that I have fulfilled mine yet.' 'Well,' said he, raising his voice, and speaking angrily, 'tell your comrade to see me before he leaves Dublin, or by—— I will be his death.' 'I had a case of pistols lying in the desk behind the counter loaded. I took them out, and levelling one of them at him, and pointing with the other to the barrack, I said, 'James, I know the guard is there, you have shewn what you are, I will shew you, how little I regard your threat.' 'Ah, Jemie,' said he, recovering himself, quickly, and forcing himself to smile, 'I never thought it would come to this, between you and me.' 'It is your own doing,' said I. He asked if we could not have some thing to drink, in order to shew that we were friends again. I replied that I was not his enemy, unless he forced me to be such. I sent out for some porter, we drank

out of the same vessel, and the unpleasant affair went off as a joke. My landlord lived next door. The moment M'Gucken left my shop, I went to the former, paid my rent, packed up my little property, and that evening I quitted the house. M'Gucken came next day, at ten o'clock, accompanied by an officer of the Liberty yeomen, and a gentleman whom my landlord did not know; but the bird had flown.

"A few days before, I received a note, stating, that if I would walk, on a certain evening, between Roper's Rest and Harold's Cross, I would meet a friend there. I went, and found Robert Emmet waiting for me.*

"From the Coombe, I removed, along with my wife and an infant, to Butterfield-lane, near Rathfarnham, to a house which had been taken by Mr. Robert Emmet. During my residence there, I assisted Mr. Robert Emmet in all his operations, until Mr. Russel required me to go with him to the North.

"I first became acquainted with Russel, in Belfast, soon after the the United system came into operation. He honoured me with his friendship,—friendship, which, ripening to the utmost extent of human confidence, continued during his life, and will continue to endear his memory during mine.

"It was previous to my meeting with Mr. Emmet, that Mr. Neilson, at the risk of his life, returned, without the permission of government, from banishment, and

* All the portion of Hope's narrative, which has reference to Emmet's movement, I have reserved for the memoir of Robert Emmet. The most valuable details, will be found in that portion of Hope's papers.

I am aware of the disadvantage that must accrue, to the memoir of Hope, from the application of such valuable matter, (as his account of the agrarian disturbances, at an early period, in the North,—of the battle of Antrim, of his hazardous journey to Belfast, with Nelson on his return from banishment,—of his connection with Robert Emmet, and of his expedition, with Russell, to the North,) to several memoirs, in which I have availed myself of them. The men, of whom they treat, had the faithful services of Hope, during their struggle. Their memories, I felt I was at liberty, to devote his record of their actions to, in whatever manner his labours could be made most useful to them.—R. R. M.

that he applied to me to accompany him to the North. This was in 1802, when I brought him there, and back again, to Dublin, in safety.

"It was in 1803 that I was sent by Mr. Emmet to the North, with Mr. Russel. On our failure there, I went with William H. Hamilton, the brother-in-law of Mr. Russel, to Ballyboy, in the county Monaghan. I kept him there, in safety, at Mr. Crawford's, for a long time. He left that place, against my will, and was taken in a cabin, in the neighbourhood, and I, having been seen in his company, that part of the country was no longer safe for me.

"I went to Drogheda, and fell to work, where I remained, until the 12th of July, 1804. I found my wife, after all the perils she had escaped, the same in cheerfulness, in hope, in patience, in fortitude, I had ever found her. She had gone through scenes, which tried some of those qualities.

"In 1803, a short time after Henry Howley's arrest, and the death of Hanlon, who was shot by him, while the soldier's were bringing Hanlon's body on a door, through a street in the Liberty, my wife was passing, with her youngest child in her arms, having under her cloak, a blunderbuss and a case of pistols, which she was taking to the house of Denis Lambert Redmond, who suffered afterwards. She stepped into a shop, and when the crowd had passed, she went on, and executed her orders. On another occasion, she was sent to a house in the Liberty, where a quantity of ball-cartridges had been lodged, to carry them away, to prevent ruin being brought on the house and its inhabitants. She went to the house, put them in a pillow-case, and emptied the contents into the canal, at that part of it which supplies the basin.

"After having visited my family, I quitted Dublin, and settled down to work, at Rathar road, from Tullamore to Tyrrell's-pass, in the county Westmeath, where I continued, until I received news of my wife's illness, who had been worn out, by attending our

youngest child, (who was ill of the small-pox). We had then three children in Dublin, and one in the North. I worked in this place, about a year and a half, at my trade, and paid, with my earnings, the debt of a poor family, amounting to thirteen pounds. I returned to Dublin, and when the child recovered, I fell to work, at corduroy making, until compelled, by the vigilance of my pursuers, to fly once more, when I proceeded to the vicinity of Ratheath, in the county Meath, and remained there, till the times began to be settled.

"From the period of the failure of this last effort, nothing remained for me, but to baffle the designs of the enemy against myself. I went about armed, for three years, determined never to be taken alive, avoiding all connection (with a few exceptions) with men above my own rank, still working for my bread, or on a journey, in search of work, or to see my family, who were then in Dublin. I went with a brace of loaded pistols in my breast, but I never discharged them, during all that time, at any human creature, although I had repeated opportunities, to have cut off Major Sirr, and many other enemies, singly, with the greatest safety to myself. I never felt myself justified in shedding blood, except in cases of attack, which it was my good fortune to evade.

"In the summer of 1805, I stopped for a few weeks, and wrought with a farmer in the country, who took me aside one day, and said, 'Do you know my landlord?' 'Who is he?' said I. 'He is the Marquis of L——,' said he, 'and is one of ourselves, and wishes to see you, and I think he would give you some money, to help you and your family to America.' 'I do not know him,' said I, 'and cannot conceive how he knows me.' 'He was with Mr. Emmet, when Russell and you parted with him, to go to the North," said he,—(I had seen two gentlemen, at Mr. Emmet's, in Butterfield-lane, whom I was informed, were, the then Lord W——, and the other, Mr. Fitzgerald, the brother of the Knight of Glyn);

and he said, 'he is afraid you will be taken.' 'You may tell him,' I replied, "I will never be taken alive. Thank him for me, for his humane offer; but if I were inclined to prosecute him, I could not identify him, having only seen him by candle-light, and cannot remember one word that ever I heard him say. You may tell him, I will never have any connection with any man, of his rank, and would not give up the protection I have, for the king's. I am in charge of a higher power than that of man.'

"At the death of Pitt, the system underwent a change. The Castle spies were discharged, and the state prisoners set at liberty. My wife sent in a memorial to the Duke of Bedford, in her own name, acknowledging that I had fought on the side of the people, and had been driven, like thousands of others, unwillingly, to do so. She was given to understand, I would be permitted to take my chance with the civil laws, and an assurance was given to her, by the secretary, that no information, on oath, had been laid against me, at the Castle, but merely insinuations against me, and suspicions had been communicated, by the gentlemen in Belfast.

"Fleming, one of the witnesses against Robert Emmet, by whom I had sent arms and ammunition, into the Depot, in Thomas-street, much as he had been questioned, and tampered with, had never mentioned my name, either on the trial, or in his sworn informations.

"I resolved to return home, and brave my secret enemies to their face, to call on them for employment, or their interest to procure it. Many made fair promises, which (like their former oaths) they never fulfilled. I was, at length, employed by Mr. William Tucker, an Englishman, who, although a true friend to human liberty, had never been concerned in any of our associations. I served him for nine years, the latter five of which, was at his factory, at Glenford, near Larne; and, on leaving his employment, I returned to Belfast, where I now remain.

"Could I have kept a journal, with dates, materials would not have been wanting, for a narrative of some value; but that, being impossible, I have only given detached recollections, as they occurred to me, at various times, of the most remarkable of the events, in which I was an humble actor.

"The power that has, through life, preserved me, is doing the work, to which my poor efforts were directed. It is farther in advance, than I expected to live to see it. It is past the power of human resistance, to frustrate it. Its progress is employing every intelligent Irish mind. Every step throws fresh light on the subject, that engages it, whether of success or defeat. The mind of the nation lives and grows in vigor. Its object is still before it; and as one of its promoters sinks into the grave, another is still forthcoming. Even self-interest, that was so strong against the nation's interest, is coming round to the latter. Hope for success, under all circumstances—have your heart. You may live to see Ireland what she ought to be; but, whether or not, let us die in this faith."

CHAPTER VII.

"THE result of a long life's experience, and observation of the evils which press upon the people of this land, and render their condition a mournful spectacle to humanity, a scandal and reproach to civilization, and an eternal disgrace to their rulers; and the gist of the opinions I have expressed in the preceding statements, are embodied in the thoughts I have attempted to give expression to in the following observations.

"A monopolizing commerce at home, and extensive plunder abroad, furnished our rulers, in former times, with unbounded means of demoralizing the landed

aristocracy of this country by corruption, and of keeping down the people by physical force; the result is before us in the misery and wretchedness we now witness, which some foresaw, and sacrificed every thing in this life rather than see such dreadful evils entailed on their country. Those evils are now at the bottom of the question, called "*the Landlord and Tenant Question.*" In the treatment of it, however, matters are left out of sight, which ought to be of primary importance. Who is the original lord of the soil, and to whom was the first grant given? Sacred Scripture tells us, that the earth is the Creators, and that he hath given it to the sons of men; by what authority, then, can any earthly creatures cut off the intail?

"My opinion is, that every such attempt is rebellion against the law of the Most High; and in this opinion I am confirmed by the cause of war, which is the consequence of this lust of the possession of land. No man can have a right to the property of another, which property has been conferred on him by that Lord of the land, who is the Lord of all created things and beings. The true interest of every man, is to protect the life and property of his neighbour, as he would his own, and to cause every man to do his duty, in this respect to society.

"The relation in which the tenant now stands to the landlord, is the relation in which the unprotected traveller stands to the highway-man, who holds a blunderbuss to his breast, while he demands his purse.

"When we see the offspring of the landlords of one age, the beggars of another, it proves the unnatural relation in which they stood to the rights of their fellow men, and the ruinous consequence of the violation of nature's laws. It is beyond the power of labour to meet the claims that are made upon it, the thing cannot go on, it must end.

"The class which now fattens on taxation, is driven, by pressure of circumstances, to a sliding-scale, with the view of meeting the varying evils arising from famine and commercial difficulties. The time is coming when

the sliding interests of commerce, no longer supported on a sound basis, must sink; and the interests of trade must be founded on the true principles of barter, namely, of value for value, and these interests will then serve as a plank to the drowning prosperity of the nation, and to the people, who are daily swept from the soil by the torrent of taxation, and the united claims of landlords, churchlords, and standing armies, for the protection of both.

"The soil, which is the social capital, being ever solvent, possession once secured to the cultivator, in right of the labour he expends upon it, and the improvements on it that have been derived from his labour, remuneration will then be forthcoming for him, and the advantages of prosperous agriculture will extend to every other branch of industry. An honest livelihood will then be within the reach of every industrious man of an adult age, leaving sufficient for all who may be old and helpless.

"If one man could labour the soil of Ireland, he might be acknowledged its lord and its proprietor, in right of cultivation, which is a just claim to possession. When we repudiate that claim, we involve ourselves in a war of classes, for a controul over the lives, liberties, and properties of each other, by means of force in the field, or stratagem in social intercourse. To establish the cultivator's claim, and ascertain the relative value of labour to its product, is essential to the peace and happiness of mankind. This consummation of social happiness is fast approaching; it is advancing with the rapidity of the decline of aristocratic power, and the wealth on which its existence depends. The landlord and tenant question demands the attention of every Irishman.

"There are three heavy burdens, which the lawmakers of former ages, have bound on the backs of the people—the landed, the mercantile, and the clerical interests. These compose the oppressions out of which grow the distractions of society, out of which the lawyers and the sword-law gentry live. These bur-

dens having increased beyond the power of the masses to bear, a fixity of tenure is offered to them, to induce them to renounce the title which they have from the Most High, to a subsistence from the soil they labour. The present fixity of tenure is maintained at the point of the bayonet. Let moral force beware of contributing to sustain any, except its just pretensions.

"The leading politicians of our day are only balancing conflicting interests; and, whether for want of knowledge, or want of will, they have never arrived at a rational view of the one general interest. They have not thought of keeping particular interests in proper bounds, or preventing any combination of partial interests from invading that which is general.

"The soil is not like the objects of commerce, which are only possessed for the purpose of barter; it is the social capital, from the cultivation of which all earthly wants are supplied,—food, raiment, and shelter, being necessary to the body, and education to the mind. Every one employed in agriculture, manufacture, and instruction, is entitled to reward in proportion to his industry; and society must protect the person and property of every individual who does the duty assigned him. He who will not perform his duty, has no right to protection.

"The Most High is Lord of the soil; the cultivator is his tenant. The recognition of all other titles, to the exclusion of this first title, has been the cause of an amount of human misery, beyond all calculation.

"The old aristocracy having nearly run its race, politicians are now striving to preserve some of its privileges from wreck. A new arrangement is proposed to ward off its total fall; but the fall has been decreed in heaven, and all the men on earth cannot prevent or postpone it, because the progress of christian truth, which is the perfection of good-will and God-like love, cannot be retarded.

"We have been journeying through our own land, like the Israelites in the Wilderness, afraid to look our Canaanite landlords in the face, and longing, too

often, for the flesh-pots of the old corruption, to which we were directed never to return. The gift of the land of promise, that will give food to the people, lies before our sons, at least. My concurrence shall not be given to the scheme of a delusive fixity of tenure, to enable the landlord to continue to draw the last potato out of the warm ashes of the poor man's fire, and leave his children to beg a cold one from those who can ill afford to give it. Is this a remedy for the miseries of a famishing people?

"A fixity of tenure—a fixity for ever in famine—for those who till the soil, and do not get sufficient from it for the subsistence of their families. The landlord interest has been promoted at the expense of national and individual prosperity. Its maintenance has been the cause, not only of domestic plunder, but of foreign aggression all over the globe, by sea and land, in the guilt of which every sane adult is more or less concerned, and liable to his share of retribution, unless he uses all the powers of his mind and body to prevent a recurrence of the evil.

"This conviction induced the calumniated men of 1798, to incur the perils of resistance to such wickedness, to encounter persecution, banishment, or even death itself, rather than submit to crawl, under oppression, or to crouch at the feet of indemnified culprits in high places, and participate in the unhallowed gains of rapacious cupidity. This conviction, too, encourages the survivers to persevere in the same pursuit, waiting with patience the providential direction of circumstances for the establishment of 'peace on earth, and good-will among men.'

"In all our social relations, it is our duty to preserve the interests of every individual, so as to make the good of each contribute to the interests of the people. This is the true science of politics; every deviation from it is replete with mischief to the masses.

"In former times, we were fooled with the promises of 'reform, from time to time, as circumstances would permit.' The same idea is now couched in other

words—' a place bill, a pension bill, and a responsibility bill,' was the former promised: now it is, ' a fixity of tenure.' But the seed of moral force, and of natural rights, that was sown during the American and French Revolutions, is springing up; the tares are showing their heads, and as the crop ripens, they will still be distinct; they may stunt the stalks that grow around them, but cannot ultimately mar the crop. Parliaments may decree, but nature will have its course. Patriots may modify their demands, but the people will have their wrongs eventually and entirely redressed. The power of the aristocracy cannot prevent the operation of nature's laws; it cannot, even, find means at the present time, to sustain itself; it is unable to pay its advocates, and hardly able to keep the poor from open rebellion against the rich; it has recourse to a parochial law, with a new name, for every year, to restrain a famished people within the bounds of law: this is the last stage and symptom of its decline. Foreign plunder will not be sufficient for the necessities of the state, nor will domestic industry answer the demands made on it at home.

" The absolute necessity of opening new sources of subsistence to the people is now evident; that necessity daily becomes more urgent. It must be pressed on public attention by the people themselves, with a dignity becoming the character of men regenerated by temperance, and the exercise of the virtues of fortitude and forbearance. Not like the merciless landlords, of the past and the present day, turning out on the wide world whole families to perish of hunger and hardship, foodless, friendless, and naked, but putting the means of life and comfort within the reach of the industry of the nation.

" Commerce, freed from unnecessary restrictions, and established on sound principles, would furnish, in abundance, all the commodities necessary to a people, and the abolition of usury, and withdrawal of encouragement from the concentration of a nation's wealth, in the hands of a few great capitalists, would tend to

preserve the true interests of trade, and to prevent the fluctuations which arise from fraud, money-jobbing, and a reckless spirit of commercial gaming, that follows in the train of usury. But no one mind is capable of directing the minute application of these first principles, to commerce, in a way which the subject requires.

"When we see the social fabric, which is built on the sandy foundation of lordship, leadership, and imperial delegation, shaken to its base, by a hurricane of conflicting interests, pernicious in their nature and results, it is time to look out for a rock, on which to found a system more substantial, leaving the rubbish of our statute books, as an example of the worthlessness of the materials, to future builders. That rock is, self-government, based on popular delegation, from small communities, not exceeding thirteen members, of each district or neighbourhood, of determined limits."*

* We now have Hope mounted on his hobby, which he rides at a surprising rate; not by ordinary roads, but over the country, and through all its political turnpikes, thick-set hedges, and stone walls. His remedy for all the evils that flesh is heir to, in Ireland, is, the establishment of what he calls, the national jury system; a species of self-government, by means of delegations, from small communities. Strange to say, the idea of a similar system was started, several years ago, in Portugal, by one of the ablest living writers of that country, Senhor Sylvestro Pinheiro. Most assuredly, Hope had no means of knowing any thing of the work, to which I allude—no more, than to the work of Mr. Carlyle, entitled "Past and Present," wherein many views of matters, connected with the vital interests of society, of agricultural concerns, of the rights of the masses, the natural limitations of those of property, are to be found, which are shadowed forth in the pages of the self-taught weaver of Temple-patrick.

Senhor Pinheiro's treatise, is entitled, "Projecto D'Associacao para o Mehoramento da Lorte das Classas Industriales." The ground work of the proposed plan is, the formation of primitive parochial assemblies, composed of the artizans and labourers of each class. Each of these to send representatives to a district junto, and these again, to a provincial junto, who are to nominate deputies to a central metropolitan assembly, to deliberate solely on the interests of the various classes of the people, represented in that assembly. Each district section, however, to have a local administration, of its own members, for the superintendence of its local interests. And the whole machinery of this system, to be carried into operation, with the concurrence, and, in some respects, under the control, of the municipal chambers.—R. R. M.

[Here ends the narrative of James Hope. But, before taking leave of "honest Jemmy," the name he is best known by, in the North, I beg leave to call attention to a few specimens of his productions, in verse, as tending to illustrate his originality, and rectitude of mind, rather than to lay claim for him to any merit, of a poetic kind.—R. R. M.]

LINES WRITTEN BY JAMES HOPE,

ON HIS WIFE'S DEATH.

The coffin's laid by the bedside;
The winding-sheet is spread;
These men have come to take away
The partner of my bed.

While I, in poignant anguish stand,
The last sad sight to see,
My reason, from her features, read,
"Ah! do not weep for me.

* * * *

"Could you but join me in the light
Of this eternal day,
The tears that now bedew your cheek,
Would soon be wiped away.

* * * *

"The sweetest music on the ear,
That mortal ever heard,
Or the sublimest thought expreat
By any earthly bard,

"Is that, which breathes upon the soul,
When blessed spirits sing,—
'Oh, grave! where is thy victory?
Oh, death! where is thy sting?'

* * * *

"Though we have parted oft in grief,
Our meeting, still, was dear;
But soon we'll meet beyond the reach
Of either hope or fear.

* * * *

"Then think of that which is to be,
And not on what has been;
Give up the wither'd leaf you see,
For life and bloom unseen."

THE ROSE-BUD.

In life's sprightly morning, how pleasant the hours,
When roaming the fields, and surveying the flowers,
I pick'd up a rose-bud, select from the rest,
And divested of thorns, it remained in my breast.
It's fragrance refreshed me, inspiring with love,
Till that fragrance was drawn to the regions above.
And now, ev'ry wish of my heart's to repose,
In that region of love, with my own little rose.

HINTS TO POLEMICAL CONTROVERSIALISTS.

These are my thoughts, nor do I think I need
Perplex my mind with any other creed.
I wish to let my neighbour's creed alone,
And think it quite enough to mind my own.

FRAGMENT.

The most profound research of learned men
Could never comprehend the full extent
Of thought annexed to our Redeemer's words.
But one command—the great command to love
Each other, needs no comment to explain.
Why do we leave that path of love and life,
And lose our way in subtleties and strife.

July 26, 1832.

ON FASTS, NOT OF ISAIAH'S DESCRIPTION.

When despots wage unbounded war,
And suff'ring nations groan;
When dreadful tidings, from afar,
Cause mothers' hearts to moan.

When judgments dread, in thunders roar,
Against the human race,
From pole to pole, from shore to shore,
Peace finds no resting place.

Then sanctimonious men, in prayer,
Give thanks for battles won;
And call for heaven's propitious care,
And shed more blood anon.

But know, proud men, that God wont deign
To answer your request,
While carnage fills your heart and brain,
And vengeance swells your breast.

Go, learn the course that God commands;
His righteous law obey;
Undo each yoke, and burst all bands,
And quit your tyrant sway.

The hungry feed; the naked clothe;
The pris'ner's fetters break;
The poor, that's at your gate, don't loathe;
But kindly act and speak.

Then shall your light, as morning, shine,
And ev'ry cloud dispel;
Whilst ev'ry gift, that is divine,
Shall in your bosoms dwell.

This is the fast that God demands,
Throughout his sacred Word;
And none but this, in mercy stands,
Or tells with mercy's Lord.

This be your off'ring, these your fasts,
Strict fasts from pride and blood,
And keep them, while existence lasts,
If you would please your God.

No whip, no gibbets, tortures, fears,
Religion needs them not;
Hypocrisy, with all its tears
And fasts, deceives it not.

MEMOIR

OF

WILLIAM PUTNAM M'CABE.

"He was the covertest sheltered traitor that ever lived."—
Shak. Richd. III.—Act III. Sc. 5.

CHAPTER I.

[THE details of the career of the subject of this memoir, appeared to the author deserving of a more extended notice than was given to them in connexion with the memoir of some of his associates in the preceding series.

Mr. W. B. M'Cabe, a gentleman, well known in connexion with the press of England, and of his own country, who had a personal knowledge of M'Cabe, was applied to by his friend, the author of this work, to undertake the task of compiling the present memoir, that application was kindly complied with by him, and it is needless to add, with much advantage to the subject.—R.R.M.]

"In contemplating the events in which the United Irishmen were the heroes or the victims, we seem as if looking upon one of those ancient tragedies, in which all are hurried on by the cold hand, and the stern impulse of fate, to a catastrophe which we are conscious is inevitable, and from which there appears for them to be no escape. Of what avail is it, that they burn with a patriotic feeling, they may behold their fellow citizens treated as slaves, they may feel that for Irishmen no home is sacred, no hearth unprofaned,

no altar uncontaminated, no place secure from the ravages of a disorganized and licentious soldiery:* the torture is for their body and for their souls. They may feel called upon by their love of liberty, by their sense of honour as men; by the purity of their feelings as sons, brothers, and husbands, to make a vigorous and a desperate battle for Ireland: but *they are foredoomed.* Those who excite them to insurrection have already hired the spies, who are to betray them, when the plot is arrived at that state that it can be crushed, not without danger, but still with certainty. They are permitted to appear abroad, to seem that they have a will, and a power of their own, when their very breathings are numbered, and their existence is only tolerated as long as it can be useful to their tyrants, and then, as in the dark and gloomy days of Venice, the authorized official, is armed against them, to gag them in the prison cell, or to poignard them in the jury box. With all of them the tragedy of Ireland closes with the month of October, 1798: with the 'fugitive' and the 'Banishment' bills, the last act of the sad drama is over, and those who figured in it, are but 'the shadow of a shade.'

"To this general remark, however, there are some exceptions, and amongst them is he, who is the subject of the present memoir, William Putnam M'Cabe, he who was most active in organizing resistance; he who was long known to the government as one of the most dangerous and artful of its opponents; he who was banished from Ireland, and threatened with the death of a traitor, if he presumed again to visit that country, was one of the few amongst the proscribed who returned, not once, nor twice, but on several occasions, to set the powers of the government at defiance, and to plot some future mischief against it. Those who feel an interest in the events of 1798, cannot but be impressed with some curiosity to know the particulars

* "Desidiam in Castris, licentiam in urbibus." (See Abercrombie's proclamation.)—Tacitus. Ann. Lib. ii. S. 55.

of the life of this extraordinary man, who seemed to be animated with the same undying spirit of hostility, which fired the breast of the Carthagenian General, towards that state which had done so much wrong to his native land. The humble effort of the writer of this memoir is to gratify that curiosity, as it has occurred to Dr. Madden that some interest would attach to such a memoir, if it were given by one, who had known and spoken with him, who was the subject of it. In a court of justice, the evidence of a dull witness is regarded as of more importance to the matter at issue, than the speech of a brilliant counsel, and in the composition of a memoir, it is at least of some importance, if we cannot have the hero himself before us, that we should have some account of him, from an individual who had gathered a few incidents of his career from his own lips. To judge of the actions of William Putnam M'Cabe, and to appreciate his motives fairly, it is necessary for the reader—the *English* reader especially—to turn back to the times in which M'Cabe lived. He saw that which is universally now admitted to have been the tyranny of the Royal Government in America completely defeated —he knew, that the tyranny of the Royal Government in France had been struggled against, and overthrown.

"M'Cabe could find in the history of the past, and the transactions of his own time, nought but injustice towards his country. He saw that Ireland had not to complain like America, of the mere attempt to impose a tax upon her without the assent of her people; he knew that not merely were taxes unjustly and illegally levied, but that the estates of the Irish had been confiscated century after century, not because the people were in rebellion against the Sovereign, but because that Sovereign, whether a Henry, an Elizabeth, a Cromwell, or a William, desired to gratify the avarice, or the ambition of their favourites. He had heard of politicians in England, as well as in his own country, attempting to justify the revolution

which had taken place in France, on the grounds of the insolent oppression of the aristocracy of that country, where comparatively speaking a few overbearing nobles and priests, unworthy of their ministry, had domineered over the rest of the community, wallowed in luxury, and abounded in wealth, whilst the great body of the people, were little better than their bondsmen. He knew that in Ireland things were a hundred degrees worse; that those who held the lands of Ireland, were persons who boasted of their foreign descent, whilst as to the Church Establishment, it had not even the merit of preaching doctrines conformable to the opinions of the people, but adverse to them; that instead of its being revived in the country as the harbinger of peace, it was planted there, as a monument of its degradation—that its spires were employed not even as the Mahommedans make use of their mironets, to call 'the faithful' to prayer, but to flaunt the orange flag, which told Irishmen of their disastrous encounters with a Dutchman. He saw that Irishmen were more wronged than the Americans, or the French, who had successfully rebelled; that the faction were not content with the injuries they inflicted, but added insult to oppression. Then there came personal wrong, and pecuniary loss to incense his feelings against those, whom he considered as the enemies of his country. He saw his father's house assailed by a foreign soldiery, because that father had been anxious to see the Parliament reformed, the tithe question settled, and the Roman Catholics emancipated. For seeking these things he beheld his father deprived of the protection of the law. He believed, (and looking back at the circumstances of the times, it cannot but he admitted, that he was justified in his belief,) that for the wrongdoer there was no punishment, and for the injured no redress. He found at length the impartial administration of the law completely suspended—either formally, when martial-law was established, or in substance when the regular courts were sitting; for the

verdicts were delivered by packed juries, and the public prosecutor had not, in seeking for the life of his victims, even the decency of a Tiberius, of whom the historian says, 'immotu ejus vultu.....mox libellos et auctores recitat Cæsar, *ita moderans, ne lenire neve asperare crimina videretur.*' But there was one ingredient more than all the rest, which completed his hatred to the English Government, and that was the torture which it inflicted upon Irishmen. The writer need not dwell upon a point, which is so fully described by Dr. Madden in the first part of this work. It was the employment of this torture, which M'Cabe conceived placed the government out of the law of nations, and justified his hostility to it in any way and every way that he possibly could devise.*

"The 'free quarter' system put in practice previous to the rebellion, and the use of the torture during the few months of its existence in Ireland, made the reign of terror more horrible, for the time, than the revolution of France, and its wholesale massacres for any equal period. There is still living a Roman Catholic Clergyman, who had the misfortune of being in Paris, during its shocking days of blood, and who was afterwards in Ireland, at the time of the rebellion, in the County Clare—the least disturbed by it. This Clergyman was asked, which of the two was the more dreadful? His answer was—'Ireland—for in Ireland I saw the same recklessness of human life, that had shocked me in France; but in France, I saw nothing more than a recklessness of life,—I never saw, as I was doomed to see in Ireland—miserable wretches tortured to death.'†

* Trials of Wright *v.* Fitzgerald, and the debate in the Irish House of Commons, where the use of the torture was justified — *Howell's State Trials*, Vol. XXVII, pages 767 to 810 inclusive.

† It was by the Orangemen, or in their name, that the most frightful tortures were inflicted on the people of Ireland, in the years 1797-8. It is a curious historical coincidence, that in the attempt to shake off the Spanish yoke in the Netherlands, the same sort of cruelties were *practised in Holland, by the adherents of the House of Orange*, when they were fearful of a reaction. Infamous, however,

"M'Cabe seemed to have acted as if he felt he had his own wrongs, his father's wrongs, the wrongs of his country to avenge. In all his efforts, schemes, and machinations, he was eventually defeated, but to his last breath he never yielded; and even when maimed, diseased, nay, a bed-ridden cripple, never would yield, but was still regarded amid all his infirmities as a formidable antagonist.

"To the visit of the celebrated Theobald Wolfe Tone to Belfast, in the year 1791, may be traced the connexion of William Putnam M'Cabe with the United Irishmen. At the time of Tone's visit, the father of William Putnam was a watchmaker, as well as a dealer in gold and silver, in that town. This man, Thomas M'Cabe, was, it appears, a citizen universally respected for his talents, his industry, and high honour. He was one of the first in Ireland, if not the very first, who had erected a cotton-mill there. His partners in that undertaking were the father of Mr. Joy, late Chief Baron of the Exchequer, in Ireland, and the father of Henry Joy M'Cracken. That he was a man of considerable ingenuity is manifest, even from the records of the Irish Parliament, for it appears that he was a petitioner to the House of Commons on the 14th of February, 1791, along with a Thomas Pearce, praying for a reward from the legislature for an invention of theirs in the common loom, by means of which, a double quantity of work could be effected in a certain time.*

as the conduct of the Irish Orangemen was, it must in candour be admitted, that in the invention of diabolical cruelties, they were surpassed by the Dutch Orangemen. Wagenar details some—he admits that all of those atrocities could not bear publishing, and having given a detail of them he remarks, "that all this was done for the purpose of taking from the Papists, once for all, the notion, that a change of government was likely to occur; but *still the inhumanity and cruelty that were used, both in the punishments and the tortures of those whose guilt was uncertain, can be excused by no reason of their being required for the good of the state.*"—*Wagenar Vanderlandsche Historie*, Book XXV.

* See Irish Parliamentary Debates, vol. ii. p. 107.

"At the period of 1792, much of the attention of the people in the north of Ireland was devoted to manufactures of every kind. There was the general persuasion at that time in the north, that their efforts to improve, as a manufacturing people, were regarded with jealousy by England, and that even the court patronized the production of the German, in preference to that of the Irish loom. The belief that such hostile feelings were entertained towards their interests, is manifested in the following extract from Wolfe Tone's diary:—

"'England,' says Tone, 'threatened to take off the duty on foreign linens, but did not venture it. Ireland, able to beat any foreign linens, for quality and cheapness, as appears by the American market, which gives no preference by duties, and is supplied entirely by Ireland. If England were disposed, she might, for a time, check the trade of Ireland in linens, but she would soon give up that system for her own sake, because she could not be supplied elsewhere with linens so good and cheap. German linens are preferred, out of spite, by some families in England, particularly by the royal family. All the king's and queen's linen is German, and, of course, all their retainers. Sinclair, (a Belfast merchant,) for experiment, made up linens after the German mode, and sent it to the house in London which served the king, &c. —worn for two years, and much admired; ten per cent. cheaper, and twenty per cent. better, than the German linen. Great orders for Irish-German linen, which he refused to execute. All but the royal family content to take it as mere Irish. *God save great George, our King!*'*

"The commercial enterprise of the north was not, however, confined to the mere desire to excel in the productions of the loom. The northerns looked to see how England was increasing its wealth; and they were told, by those who had visited Bristol, and other

* Tone's Life, vol. i.

parts of England, that enormous fortunes were made in the slave trade; that it was the custom there, for a number of merchants to join together in fitting out a slaver, and, having laden it with the articles necessary for such a traffic, to participate in the large returns, which a successful voyage was sure to bring them. The idea was adopted by some of the merchants of Belfast. A vessel was purchased—the articles of agreement were drawn up—and, amongst others, Thomas M'Cabe was invited to risk a certain sum in this novel enterprise. He attended upon the day appointed for the contract being completed, it was in the year 1786; but instead of his joining with others, who sought to make a fortune by such means, he entered into the detail of all the horrors of the slave trade: he pointed out its iniquities; he dwelt upon its inhumanity, its baseness, and its injustice; he adjured them, as Christians, and as men, to forego their unholy desire to become rich by such diabolical means: and he concluded his address by these remarkable words, 'May God wither the hand, and consign the name, to eternal infamy, of the man, who will sign that document!'

"Such an address from a man of the plainness, simplicity, and honesty of Thomas M'Cabe, produced an electrical effect upon his hearers. It at once opened their eyes to the criminality of a project, which they alone had adopted, in imitation of their English neighbours. It might be truly said, that it converted them from the evil of their ways. The scheme was at once given up; and, perhaps, were it not for the part taken by that good and honest man, Ireland might not now have to boast, and a very glorious thing it is to boast of, never having, in the slightest degree, been concerned, directly or indirectly, in the slave trade.

"Thomas M'Cabe was thus engaged in the practical works of a citizen; he was, while acquiring a fortune as a manufacturer, and a citizen shopkeeper, also reaping for himself, the best reward of a good subject, the respect and esteem of his fellow townsmen. He

was now settled for some years in Belfast, having, at an early age, left the town of Lurgan, where he was born. He had married, and was father of two sons, Thomas and William Putnam—the latter called after a distant connexion, the American General Putnam, the friend of Washington.

"There are few names that occur more frequently in the diary of Theobald Wolfe Tone, than 'Thomas M'Cabe,' There is not one, that is mentioned in terms of deeper respect and affection. 'It is a kind of injustice to name individuals, yet I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of observing how peculiarly fortunate I esteem myself in having formed connexions with Samuel Neilson, Robert Simms, William Simms, William Sinclair, Thomas M'Cabe. I may as well stop here; for, in enumerating my most particular friends, I find I am, in fact, making out a list of the men of Belfast, most distinguished for their virtue, talent, and patriotism.'*

"The object for which Tone visited Belfast, was one calculated to excite sympathy, and obtain support. The union of all classes and creeds of Irishmen; to put an end to their religious rancours, their miserable party feuds; to regard each other as fellow subjects, entitled to equal rights and equal privileges. M'Cabe's creed did not consign him to the degradation, in which the law had placed the great body of his fellow Irishmen, *he was not of the slave class*, for he was not a Roman Catholic. By his example and his precepts, Thomas M'Cabe did much to secure the success, which Tone afterwards boasted had attended his efforts to Belfast. He was an efficient ally of that most able, and devoted friend to the Emancipation of the Roman Catholics. It was by Tone, and his co-adjutors in Belfast, that the brilliancy and glory of popularity were first thrown around the Catholic question; and it must be owned, that had the Roman Catholics of 1792, as many sincere friends amongst

* Life of Tone, (American Edition,) vol. i. p. 54.

'*the liberal Protestants*,' in all parts of Ireland and in England, that they had then in Belfast, Emancipation must have been fully accomplished, long before the close of the last century. There were knaves and schemers, however, in their ranks, who defeated the honest and the sincere; and at length they transferred the decision, respecting religious liberty, from a country, where the question was popular, to a land and a legislature, where, when Emancipation was at length conceded, it was, because the government were afraid to withhold it, and not because the people were willing to grant it.*

"It was then the idea of many, who were members of the society of United Irishmen, of Thomas M'Cabe, amongst others, that the attainments of their objects lay within the bounds of the constitution, and were to be sought solely by those peaceable means, which they, as subjects of the Irish crown, had a right to employ. Such, however, was not the intention of the Irish government, nor of 'the king of Ireland.' His majesty was resolved never to grant full liberty to the Irish Catholics; and had an Irish house of lords and an Irish house of commons passed a bill, of full and unconditional Emancipation, after-events have shown that he would have put his veto upon it.' He would have lost Ireland, as he had lost America, rather than have permitted perfect cordiality to grow up amongst all classes of Irishmen on that subject. Sir Robert Peel has disclosed† with what difficulty the Wellington administration was able to wring an unwilling assent to Emancipation from the son of George the Third—from the once professing liberal Prince of Wales, in

* "I yield to a moral necessity, which I cannot control."—Sir Robert Peel's Speech, on introducing the Catholic Relief Bill. See, also, a most able review of the state of popular feeling in England, at the time of the concession of the Catholic claims, in a recent work, "Sir Robert Peel and his Era," pp. 46 to 96, inclusive.

† See Debates in the House of Commons, (Sir Robert Peel's Speech,) 31st January, 1840.—*Handsard's Debates*, vol. li. pp. 1042-3-4-5.

with unprovoked and audacious assassinations, in the open street.*

"In the case of M'Cabe, a man so universally loved, and respected, the commission of the outrage, excited a strong feeling of disgust; but still, the wrong done to him, was not redressed, and none of those, who had injured him, were brought to punishment.

"There can be no doubt, but that this unprovoked wrong, this outrage uncompensated, and unatoned for, by the government, produced a deep impression upon the mind of young William M'Cabe, and in it, might be found the moving cause of all his subsequent career. On the defaced sign-board, over the shop door of his father's house, as a satire on the government, as well as a reproach to the people, who submitted to such enormities, he had the words re-painted, in large letters,—' Thomas M'Cabe, an Irish slave, licensed to sell gold and silver.'

"The following letter, addressed to Tone, from Belfast, by a correspondent, with the signature, R. S., supposed to be Robert Simms, throws some light on this transaction :—†

"' My dear Friend—Saturday night presented a new scene, to the inhabitants of Belfast. A military mob, for a while, reigned in all their glory. About one o'clock, of that day, four troops of dragoons arrived in the city, and about half-after six, the greatest part of them, with a few artillery men, and a few of the 55th regiment (quartered here), began their career, by demolishing a sign, on which Dumounier was drawn, and breaking the windows of the house.

* About two years ago, I was taken by my friend, Mr. Edmund Getty, of Belfast, to the house of one of his fellow-citizens, in the wholesale chandlery business, in that town, who had been one of the persons who "came in the way" of the privileged marauders, on the occasion referred to. This gentleman's features are dreadfully seamed with the cicatrises of sabre gashes. He was standing at his master's door, when he was attacked by one of the dragoons.—R. R. M.

† Tone's Life, Amer. Ed., p. 270.

They then proceeded to another ale-house, which had the sign of Mirabeau: this was treated in the same way, and not a whole pane left in the front of the house. During these exploits, every inhabitant, that either attempted to approach them, or was passing by accidently, was assaulted, and some of them wounded severely. They then proceeded down North-street, destroying a number of windows on their way, till they came to our friend M'Cabe's. This, and the adjoining shop, belonging to a Mr. Orr, a zealous Volunteer, were attacked, with the utmost fury, and parties of them went on to destroy a house, which had the venerable Franklin for a sign, and to a milliner's shop, who had trimmed the helmets of the Volunteer Light Horse. But the magistrates, and officers of the regiment in town, now appearing, they dispersed, after several of them were taken prisoners. Fortunately for them, they did so; for the Volunteers began to assemble, and would soon have finished them. *During this business, the dragoons were repeatedly observed to read a card, with the names of houses, which they were to assault, amongst which, were, M'Cabe's, Neilson's, Haslitt's, Kelburne's, and the 'Star' office, with some others, not remembered by the persons who heard them.* The two corps of Volunteers, each, mounted a guard of sixty men, and the town remained quiet, during the night. For a short while, on Sunday, there was a calm; but it was of short duration: those military savages, parading the streets, in great numbers, with haughty demeanour, and often using threats. General White, arriving in town, about two o'clock, restored a calm, by ordering them to their barracks. At three, a meeting of the inhabitants took place, where a committee was appointed, consisting of the magistrates, and sixteen other inhabitants, who were to inquire, and report, the cause of the riot, and take such steps, as they might think necessary, for the peace of the town. General White promised, on his part, to take every step, that was proper, to keep the military quiet, and ordered the troops to stable duty,

an hour earlier than usual. This alarmed the inhabitants, and, about five, the Volunteers began to assemble. In a short time, they were about four hundred strong. The mob also, gathered in great force, and began to threaten vengeance, and the military, in their turn, to tremble. A kind of negociation took place, between General White and the committee, the result of which was, that the general pledged himself, for the peaceable demeanour of the military, and the committee engaged, that the Volunteers should go home. This took place, and the town remained quiet, during the night, and this day, on a requisition from the committee, the dragoons were ordered out of town. Thus ended a matter, which might have involved the whole kingdom in bloodshed; for, had the riots continued, the whole of the neighbouring Volunteers would have come to town. It is beyond a doubt, that this plan was laid in Hillsborough, and that some of the officers were abettors, and encouragers of it. The sentiments contained in your large packet, are perfectly similar to what are entertained here, and we are as much on our guard, as you could wish. " 'Yours,

" 'R. S.'

" It is well observed, upon this shameful transaction, by the talented son of Wolfe Tone, that 'this scene was only a preliminary symptom, of the new spirit of the Irish administration of that reign of terror, and military license, by which, they determined to drive the people to insurrection. Is it wonderful, that against such a government, and such a system, they should rise, and seek foreign aid, when the king, and people of England, gave them up, and even assisted their tyrants?'

" We cannot refrain from adding the same valuable testimony, to the character and conduct of Thomas M'Cabe. The story cannot be better told, than in the words of William Theobald Wolfe Tone:—

" 'M'Cabe, the chief sufferer on this occasion, was a man admirably calculated to resist oppression, and

full of opposition stuff. He had all the stubbornness of a Hampdon, in his disposition. As soon as the riot was over, he hung up a new sign-post, with the words—'M'Cabe, an Irish Slave.' He would never allow his windows to be repaired, but kept them in their shattered state, as a monument. One pane alone, had escaped the soldier's fury. On the king's approaching birth-day, when orders were given for a general illumination, he stuck that one pane full of candles, but let the broken ones remain, observing, that the military could do nothing more to them.'

"M'Cabe's leaving his windows unrepaired, was a species of revenge, in which he was, many years afterwards, imitated, by his countryman, the Duke of Wellington, who, when the windows of Apsley House were destroyed, in 1832, left them thus broken, for a considerable time, and when repaired, secured them from future damage from the mob, with iron blinds, and so they have continued protected, from that time to the present.

"Up to the period of the outrage, perpetrated upon his father's property, we hear nothing of William Putnam M'Cabe. He was, we believe, not then in Ireland; but having been apprenticed, in Belfast, to learn the cotton-trade, had, for the purpose of perfecting himself, in a knowledge of the business, proceeded to Manchester. He was then about seventeen years of age. At home, he had been remarked, as a boy, wild, if not mischievous; and it is by no means improbable, but that his father had willingly assented to his departure from Ireland, in the hope, that he might not merely acquire a knowledge of his trade, but also, that he might become more steady in his conduct, and settled in his habits, when removed from his old associates.

"In proceeding to Manchester, however, he did not escape from that, which was the predominant feeling of the day—a tendency towards Republicanism. If Ireland were beginning to be organized, by the United Irishmen, the democratic party were not less

actively engaged, with their corresponding societies, in England.

"By M'Cabe's own account, on leaving Ireland, he knew nothing of politics. He returned, however, to that country, imbued, not merely with the political, but, unfortunately also, with the religious, opinions of Paine."

CHAPTER II.

"On his return to Ireland, M'Cabe became a member of the Society of United Irishmen; and, being a person of great energy of character, and gifted with some talents as a speaker, he was employed by the Belfast Committee as one of their missionaries, in inducing others to join their ranks. The following anecdote, published many years since by the writer of this memoir, will show how it was that M'Cabe induced the people of the north to adopt the principles of the United Irishmen.

"M'Cabe's task, of gaining over the people to his cause, was performed in a way calculated to excite their curiosity, and, at the same time, to escape the observation of the magistrates. On some occasions it was notified, that 'a converted Papist would preach the Word in a certain barn, on an appointed night, and explain how he became convinced of the true doctrines of Presbyterianism.' This would naturally collect a crowd, and young M'Cabe would rise in a strange dress, and, with an assumed voice, lead on his hearers from religion to politics, until, after a few lessons from him, they were prepared to be 'sworn into the Union.'

"Some magistrates, hearing strange reports of a new preacher in their neighbourhood, determined upon arresting him. The place of meeting, and the night on which the clergyman should hold forth, were communicated to them. A captain of yeomany was directed to bring his men to the appointed barn, which

they were to surround, and, upon a given signal, to enter, and arrest the preacher. The barn was an old solitary building, it was situated in an unfrequented place, there was no habitation within two miles of it. Towards this spot, on the evening the unknown divine was to discourse, the well-clad, stoutly-mounted Presbyterians were to be seen making their way; while the ragged and shoeless Catholics were also observed hurrying thither in crowds. A few minutes before the appointed hour, after night-fall, the building was crowded to excess, and many were wondering why the preacher had not come; when, at the end of the valley, a middle-sized man was noticed, hurrying forward; the outline of his figure was concealed by a long dark coat, which trailed after him, something like the *soutans* with which the Catholic clergy are invested in their churches; a broad-brimmed hat, like a Quaker's, overshadowed his features, which were still further disguised by a pair of green goggle spectacles. He entered the barn, ascended a table, and commenced preaching on charity. At first, his discourse was that of a Christian pastor: he impressed upon the different sects, by which, he said, he knew he was surrounded, the duty they owed to one another; of forbearance: of forgiveness of injuries; of reconciliation; and of union. He then diverged into the state of the country; showed how their dissentions had been taken advantage of; how injurious had been the conduct of England to all Irishmen, no matter what their creed or politics, and besought of them to unite for their deliverance from oppression. He then called on every friend of Ireland to come forward, and to take the oath to be true to his fellows and his country.

"His address was delivered with that energy and earnestness, which were suited to his auditory; and those who have heard him express himself under any excitement of his feelings, can well imagine, that in such a discourse, there were not wanting outbursts, approaching to eloquence. The object of the orator

was obtained; numbers were coming forward to swear, when a loud whistle was heard, and immediately the scarlet coats of the yeomanry, filled up the only entrance to the barn. The captain demanded the surrender of the man who had been addressing the people. '*Put out the lights,*' exclaimed the preacher, at the same time thrusting his broad hat on the candle which was nearest to him. In a few seconds all the other candles in the barn were extinguished. The officer ordered a party to guard the door, and to permit no one to pass without an order from him. The captain called again on the preacher to surrender. In the meantime, a soldier said he had left his musket outside, and asked permission of the captain to bring it in. Permission was given; the soldier passed, uttering imprecations on the Croppies. The voice of the preacher was soon heard outside the barn, calling upon the people to forget their feuds, and be faithful to each other and their native country. The call was not in vain; and that night, M'Cabe stated, that about two hundred persons were added to the muster-roll of the county Antrim.

" This exploit of M'Cabe got talked about; he became suspected, and suspicion was confirmed, when it was subsequently found that the United Irishmen, resolved upon displaying their physical strength, took advantage of the opportunity of making up, in one day, the harvest of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who, by his conduct, had rendered himself very popular. A certain time was fixed upon for the exhibition of their numbers, and their unanimity of purpose; and upon that day, as it had been agreed upon, thousands of the peasantry were seen marching from different parts of the country, and concentrating upon a certain point, where their leader, M'Cabe, mounted on horseback, was to command their movements. They marched regularly, under his orders, to the place where their operations were to begin. They accomplished their task, and in the evening quietly dispersed to their homes.

"This, and other rumours that had gone abroad, representing young M'Cabe, as an active organizer of the conspiracy then spreading over the country, made him a marked man, whom it was desirable to arrest as speedily as possible.

"M'Cabe disappeared from the neighbourhood of Belfast, and was next heard of in Dublin, not by the government, but by the United Irishmen. His fame and his character had gone before him; he was well received at Oliver Bonds, and at the house of a gentleman in New-row, the rendezvous of the Northern United Irishmen. 'Beating orders' were now given to him from the Directory, that is, he was commissioned to organize the people whenever and wherever he could.

"The places selected by him for his new operations were the counties of Leitrim and Roscommon. His companion was a man named James Hope, an humble weaver, a person in the poorest situation of life, but, one who evinced in his entire career, that fidelity devotion, and sincerity, which are the characteristics of the Irish peasant, in all the epochs of our history, towards those to whom they are attached. This Hope, who thus acted with M'Cabe, was one in whom Neilson placed the most implicit confidence, and who was one of the adherents of the devoted Emmet, in his sudden and desperate struggle of 1803.

"M'Cabe, in adopting, as the fitting places for his new operations, the counties of Leitrim and Roscommon, had a double object in view—first, he wished to increase the number of the United Irishmen in Leitrim; and next, he hoped, by means of a scheme, as bold as it was artful, to rescue, even from the gripe of the law, those who were his brother conspirators. None but a man of a courage, that knew not even fear by name, could ever have adopted the plan which he now acted upon.

"There were, confined in the county jail of Roscommon, a great many persons, charged with being 'Defenders.' It was the determination of govern-

ment to prosecute them with the utmost rigour of the law; and, as the government in Ireland can, if so minded, always by means of the unlimitted right to challenge, fill the jury-box with their own partizans, so it might be affirmed, in this instance, that the fate of the prisoners, charged with Defenderism, was sealed, even before an indictment was preferred against them. The plan of M'Cabe was to take them out of custody after they had been convicted, and this, even, with the consent of the prosecutors themselves.

"Such a project, it might well seem, could hardly enter into the minds of a sane man; and yet nothing but a mere chance prevented it from being completely successful. M'Cabe, confident in his unrivalled powers of personation, it cannot be called mimicry, for he was actually, for the time, the character that he assumed, presented himself in court, in the character of an officer. He assumed the manner, as well as accent of an English officer, and as such took his place in the court-house at Roscommon assizes, with Hope attending on him, as a recruiting sergeant; and yet, at the very time that he thus appeared before the judges of the land, and in the face of a crowded court, he was aware that warrants were out for his apprehension. To volunteer becoming a prominent actor in such a place, required a strength of nerve, and a coolness of assurance, which few men could command. As an officer of the army, and at such a period in Ireland, he was, as a matter of course, accommodated with one of the best seats in the court.

"At length the trials commenced. The first man given in charge to the jury, was a person named Dry, and for whose release M'Cabe was particularly interested. Dry was, as it had been expected, found guilty of appearing in arms, as a 'Defender,' and the moment the verdict was recorded, M'Cabe addressed the judge, and said, 'that he was authorized to make the attempt, of inducing unfortunate men, like the prisoner, to abandon their evil courses, and instead of giving themselves thus up as victims, to forward the

designs of the rebellious, to afford them the means of becoming good and loyal subjects, by devoting the remainder of their lives to his majesty's service. He, therefore, asked the permission of his lordship to allow his recruiting sergeant to speak to Dry, and ascertain if he were willing to enlist.' The judge gave his assent; the pretended recruiting sergeant, Hope, was allowed to speak to Dry at the front of the dock. The two strangers met; and Dry, looking at Hope, was astonished to recognise his old friend and political associate placing a shilling in his hand, and inquiring 'if he were willing to enter *the* service?' Dry instantly comprehended the scheme. He declared publicly his desire to enlist, and was, on that promise, ordered out of the dock, and to be taken care of by his brother conspirator! Another prisoner was found guilty, but from some unaccountable folly or stupidity on his part, he failed to profit by the opportunity afforded him of enlistment. A suspicion arose that something was wrong; before, however, that suspicion was matured into a certainty, the military officer, the recruiting sergeant, and his new recruit, had retired from the court-house, and when they were sought after in the town, they were nowhere to be discovered.

"The three United Irishmen made their way from Roscommon to Athlone, where they parted. M'Cabe and Dry returned to Dublin, while Hope proceeded to Cashcarrigan, for the purpose of organizing the United Irishmen in that quarter. During this expedition M'Cabe's resources had run so low, that he was obliged to send Hope to Wicklow, to sell a horse for him, which he had left there. On Hope's arrival, however, it was found that the horse had been sold, and none of the proceeds arising from the sale could be procured.

"A man could not follow the course which M'Cabe was now pursuing; could not visit as he was then doing, different parts of Ireland, and wherever he went, increasing the strength, and adding to the numbers of those opposed to the government, without being

frequently denounced by its spies, or those who to save themselves from torture and death informed against their associates. There were warrants issued for his apprehension in all parts of Ireland—persons were placed specially on the watch to seize him; but he was never to be heard of distinctly in any place, until he had *quitted* it. It was his destiny to be like the cunning Brunello when he had despoiled Angelica of her ring, Marfisa of her sword, and Sacriponte of his steed; all were in arms against him, and anxious for his arrest.

"'Il campo è tutto in arme, e costui caccia
Gridando, piglia piglia, para para,'

and all too denounced him as

——'Un ribaldel.——
'Di man presto a die pie pin ch'un uccello.'*

"It was at this very time, when the hand of every official person was raised against him, when there was an universal 'Hue and cry' after him, that he travelled in the regular mail-coach from Belfast to Dublin, with the Barrister Mr. Dobbs, M.P., for Carrickfergus, a gentleman well acquainted with his general appearance. On this occasion M'Cabe was so well disguised from him, that Mr. Dobbs was persuaded his fellow traveller was a manufacturer from Yorkshire! It will be found that Mr. Dobbs name becomes afterwards connected with that of M'Cabe in a very curious manner.

"It was, at this time, in 1797, that he, accompanied by Colonel Plunkett, and a French officer, went down from Dublin to Belfast to view the camp at Blaris. They had also in their society the informer Hughes. It was in consequence of this visit, that a meeting of the 'Colonels' of the insurgent forces was held, when the project was discussed as to whether there should be an immediate rising, without waiting for the promised assistance from France. It was from the report

* Orlando Innomorato di Berni.—*Canto* XXXIV. v. 45.

of Plunket, transmitted by M'Cabe, that this notion was abandoned. That report stated, that there was a great falling off in the spirit of the North, many of those who had hitherto been the most active leaders, now refusing to act.

"We now come to the year 1798, when it was plain from all that was occurring in different parts of Ireland, that it would be impossible to restrain the popular fury longer. In Ireland, there was seen restored, under the Lieutenancy of Lord Camden, the blood-stained tribunal of Alba, in the Low Countries—for of both, the same things may with truth be affirmed—'the burning, the quarterings, the hanging, the beheading, the banishing to transport-ships were every day's work, and with them the smallest offence was considered worthy of capital punishment.'* The court-martials of Camden were worse, we believe, than the *Bloedraad* of Alba, for, of the latter, there are no records of men, completely innocent, having been found guilty, nor of manifestly criminal murderers, having been honourably acquitted. The cruelties of Alba were to deter men from insurrection; whilst horrors upon horrors were accumulated in the reign of Camden, to force the unfortunate people to a rebellion. 'Not content with the mere vengeance of blood, they varied human sufferings by new arts of torture. Human life was become a matter of sport, and the murderers' laugh of scorn, sharpened with increased agony, the throbs of a painful death.'† An open insurrection was resolved upon, it was determined that it should burst forth in Ireland, in May. Human nature could no longer endure the afflictions, which the government caused, and it was considered better to meet death in the field, than to endure oppression, torture, and the worst of deaths at home.

"As the crisis approached, the activity of M'Cabe increased; he had become, by this time, well acquainted

* Wagenaar Vanderlandsche Historie, Book XXIII. s. 5.

† Schiller. Unruhen in Frankreich vor Heinrich IV. bis zum Tode Karls IX.

with Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and was honoured by the friendship of that amiable and high spirited nobleman. At his own solicitation the trust was confided to him of organizing Kildare, and also, that he should make the attempt, which had previously failed, of arousing the people of Wexford to the necessity of joining their fellow countrymen, in ridding themselves of their oppressors."

CHAPTER III.

"It would be tedious to go through the detail of M'Cabe's labours to effect his object in Wexford. The people of that county were nearly a distinct race from the inhabitants of other parts of Ireland, and it was only recently that the system of free quarters, burning, and flogging, had been carried into that country. M'Cabe detailed the horrors he had seen in other counties, and pictured those which were yet in store for those who held back on that occasion. He returned to Dublin, but although he had not initiated the great body of the peasantry, they were maddened into discontent, and were ready for revolt. In the County Wexford, he had gone amongst the people, in the various characters of a mendicant, a farmer, and a pedlar. A simple hearted County Wexford gentleman, who had been induced to take the oath of a United Irishman, assured the writer, in 1826, that he met M'Cabe in twenty different places of that county, in 1798, and never knew him, until M'Cabe chose each time to discover himself; 'in truth,' said my informant, 'no one could know him. I cannot imagine how he disguised himself; but of this I am certain, he must always have had a number of wigs differently fashioned in his pocket.'

"It was precisely at the same period, that M'Cabe was endeavouring to arouse the people to resistance, that the myrmidons of the government were labouring to shew that there was no hope, no protection for

them, but in that resistance. Every thing was done to terrify the humble, and disgust the rational, for the instruments of oppression were not less infamous than they were absurd. Ireland had become another Heraclea—'millus locus urbis a crudelitate tyranni vacat, accedit sævitia, insolentia, crudelitate arrogantia.' While the defendants of the government were making it at the same time odious and contemptible, M'Cabe was preparing them for the struggle which was to commence on the 23rd of May. In his report to his Commander-in-Chief of the result of his efforts in Wexford, his statement with respect to the disposition of the 'Shilmaliers,' so gratified the former, that Lord Edward, by M'Cabe's account, 'embraced him, and stated it to be his intention to employ him as his Adjutant-General.' From that time forward, until M'Cabe was *first* arrested, he was, to borrow a phrase from an old United Irishman, 'Lord Edward's right hand man.'

"One of the most curious events in the extraordinary life of M'Cabe, was his arrest while escorting Lord Edward Fitzgerald from Moira House to Thomas-street. For an accurate account of the circumstances connected with the attempt to arrest Lord Edward, and its failure, we refer to the first volume of the '*Lives and Times of the United Irishmen*,"—See p. 300, et seq. The only addition we have to make to it is, that it was by M'Cabe, that Major Sirr was tripped up, when one of his associates plunged a dagger into the neckcloth of Sirr. M'Cabe at the close of the struggle was arrested by one of Sirr's attendants, and was brought to the Provost, where he was examined, and described himself as a Scotch weaver, who had come to Dublin to seek employment. On his person a pistol was discovered, the fellow to which was afterwards found on the table of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, a circumstance which was never noticed at the time, but was related long afterwards by M'Cabe.

"The Provost was at that time guarded by the Dunbarton Fencibles. He was not many hours in

confinement, when he persuaded the sergeant of the guard that he had worked in his father-in-law's muslin manufactory in Glasgow; he told to each Scotch soldier, and particularly to the wives of some of them such anecdotes about himself, herself, or their family, as he could learn from one and another of them; and so worked on them, that in the course of a few hours a memorial was drawn up on his behalf, and presented to Mr. Secretary Cooke, stating that their countryman, then a prisoner in the Provost, on suspicion of being a traitor, was a decent industrious lad, well known and respected in Glasgow. This document was signed by a number of men of the Dunbarton Fencibles, and such was the interest used by the Scotchmen for the liberation of their supposed countryman, that an order for M'Cabe's freedom was granted. Information arrived two days afterwards at the Castle, from the County Longford, communicating the important intelligence, that the man M'Cabe, whom they had been so long searching for, was at that moment in their custody, under a feigned name, and pretending to be a muslin manufacturer from Glasgow.

"Never had Major Sirr been so completely baffled as upon this occasion, and it is to believed, that when many years afterwards he held M'Cabe as a prisoner in Kilmainham, he used whatever interest he then possessed, for the purpose of prolonging his captivity and of adding to its bitterness.

"M'Cabe, however, had escaped, he had made his way not only out of Dublin, but had actually sought refuge in Cork. He was there received in the house of Mr. Conway, one of the Cork Directory, whose country seat, called Gemappe, was in the vicinity of the city. It was known that an attempt to arrest Lord Edward Fitzgerald had failed in Dublin, and some spy gave information to the authorities in Cork, that a stranger was concealed in the house of Mr. Conway. The suspicion arose, that it might be Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and at a late hour at night, the Sheriff, Mr. Harding, accompanied by some soldiers,

proceeded to Gemappe. When they arrived at the house, M'Cabe was in bed, in an attic or rather loft, one part of which was elevated above the other, on a sort of stage, or platform. The soldiers knew where their victim was concealed, and rushing forward at the same moment, the platform cracked, and broke beneath them, and whilst they were seeking to recover themselves, M'Cabe threw up the window sash, and jumped out on the roof of an adjoining house, and instantly disappeared.

"We have heard this anecdote, of his escape, from the authorities of Cork, placed at a much earlier period of the year, some time subsequent to the 12th of March, when, there can be no doubt, he was in Cork, for the purpose of organizing it, as it was then, like Wexford, considered backward in the cause. The truth of the anecdote is beyond a doubt. It may be added, that Mr. Conway, of the 'United Irish Directory,' was the father of the Mr. Conway, who was long so well known to the members of the London press, by his connexion with the *Times*, and who was beloved and respected by all, who were acquainted with him.

"With the death-struggle of 'the rebels,' in Wexford, we find no trace of M'Cabe, nor have we been able to discover where he was concealed, until the news reached Dublin, that the French forces had landed at Killala. He then conceived, that the time was, at length, come, for a successful struggle; and he declared to some of his associates, at a meeting, which was held in Pill-lane, that he would make his way to the French camp, for the purpose of giving the foreign allies of Ireland, all the information and assistance in his power. He kept his word faithfully, although every road, from Dublin to Connaught, was beset by the military, and that, for any man to be discovered abroad at night, unless upon the king's service, was death, by 'martial' law. But what cared M'Cabe for those perils? He, who confident in his own resources, and his powers of disguise, was to be found, even in

the Castle-yard, disguised as a yeoman, and picking up any information, that was to be procured there, was not to be deterred from a project, by any difficulties. He first established a factory for the making of pikes, in Westmeath, and then contrived to make his way, across the country, to the French camp, and participated in its short-lived triumph."

CHAPTER IV.

"ANOTHER of the hair-breadth escapes of M'Cabe, occurred, on his return from the French camp, to Dublin. He had gone to Connaught, in the hope of being able to rouse the different counties, to aid the small detachment of foreigners, in its march; but the spirit of the population was broken,—they saw nothing, but the prospect of defeat before them. M'Cabe failed, in his efforts at organization. Hitherto, he had sought, aided by others, to battle for victory; and now, it would appear, as if relying upon his own resources alone, he would seek for, and, if possible, obtain, revenge. His first duty, however, was, to provide for his own safety, as well as for those, who had confided themselves to his guidance. Accompanied by three gentlemen, one, named Palmer, a second, a French officer, and a third, whose name we have not learned, he was able to bring them, unscathed, and almost without any alarm, from Connaught, to the immediate neighbourhood of Dublin. There, as they were about to cross the bridge of the Grand Canal, they found themselves unexpectedly challenged by a sentinel, one of the Londonderry militia, who, with a portion of his regiment was stationed, at that point, to guard the approach to Dublin, from any surprise, on the part of the rebels. M'Cabe desired his companions to retreat, and appointed a rendezvous for them, in the city, next day. He then pushed on, boldly, by the sentinel, answering his challenge, and pointing out the road, *not the right one*, by which the others had retreated, he

passed on, and reached Dublin, where his companions shortly after arrived, conducted by a farmer, named Malone, by whom they had been sheltered, in the demesne of Donore, and brought in safety to Dublin.

"The insurgents, in all parts of Ireland, had been defeated, with the exception of a few hundred men, who were under the command of Holt and Dwyer, in Wicklow, and who, being well acquainted with all the fastnesses of the Wicklow mountains, supported themselves, and their followers, by the plunder, which they were able to collect, from their foes. M'Cabe knew Holt to be a brave, but ignorant and hot-headed soldier; and, conscious that resistance, under such a leader, and at such a time, could only bring destruction on himself, and his adherents, he wished, if possible, that Holt could be made to submit upon terms, which would save him and them, from that horrible death, which appeared inevitable for them all. He even wrote to the government, under a feigned name, offering his services, to attain that end.* It was intimated that his services would be accepted, and M'Cabe, accompanied by a Mr. Farrell, proceeded to Wicklow. They saw Holt, and prepared the way, for that capitulation to which the government, not less than Holt, were willing parties. This attempt to save the life of Holt, put M'Cabe himself in great peril. The officers of the government knew, at last, where he was to be found, and a party was sent down to Wicklow, to arrest him.

"The object for which M'Cabe had gone to Wicklow, was accomplished. He had parted but a few hours from Holt, and was engaged, in conversation, with Mr. Farrell, at Quin's hotel, at Bray, when a gentleman, unknown to either, joined the conversation,

* I have heard it stated, but cannot vouch for the fact, that when the state prisoners entered into the compact with government, in 1798, and agreed to get one of their body to accompany Mr. Dobbs, to the county Wicklow, with the view, of inducing the outstanding insurgents to surrender, that the person sent with Mr. Dobbs, was M'Cabe.—R. R. M.

and in the course of it, stated, that he had come down to that village, for the purpose of arresting the notorious M'Cabe, the friend of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Both M'Cabe and Farrell, eagerly offered their assistance to the stranger, to attain so 'desirable an object.' The conversation was carried on, with great spirit, for some time, when the strangers separated from each other. M'Cabe and his friend, walked to the end of the town, ordered a post-chaise, and whilst the government messenger was on the watch, for any rebels coming from the mountains of Wicklow, they were travelling, with all speed, for Dublin, where both arrived, in perfect safety.

"The failure of the Killala expedition, was the death-blow to the cause of the United Irishmen. It became then, in that moment of disaster, and failure, the task of every man, to look to himself—the cry was, *sauve qui peut*—and how each could best capitulate with the successful government. It had in its power, most of the leaders of the insurrection; but William Putnam M'Cabe was yet at large.

"At the desire of the government, the willing and submissive Irish Parliament, passed two acts, one, an act 38th Geo. III., ch. 79, entitled, the 'Banishment Act;' the other, 38th Geo. III., ch. 80, the 'Fugitive Bill.' The first, was a compromise with the United Irish, in custody, by which they were to be transported to places beyond sea, not at war with his Majesty; the other was, an act of attainder against those, who, charged with the crime of high treason, had fled from the country, and who, if they did not surrender by a certain time, were to be subjected to penalties of treason.

"At the time that both those acts, received the royal assent, the 6th October, 1798, William Putnam M'Cabe had fled from the country. He was not in any jail in Ireland; and yet, instead of being included in the 'Fugitive Bill,' he was introduced into the 'Banishment Bill;' that is, he, who was out of the country, was treated, as if he were in jail, and as far as he

was concerned, if he were *then* arrested, and brought to trial, the proof would have lain upon his prosecutors, to show (upon his being found in Ireland) that he came within the terms of an act, which could never be proved to apply to him, whilst his name was excluded from an act, which really did apply to him! He used to boast in latter years, this had been effected for him, by Mr. Dobbs, the gentleman, who when travelling from Belfast to Dublin, with him in the mail coach, he had persuaded that he was an Englishman.

"At the very time that the act was passing, which treated M'Cabe as a prisoner, in one of the Irish jails, he was in Wales. It was generally supposed, not merely by the society of United Irishmen, now completely broken up, and shattered, it might be said, into minute fragments; but it was, also, the belief of the governments, English, as well as Irish, that M'Cabe had exiled himself to France, or the United States. Both were in error: he was living, quietly concealed, in Wales. A life of repose, however, did not suit him; for, in the year 1799, he was unexpectedly met, in the streets of London, by a gentleman, who had been involved in the affairs of the United Irishmen, who was acquainted with all their secrets, and cognizant of all their plans, but yet, declined to join with them, because he could see in them, no hope of ultimate success. This gentleman, upon seeing M'Cabe, was quite thunderstruck, upon beholding so unexpected, and it may be added, so unwished-for an apparition, in the open day, and in such a place as London. At first, he hoped he was mistaken; but M'Cabe instantly recognised him, and coming up to him, addressed him by name, and then stated, that he had in his mind, a plan, by which, he hoped to break down, and confound, the English government. He intended, he said, to organize an insurrection, in that country, and when it was ripe for explosion, he contemplated having the Custom House, the Exchange, the Bank, and the Government Offices, all set fire to in one night.

"The gentleman, to whom M'Cabe addressed himself, considered the plan, as absurd, as it was nefarious, and he looked in M'Cabe's face, to see if he were joking, or really affected with insanity. To his astonishment, he beheld the proposer of the English insurrection, and the concoctor of a general conflagration in London, as calm, as cool, and as innocent, apparently in his manner, as the most guileless of human beings. The suspicion next flashed across his mind, that M'Cabe had become a spy of the government—that he had initiated the infamous example of Reynolds and his compeers, and was, like them, seeking out a vile existence by selling the blood of his fellow countrymen. Penetrated with this idea, he sought at once to free himself from the dangerous society, into which accident had thrown him. He pretended that the urgency of business compelled him to break off the conversation; and so impressed was he with the idea, that M'Cabe had become a traitor; so impossible was it for him to reconcile the idea, first, that M'Cabe could be safe in London, in despite of the government; and, next, that he could, even in that moment of defeat and disaster to his former allies, be concocting plans of revenge against those who had subdued them, that he determined at once to quit London. The resolution was one he carried into practice the following day.

"With respect to the suspicion of M'Cabe having turned traitor to his former associates, great wrong has been done to him. Whatever were his faults, he was true, at least to them and to their principles, to the last moment of his life. Those who knew him best, were convinced of his sincerity; but in that epoch, when perfidy was rewarded as a virtue, and fidelity punished as a crime, we can be little surprised that such suspicion should have arisen.

"'There is a point of time,' says Schiller, 'when one believes in no virtue;' and, amid their many disasters, this, too, was the affliction of many of the

United Irishmen in their desolate exile, or their still more unfortunate country.

"Shortly after M'Cabe quitted Ireland, he married a lady of highly respectable family, the widow of a Captain M'Niel. Towards the close of the year 1801, he withdrew to France. He had, however, found many disciples in England; and it is to be believed, that he was not wholly unconnected with the disturbances that prevailed in London in 1800; the desperate project of Colonel Despard, in 1802; and the attempt at rebellion by the Watsons and Thistlewood, long afterwards. He met again with some of his former associates in Paris, and frequently was employed by them, in visiting England, at different periods; but it was stated by one of the state prisoners, who had been confined in Fort George, and is now living, that suspicion was excited against him in Paris, because, in one of his visits, he had been seen coming from the Home Office in Downing-street. It was, we believe, said of Garrick, that on the stage, he was, for the time, the person that he represented, and such, too, would appear to be M'Cabe's quality in performing a part in real life, and on the issue of which depended, not the applause of an audience, but his own life; or, with its failure, a certain, speedy, and painful death. We have no doubt of the correctness for the fact, and that, whilst in London, as the agent of the United Irishmen of Paris, he had the audacity to go into Downing-street, for the purpose of picking up any intelligence, that might be useful to the enemies of the English government. We have no doubt of this, because the writer of this has a distinct recollection, that even whilst M'Cabe was a prisoner in Kilmainham, he was able to carry on a correspondence, through the medium of the Foreign Office, in London.

"For the purpose of aiding his own private or political views, M'Cabe continued at all times to possess the best and most authentic information, and this, too, when the government itself had set a price upon his head, and when its officers were employed in different

of them could not be interesting to the general reader. It is sufficient to say of that litigation, that it terminated in the repayment to M'Cabe of a part, and to his daughter as his representative of the entire of the money lent. There can be no doubt, but that its non-payment for so many years was the cause of much suffering and affliction to M'Cabe, that it was, in seeking for it, he was frequently arrested, and that, at least, the confinement caused by one of these detentions, hastened his death. It was a curious fact, that this conduct, pursued towards M'Cabe, forced him to adopt proceedings at law, and in the prosecution of them, he had at the same time a suit in the Court of Chancery, in Ireland, against O'Connor, and another in the French Courts. In Ireland, the plaintiff and defendant were suitors in the Court of Equity, even when both, if apprehended in the country, were liable to a capital prosecution."

CHAPTER V.

"As long as the faculties of William Putnam M'Cabe were concentrated in his favourite object, his good fortune attended him. He appeared then to have 'a charmed life,' and was free from the gripe of the police. He seemed able to 'laugh to scorn' all their efforts to lay hold of him, to baffle him, or to thwart his designs. But once he became involved in the snares of the law, his fortunate star declined, and the arrests to which he was subject, were frequent. To harass the authorities, and to unsettle the minds of the English population, he was able, even in the time that the war against France was at its height, to come to this country, to scatter abroad discontent, and then, having set fire to the train, to escape in time to avoid the explosion. London, Nottingham, Paisly, Glasgow, Stockport, Manchester, were severally visited by M'Cabe, and each exhibited, as proof of his presence,

symptoms of popular discontent, not unfrequently of open violence.

"At length, however, he again ventured to Ireland. The first visit he paid to it, from the time of Emmet's insurrection in 1803, was in the year 1810, and, for four years subsequently, he went there for the purpose of carrying on his suit against Arthur O'Connor. The certain intelligence of his presence in Ireland, and where he might be arrested, were at last brought to the Castle, by whom, has been a matter of doubt, and we shall not now revive either what were *his* own suspicions on that subject, or those entertained by others; but, in consequence of that denunciation, a warrant for his apprehension was placed in the hands of Mr. Michael Farrell, the head of the police in Dublin, and one, whose skill, talents, and resolution, place him in the highest rank with the men, most celebrated in any country, as members of the Detective Police. Mr. Farrell was able to accomplish what no police officer, in England or Ireland, could before effect; and, on the 19th of February, in the year 1814, he arrested M'Cabe, at the house, No. 70, Capel-street. From thence he was at once taken to prison, and, on the 23rd of March following, transferred to London, in the custody of Mr. Farrell, and at the Home Office had an interview with the Under Secretary of State, of the Home Department. Previously to his transmission from Ireland, he dictated to his daughter, a letter, which he addressed to Sir Robert Peel, the Chief Secretary, wherein he stated, 'he was perfectly aware by returning to Ireland, without the permission of government, he had rendered himself liable to be prosecuted for high treason; that it was in the power of government to hang him, if they should choose to do so; but he did not think it was Mr. Peel's wish to put a man to death, who had come back to his country for the sole purpose of recovering his property. There was a period when he might have apprehended, his life would have been the forfeit of his

rashness, in venturing to Ireland; the times, however, had changed. The sanguinary times of 1798, were gone by; the government could have no wish, and no interest, in the prosecution, or conviction of men, who no longer harbour bad intentions towards them. But even, if the government were otherwise disposed, if it wished for his life, it was a matter of little consequence to him—his health was broken down; he was racked with rheumatism, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot; his friends were dead; the money he had scraped together, he had lent, and he had lost it; he had nothing left in the world worth living for. It mattered little, then, if they took his life—it was a thing of no value; but, for the sake of his child, and on that ground only, he appealed to the Secretary.'

"It is to be mentioned, to the honour of Sir Robert Peel, that the application was not ineffectual, and there is reason to believe that touched by the unfortunate condition of the man who addressed him, he had the humanity, in sending him to London, to make such a representation of his case, as led to his being liberated, after a short time, and sent out of the kingdom.

"M'Cabe stated he had been informed that the Secretary had said, 'it was manifest *the air of Ireland did not agree with his health*, and that it would be necessary for him to try a more southern climate. Means should be taken for his removal, but great danger to himself would be the consequence if he were ever again found in Ireland.'

"It is gratifying to be able to give such details, however opposed one may be in opinion to the policy of Sir Robert Peel.

"M'Cabe, after an examination, by Sir F. Conant, Chief Magistrate at Bow-street, was committed a prisoner to Tothill Fields, Bridewell, and from thence sent on board a ship about to sail from Portsmouth to Portugal, as, in the then peculiar circumstances of France, it was not deemed prudent to permit him to return to that country.

"The plea of ill health was not unfounded, he was afflicted with rheumatism, broken down in constitution, and in his impatience to be restored to health, was rendering himself still worse, by the enormous quantity of medicine which he used to take. Miserable, however, as his situation was, he could not rest in peace. The activity of mind and body, which had formerly distinguished, and which had enabled him so frequently to baffle all pursuit, was now converted into an unceasing querulousness, which made his society but little desirable to those, who had formerly derived such pleasure from it. The instant he was able to stir, he should move; and anxious to recover his property, he, despite of all the warnings, that had been given to him, again ventured to visit Ireland in 1817. He had made his way to Belfast—he was there arrested, and from thence transferred to the jail of Kilmainham, where he lay, as a state prisoner, for at least a year and a half. It was while he was in confinement in Kilmainham jail, that the writer of this memoir was brought to visit him. There was then but little appearance of the man whose activity, courage, and presence of mind, as well as extraordinary powers of imitation, had made him at once so formidable, and so remarkable. He was seemingly not more than forty five years of age, but sickness had made his complexion more sallow than it had been in his natural state of health. His height was about five feet nine inches, and his figure, which was once so muscular, had withered away, and was convulsed and contorted by incessant attacks of rheumatism. There was great animation in his large black eyes, and they exhibited, when he was silent, the look in them of a man who reflected a great deal. His only companion was his daughter, then a beautiful girl, apparently about sixteen years of age, and his only attendant was a valet. When suffering from pain, he always spoke, and, it might be added, swore, in French. In common conversation his language was slightly tinged with the English accent.

"For month after month he had to endure a prolonged confinement in Kilmainham jail, but it was certainly in no patient mood. It was manifest to all who saw him, that his health was rapidly declining, and at length, after repeated representations to the Castle, and with the offer of becoming security for his appearance, a distant connexion of his own, Mr. John M'Cabe,* obtained permission to have him transferred to his house on Arbour Hill. Even there, the government did not seem to be secure of him, for whilst bed ridden, he was visited regularly every day by one of the turnkeys of the jail, in order that the authorities might be sure he was not again deceiving them. An application was also then made for M'Cabe to be relieved from all restraint, on the ground, that when he was arrested, both in 1814, and in 1817, he was in Ireland, bona fide, but for objects of his own. The answer that was given to the application, it was, we believe, by the present Lord Glenelg, then Mr. Secretary Grant, was to this effect, 'that it might be quite true, that William Putnam M'Cabe, never went to any part of England, or Ireland, except upon business of his own, but it was very extraordinary, that in whatever part of the King's dominions his own business brought him, some public disturbance was sure to take place.'

"It was this opinion, with respect to M'Cabe, this dread of the danger to be apprehended from him, that must be considered, as the excuse of the government, for having, in a time of tranquillity, confined in jail, for nearly two years, a man who was actually a bed-ridden cripple. The government, however, at length relented, and he was permitted, towards the close of the year 1818, to leave Ireland for France.

"It has been stated, that even ill as he was, he made his way back to Glasgow, in 1819, when unfortunately for him disturbances again broke out. He was a third time arrested, but contrived to get

* See "Lives and Times of the United Irishmen," Vol. I. p. 401.

liberated, or to liberate himself, and to leave the kingdom. Here it may then be said his political life closed. The remainder of his days were occupied with the law proceedings he had instituted in various courts against O'Connor, for the recovery of the money he had lent him about 1807. For some time, previous to his death, he had been under medical treatment in a 'Maison de Santè,' in the neighbourhood of his residence in Paris, where he terminated his chequered career about the year 1821. His property chiefly consisting of his claims on O'Connor, which he bequeathed to his daughter, who, shortly after his decease, married a Mr. Nesbitt.

"The brother of William Putnam M'Cabe, who was called after his father Thomas, left two children, one a son, was an assistant surgeon in the rifle brigade, and died at an early age in the West Indies, the second a daughter, is still living. This daughter, Mrs. Coleman, resides within three miles of Belfast, and inherited whatever property was left by her grandfather, the honest hearted and manly Thomas M'Cabe.

"But what, it may be asked by the curious, was M'Cabe's demeanour, conduct, and bearing in private life. Unfortunately the writer cannot speak of these, but at a time, when sickness and suffering had weakened the body, disappointment, (and as M'Cabe conceived,) bad treatment on the part of former friends had embittered the feelings, and warped the mind. There was a time, and in this we give the testimony of strangers, of persons utterly unconnected with M'Cabe, who declared that he was a man on whose word they could rely with the most implicit confidence, even though the redeeming of his promise should have cost him his life. This was his character in his youth, and his manhood, but he had played a part dangerous for any man to attempt, he had assumed opinions and put on characters which did not belong to him, to attain a political object. It is a perilous thing to tamper with truth, we believe it never can

be done with impunity, and in this case the evil effects were visible, when pain had shattered his nerves, and grief had distorted his intellect. Then, and not till then, did M'Cabe become a man full of suspicion, and who acted as if he believed all the world was in a conspiracy against him.

"While we deplore his faults, it would be well to bear in mind the causes of the aggravation of whatever was evil in his nature. It would be idle to expect in one who led such a life as that of M'Cabe, whose latter days were so embittered by his own real trials, and blurred by his fancied wrongs, the same vigour of mind or resolution that he once exhibited, when he derived all his power and integrity from a fresh and untainted source. We are not to look for this, no more than we should suppose, we could find in a fortress that has stood out a lengthened siege, and at length yielded to the superior might of the enemy, the same perfection in its walls, and the same completeness in its battlements, that it once presented, before the shells of the enemy had fallen upon it, or the mines of the foe, had riven asunder its defences. The friend of humanity may weep over the wreck that he beholds; whilst the hypocrite, or the fool, will alone scorn the ruins upon which he tramples.

"We have now arrived at the conclusion of a task, which a sincere desire to exhibit, the respect and regard entertained towards Dr. Madden, was the sole motive for undertaking. As far as the man himself is concerned, of whom we have had to treat, we have concealed nought of our own opinion, respecting him, in the political career, which he for so many years pursued. The time has come, when such things can be treated with perfect fairness and candour. To us, at least, one privilege is conceded, that was denied to our fathers—the liberty of the press. We can boast, with more truth, in the reign of Victoria, than the great historian did in the time of Trajan; unlike to the days of Putnam M'Cabe, and his contemporaries, we can affirm that ours is the unusual advantage of living

at a period, when it is no longer a crime for men to think as they please, nor to speak as they think:* 'rarâ temporum felicitate, ubi sentire quæ velis, et quæ sentias dicere licet.'

"WILLIAM B. MAC CABE.

"*London, May* 2, 1843."

CHAPTER VI.

THE preceding memoir, leaves little, of importance, to be said, of the career of William Putnam M'Cabe; but since it was written, some additional information was obtained, by me, from his daughter in Paris, and likewise, from a gentleman in London, whose father had been intimately connected with him, which may serve, as an appendix, to the admirable account of this extraordinary man, in the preceding pages.

Circumstances have enabled me, to explain the nature of the pecuniary relations, which subsisted between Arthur O'Connor and M'Cabe, namely, the possession of M'Cabe's papers, respecting this transaction, including several letters, addressed to him, by O'Connor, and the brother of the latter, Mr. Daniel Connor, of Connor-ville, in the county Cork; and also, the papers of the other party, furnished by one, mainly interested in the affair, contained in the attested copies of all the legal documents, appertaining to the cause, which had been in the possession of O'Connor, and now happen to be in mine. In justice to the latter, I feel bound to declare, that those papers lead to the conviction, that there was no disposition, evinced by O'Connor, to wrong M'Cabe. The whole of the difficulties arose, from the embarrassments, in which his Irish properties were involved,—the consequence of his exile, and of unnatural family dissen-

* My friend probably omitted, by mistake, to subjoin the words, "*in England.*"—R. R. M.

sions, promoted at the expense of the absent proprietor. In proof of this assertion, I will give a few extracts, from these letters, practising not a little restraint, perhaps, in the mode of doing so, but desiring to abstain from all unnecessary reference, to matters of a private nature.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO DANIEL CONNOR, ESQ., FROM A. O'CONNOR.

"*Paris, February* 7, 1807.

"This will be delivered to you, by a real, true friend, who, seeing the cruel situation I was reduced to, has lent me £4750. As I am ignorant of what sums you may have been able to collect for me, I leave it to you, to do all you can, to satisfy my friend, in the manner most agreeable to his wishes; nor need I tell you, how anxious I am, that you may be able to satisfy him, as well for the four thousand pounds he does not want immediately, as for the *seven hundred and fifty*, he has immediate occasion for. The £4000 is to pay an interest of five per cent., until you can pay it; the rest, you will pay him with my rents, as he will not meet with any one, that can give him better advice, for the plan that he should adopt.

"I request, you will be of all the use you can, not only on the subject of his money matters, but on any other, all which, his kindness to me merits. He will explain my sentiments fully, on all subjects.....

(*Signed*)

"A. O'CONNOR."

FROM A. O'CONNOR TO D. CONNOR, ESQ.

"*Paris, March* 17, 1807.

"MY DEAREST DANIEL—Since your letter, of the 1st of September last, I have never heard from you. I have just received a letter, from my good friend, Evans, by which, I find, he has written to you, acquainting you of the state of affairs, with that wretched

being, * * * I hope the arbitration may be agreed on; but, in case he is mad enough, to expose the matchless depravity of his conduct, I request you will inform Evans, of the attorney you wish to have employed, should he force me into a law-suit. In order to induce him to leave all to arbitration, I have pointed out an easy way for him, to discharge the debt he owes me..... (*Signed*)

"O'C."

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM DANIEL CONNOR TO W. P. M'CABE.

"*Bristol, July* 5, 1808.

"I find, by the letters of my brother to me, that you lent him £4750, in January or February, 1807: he is not exact, as to date.

"I have ordered an estate of his, of the yearly value of £1000, to be sold. My second brother, William, has a mortgage on it, for £5000, with interest due. The moment it is sold, and the mortgage paid, I shall order your debt to be paid, with interest, to whomsoever you shall appoint to receive it.

"I am, Sir, your faithful obdt. servt.

"DANIEL CONNOR.

"To William P. M'Cabe, Esq.,
145, Portland-st., London.

"To William Putnam,
Care of Thos. A. Emmet, New York."

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM D. CONNOR, ESQ., TO W. PUTNAM (M'CABE.)

"*October*, 31, 1808.

"In answer to your last, I request you to consider, if it was possible for me, to do more than I have done. In June last, his estates were advertised for sale. I cannot compel persons to offer for them: they may be on the eve of sale, for any thing I know. Reeves

Eventually, the matter was amicably settled. A portion of the debt was paid during M'Cabe's life, and finally, his daughter received what remained due of it. Among the documents referred to, there is an attested copy of a receipt in full, in liquidation of all claims on O'Connor, signed by Nesbitt, as executor, and acting for his wife, dated the 6th of April, 1827.

The 5th of December, 1820, I find, by the papers in question, that William Putnam M'Cabe appeared, for the last time, before the public notaries, in Paris, in the prosecution of his suit; and on the 24th of April, 1821, Elizabeth Nesbitt (his daughter, recently married) appeared before the same notaries, by her husband, " as the representative of William Putnam M'Cabe, deceased, the 12th of February, 1821, at No. 17, Rue de Faubourgh St. Jacques." His own residence, was No. 13, Rue du Cherche midi, Paris.

To the son of the gentleman referred to, in a succeeding statement of Mr. Nesbitt, at whose house, at Newington, M'Cabe's daughter had been staying, when her father made his appearance there, in the disguise of a servant in livery, I am indebted for a quantity of M'Cabe's papers, his passports, letters, and memorandums, from which, a few extracts appeared to me, worthy of being given. By some of these documents, it appears, that, in 1807, he took out his passport in France, under the false name of William Lee, for the United States, via Bordeaux: it is dated, " Paris, 5th December, 1807." The same passport is " viséed" at Brussels, the 27th April, 1808, where he then was, on his way to England.

During his residence in Southampton Buildings, Holborn, London, the year following to his pretended departure from France, for the United States, he made over a power of attorney to Mr. Thomas M'Cabe, of Vicinage, Belfast, dated the 23rd of February, 1809. In this document, he styles himself a cotton manufacturer, and states his intention, of proceeding to the United States, and of residing there.

In the year 1814, he was at Lisbon; and his Bri-

tannic Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary, in Portugal—Lord Sydenham—granted him a passport, under date the 13th day of July, 1814, for the Baltic, in the name of Mr. William Putnam, a British subject.

EXTRACT FROM DR. ARMSTRONG'S STATEMENT.

"*August*, 1802.

"Immediately, on the arrival of my friend, Mr. Lee, in this country, he communicated to me his business and future plans. The statement which he gave me, was, that Mr. S.* and another person, had proposed to my friend to set up a cotton manufactory in this country. They were to furnish, according to his statement, *ten thousand pounds each. This quota* was to have been, what certainly is, and ought to be, deemed an equal share, to wit, his integrity, knowledge, and the labour of conducting such a concern. Sometime after, the third person above alluded to, declined (according to Mr. S.'s statement to my friend) taking any further part in the plan, and it, of course rested with Mr. S. and Mr. L.

"I always, from the very first moment we conversed together, was assured by Mr. L. that, happen what would, Mr. S.'s intentions were, to set this business a-going, with a capital of not less than £20,000. Under such impressions, and with such expectations, I ever understood he had been induced to leave England.

"Shortly after the arrival of my friend and his wife at Mr. S.'s house, whither they came, by particular invitation, a misunderstanding took place between them, occasioned by some deficiency, in point of attention, on the part of Mr. S. towards his friends; and on quitting Mr. L.'s apartments, one evening, in company with Mr. S., the latter introduced a conver-

* Mr. George Smith—an assumed name.

sation, entirely unsought for on my part, in the course of which, at his particular request, I explained to him fully the causes of any apparent coolness.....

"Mr. S. made use of the following remarkable expression:—'*Surely he ought to know that I am infinitely more dependant on him, than he can possibly be on me. It never having been my intention to shut myself out of England, by having my name mentioned in the partnership. On the contrary, I shall not, in all probability, spend more than four months in the year here; his honour and industry are the only securities for so considerable a concern as shall be intrusted to him.*'.....

"I can positively state, that the mode of getting over the workmen and machinery, was repeatedly canvassed; that propositions were made by Mr. S., so pregnant with danger, and which danger was to be exclusively his own, that I cannot conceive how any man, who had not made up his mind finally, with respect to the plan, and had not determined to undertake the business on an extensive scale, could have expressed a resolution to run such risks. As Mr. S. may have forgotten some of these conversations, I shall merely mention, that one evening he and Mr. L. proposed, and talked of sending a person over to prepare the men to set out; and he, in particular, mentioned a plan of freighting a vessel at Hull, or else getting a pleasure-boat on the Thames, to convey them and their families. The same evening he mentioned a very ingenious smuggler, with whom he was acquainted, who might be useful, as he was constantly in the habit of going backwards and forwards from the Thames to Holland, and on whom he could depend.

"Another day, on which we went to see, in company, a machine manufactory, he began talking of getting over machinery, saying, 'let me alone, I would get them over, was I obliged to swallow them piece-meal, and throw them up on landing;' adding,

at the same time, 'I hardly think candles, with spindles for wicks, would be very expensive.'.....

"All these circumstances I know that Mr. S. neither can nor will deny, and I really think it would be insulting the understandings of gentlemen, who are to determine on this business, to endeavour to convince them that after such a variety of assertions, on the part of Mr. S., I could form any other opinion, than that his intention from the very first had been to set up a manufactory in *this* country, in the manner already stated.....

(*Signed*) "WM. ARMSTRONG.

"A Monsieur Lee,
"Rouen."

MR. LONG'S STATEMENT.

"W. M'Cabe told me in Dublin, in the summer of 1801, that Mr. Smith had engaged with him for the purpose of establishing an extensive cotton manufactory in France, and had promised him a partnership in it. That for the arrangement of such an establishment, he had just come from Manchester, and for the same purpose he was proceeding to Glasgow.

(*Signed*)
"PHILIP LONG.

"*London, 3rd Aug.* 1802."

FROM GEORGE SMITH TO WILLIAM LEE (WILLIAM P. M'CABE.)

"*Rotterdam, Sep. 4th, (no year).*

"MY DEAR LEE—I have not been able here to procure for you the necessary passports. It was only by the very strong recommendations, which preceded me, that I was enabled to procure one for myself, and, even with all that, I have been obliged to borrow the cover of a *neutral name.* What you must do, is to apply to Mons. Simonville, at the Hague, tell him

who you are; that you are following me to Paris, to assist me in the project which brings me to France.

"If any thing should prevent this arrangement succeeding, you must write to me, at Mons. Recamier, at Paris, and I have no doubt of doing every thing that you want. I have been singularly lucky in a fellow-traveller, who has been of infinite use to me, and who will be of still more at Paris, as he can probably carry me *immediately* to the head of the government. Louisa is vastly well, and very happy. Poor Pearce is miserably stupid.

"Let me hear from you immediately, as I long to hear you are safe on this side.

"We had the devil of a passage, a perfect hurricane all night, but by good luck we picked up a pilot in the morning, or we must have put to sea again. My love to Madam.

"Tout ira au mieux, ça ira, ça ira!

"Yours, very truly,
"G. SMITH.

"A Mons. William Lee,
"Embden."

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM G. SMITH TO MRS. LEE (M'CABE.)

"*Hotel d'Angleterre, Paris.*

"MY DEAR MRS. LEE—I do assure you, I have had no pleasure, since I arrived in Paris, at all equal to that which the receipt of your kind letter gave me, and that I should have written to you immediately, but that I thought it much more important to set about the business of your passports, and, by so doing, I missed the post.

"Either things here are very much changed since your lord and master was in this part of the world, or he was a very superficial observer, when he described the facility with which I should be able to do this, that, and the other; but when I get him safe to Paris

I shall lecture him well; in the mean time, you must preach prudence, and no politics, to him.

"We must be simple manufacturers, and I am sure we shall do well.

"If you should find, from a longer stay at Antwerp than you expected, that your purse is drained of its contents, you have only to let me know how much you want, and it shall be sent immediately.

"Yours,

"To Mons. Wm. Lee, "G. SMITH.
"Anvers."

FROM G. SMITH TO LEE (M'CABE).

"*Paris Oct.* 11, 1801.

"MY DEAR LEE—I am very sorry that any delicacy towards me, has prevented your making other applications for your passports, though, I can assure you, that neither of the quarters you mention would have availed you any thing, Blackburne is not in Paris—indeed, I believe, he has left France—and Mrs. Tone would, on no account, interfere in the matter. I have done every thing I could, and I suppose I shall succeed.

"When I see you, we shall have many things to discuss; in the mean time, you may rest assured, I will leave nothing undone to promote your object.

"Yours, most truly,
"GEORGE SMITH.

"P.S.—Remember me most kindly to Mrs. L."

DOCUMENT IN THE HAND-WRITING OF M'CABE.

"*We*, the undersigned, do mutually agree to submit all matters, in difference between us, to the opinion and decision of two persons in England, one of whom to be appointed by each of us.

"GEORGE SMITH,
"WILLIAM PUTNAM M'CABE.

"*Jan. 28th*, 1802."

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MR. SMITH TO DR. ARMSTRONG.

"*Brighton, August 24th,* 1802."

"DEAR SIR—Your letter of Tuesday was forwarded to me yesterday evening. I am glad that M'Cabe has fixed on Mr. Bell, as it saves me from the necessity of naming any person in my behalf, and confines the story to fewer persons, which is certainly desirable.

"Yours, truly,
"G. SMITH.

"To Dr. Armstrong."

LETTER FROM PHILIP CROWE, (*qr.* PHILLIP LONG,*) TO W. P. M'CABE.

"*Dublin, May 3rd,* 1802.

"Your answer to my proposal you will immediately make to Mrs L., or to me direct here.

"On this proposal, or the causes which have led me to it, I will not dwell much; you will readily conceive the most leading one to be my perfect confidence in you, in which I am satisfied I will not be disappointed; I shall, therefore, receive your answer, as dictated by candour and mature consideration, such as you will feel highly necessary for yourself and for me.

"The interest I would expect, in the proposed connection, would be a complete partnership, and a half concern in all manufacturing concerns without exception: to this, I think, the capital I would bring in, the credit I can very extensively command in your country, my own knowledge of trade, and the powerful recommendation, of which I would be sure, entitle me, particularly, as such an undertaking should command my means altogether, and limit them to it. In case

* The person who supplied Robert Emmet with the funds, which enabled him to carry on his preparations for the insurrection of 1803, was Mr. Philip Long, an eminent merchant, residing in Crow-street, Dublin.

of such agreement, between us, it will be my purpose, after some time, permanently to establish myself *in your neighbouring city*. On your friendship, and consideration, I will not impress the very serious step I have now in contemplation; here I am most comfortably and promisingly situated; it will be for your part, not to advise me to any thing which may threaten to render me otherwise. On your advice I will depend, and I will candidly declare, I am myself well inclined to the undertaking. You know I am not fond of any personal inconvenience or danger to you, and I think some might attend your visit to see me; I would, therefore, prefer making one to you, and I will do so on receipt of an assenting answer. I feel we could make every thing agreeable, and, for myself, that I would be able to carry your abilities, and my own ideas, to some extent: the idea of collecting round us the many unfortunates, is one of no small force with me. I would write you much, at large, on this subject; but we know one another too well for expatiation. I shall only briefly say, that I can be useful.

"My journey, if made, shall be through London, when I will be glad to see the ill conducted Mr. S. I think I would soon bring him to reason.

"Your lady has informed you of my very painful but useless trouble, and most pressing exertions with all your friends here; their conduct has been shameful, enough so indeed, to give to a feeling, but superficial observer, a disgust for man—they shall not be without a full knowledge of my sentiments of them. . . . .

"Yours, ever and affectionately,

"PHILIP CROWE."

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM PHILIP CROWE TO W. P. M'CABE.

"*May 5th*, 1802.

"I will await your reply to my proposal, and its receipt shall determine my instant departure to see you, or my stay here. You are already apprised I

can supply £4,000 to £5,000, if necessary. I can, further, command most ample credit. I repeat that I feel I can be useful in leading the undertaking to the most extended limits.

"I have already said that my residence would be shortly in your neighbourhood. I need not add, my belief, that we would be happy one with the other.

"On my confidence in your consideration, for my situation, and your care, not to recommend aught that may threaten a worse one, I depend

"Yours, ever,

"PHILIP CROWE."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF PHILIP CROWE TO DR. ARMSTRONG.

"*Dublin, July* 10, 1802.

"My delay has certainly been great, and on the score of personal inconvenience to you, may call for an apology, but I feel strongly that it has been by much too strongly arraigned; it did not continue without explanation, direct and indirect to you, and in any event it was at least open to a friendly construction.

"In your note to me, you are pleased to say that you would not judge of the causes of it; but in your letter to Mr. Gilman, which I have read, you attributed it to pusilanimity, or a worse cause: the true and only one of it, I have now to mention, or rather to repeat to you, has been the imperious call of business, which, with any regard to myself and my duty, to my connections, I could not have neglected...

(*Signed*) "P. CROWE.

"To Dr. Armstrong."

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM PHILIP LONG TO DR. ARMSTRONG.

"*Dublin, June* 1, 1802.

"I feel happy at the receipt of your favour of the

28th ult., and in the prospect it affords me of the pleasure of your acquaintance, assured, and prepared as I am, to experience much satisfaction in it. My esteem you have long had, and, were it wanting, my knowledge, and feeling of the friendly cause of your address to me would be sufficient title to it.....

"For our friend, and his lady, I entertain the highest respect, I may even say regard and affection; but with all the feelings which consequently follows, I should feel it rather strange, that in an undertaking so serious to me, I should not be allowed full time for examination of its consequences and prospects.

"The arrival of Mrs. Lee, in this country, was most truly unexpected by me, as was indeed equally so, an application from our friend to raise for him the sum of £1,500, this she may recollect my best endeavours were employed to effect, but completely in vain; on which disappointment, and much occasional conversation, I did purpose the idea of a connection, if satisfied in all the prospects of it, and in the most leading one, that of the certainty of complete legal security in the country of its undertaking. I am yet without a reply; the circumstances of that country have also changed much for the worse in my opinion, since the period of my proposal, most strangely and disgustingly so, and I find that the demand of our friend, originally made for £1,500, on my proposal, immediately rises to £6,000, and although I was clearly told that the money would answer in September, it is called for at once, and most pressingly; under all these circumstances, I cannot but hesitate, and although I am yet from friendship and opinion, well inclined to the undertaking, I must take of it, the further consideration and explanation which my interview with you and Mrs. Lee will give, and as this is to be soon, I decline for the present accepting the bill drawn on me, as when in London I can hand money for it.....

"Yours, &c.

"PHILIP LONG.

"To Dr. Armstrong,
"67, Chancery-lane."

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM P. LONG TO DR. ARMSTRONG.

"*July*, 13, 1802.

"On consideration, I have thought it may be necessary for our friend, to have the amount of the bills drawn on me, and I therefore enclose it *to you*, accepted, under the trust, that you will not deliver it, unless you find absolute necessity for doing so, and unless you see the business between him and me likely to take place, on the terms of arrangement which my last alluded to, or, unless you can, on a certainty of repayment to me for this, and my former advance of £200, in the month of September next, being the period for which I told *Mrs. Lee*, I could advance (on separate account) a sum of £500.

"I address myself to you, with that confidence, which your general good character, and my firm belief of it, inspires, for your government on the occasion. I have to repeat my inclination to the connection proposed, and my ability to advance for it, as may be wanting, in the course of two or three months, as far as £3000, and more hereafter, as may be occasionally required, independent of credit and accommodation: in short, I can, in every respect, accommodate and support the business, as described to me, on the arrangement and security of engagement, to which I will naturally look. It is always my habit to be perfectly candid, and I will, therefore, be so with you, in declaring, that, while I entertain the very highest opinion of our friend, and his lady, I cannot but feel displeasure, or rather, distrust, at the instance of impatience, which I am inclined to think selfish, which you have lately announced to me.

"Your assured humble servant,
"PHILIP LONG.

"To Wm. Armstrong, Esq.,
Chancery-lane, London.

"P.S.—A remaining, but declining attack of rheumatism, makes another hand still convenient to me.

With my own, I have to assure you, that I am disposed to every rational fulfilment of engagement between me and our friend; and that on my arrival in London, I command money for such part, as may be necessary for the present, as far as £1500, or even more."

The following account of M'Cabe, was given me, by his daughter, Mrs. Nesbitt, in Paris, in October, 1843:—

"William Putnam M'Cabe was born at Vicinage, near Belfast. His father's name was Thomas, who had a brother, of the name of James, established in business, in England. W. P. M'Cabe was brought up in the Protestant religion, and uniformly professed to be one: his daughter, Elizabeth, was also brought up in the same religion. He was educated at Belfast, and was very fond of reading works of general useful information, particularly mechanics. He was an excellent mechanic, was fond of drawing, and became a very tolerable draftsman, while in France.

"His early habits were disorderly and wild, but he was extremely temperate throughout his life. He had one brother, named Thomas, who married, and left one daughter, Jane Maria (now Mrs. Coleman) living at Belfast. His father, 'the Irish Slave,' as he was called, died about 1827, in the vicinity of Belfast.

"W. Putnam married privately, in 1801, Elizabeth, the widow of Captain M'Neil, a lady remarkable for her beauty. She was the sister of Sir Alexander M'Donald Lockhart, of Lee, in Scotland. M'Cabe was married, in Glasgow, under the name of Lee. He first became acquainted with Mrs. M'Neil, at Edinburgh. He had, not long before, been on the point of marriage, with a French lady; but Mr. O'Connor broke off the match. His wife died in Paris, in 1806, and was buried in the cemetery of Vangirard.

"He established, about 1803, a cotton mill, at a place called Hulm, near Rouen. Several of his friends

gave him pecuniary assistance: his father helped him, and Buonaparte gave him money for that purpose. He had a partner, named Mr. Philip Long, of Dublin, with whom he was very intimate. He afterwards sold this mill to a person named Waddington, who still has it.

"W. Putnam M'Cabe had several interviews with Buonaparte, and received every encouragement from him.

"It was in the year 1799 that he fled from Ireland. He proceeded the same year to Edinburgh, where he remained for about two years, and worked in a blacksmith's shop, in order to get a knowledge of his business, for the purpose of being able to direct the making of machinery: he likewise attended lectures on mechanics and chemistry at the same period. He afterwards went over to France, and set up the cotton factory. He was in England and Ireland in 1803. He came over again in 1806, remained there for some time, and went to Holland. In 1808 he was in Scotland; and from 1803, he was constantly going backwards and forwards, between France and England, chiefly on his own business.

"In 1801, while residing in Scotland, he escaped from the police, after having been arrested in Princes-street, Edinburgh. He assured the police officer, that he was in error; and told him to beware of mistaking a native of Edinburgh, for an Irish refugee. The officer persisted. M'Cabe put his hand to his breast coat pocket, and said, 'Very well, sir; since you think I am Irish, I will show you an Irish tooth-pick,' partly pulling out a small pocket pistol, which he never went abroad without. The officer made no further attempt to detain him.

"He was in Edinburgh in 1809, and was intimately acquainted with Lord Semple.

"About 1812, Mrs. Nesbitt was walking with him in Cornhill, London, when he was attacked by the police; a skirmish ensued—he struck at the officers; a scuffle took place, and he escaped.

"In 1814, he was in Ireland, and was examined before the magistrates; he was at that time in very bad health. After being confined some time, a letter was addressed by him to Mr. Peel, then Secretary; it was written by his daughter, and dictated by him. In this letter, he stated his sole object, in coming to Ireland, was to recover his property, and to secure it for his only child. He said a great deal in it about his wrongs and sufferings. Shortly after, he was sent to London, examined by the Secretary of State, and was lodged in Tothillfield's prison. After two or three months, he entered into an engagement with government, never to return to Great Britain. He was sent to Portugal, and returned, immediately after his arrival there, to London. His business, she supposed, was private then.

"In 1814, when he came from Portugal, his daughter was staying with some friends in Newington; he surprised them by his unexpected visit—he came there at night, dressed in livery, but did not remain long.

"In 1817, he was in Ireland, and was again arrested there. He was arrested innumerable times, and generally contrived to effect his escape. In England, in 1816, when travelling with his daughter, he was arrested in a mail-coach, he managed to get released by false papers. He was frequently in Scotland, and with similar results. He used to have different suits of clothes and wigs. In 1819, he was arrested in Glasgow, and was imprisoned there for some time; but never was imprisoned in England, except at the time he was sent over from Ireland. He contracted relations with a woman in England, after his return from Portugal, in 1814, and had several children by her.

In 1817, he was arrested at Belfast, at his father's house. Alderman Darley told him the information came from a relative, and a female, (his step-mother,) who wished to secure all the old man's property. He had then come from Manchester, where he had been on a visit for two or three months. Darley said they had information of his being in Manchester, but did

MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. JAMES PORTER.

"You might pardon him, and neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy." SHAKS. *Meas. for Meas.*—Act II. Sc. 2.

CHAPTER I.

JAMES PORTER was born in the parish of Ballindruit, in the county Donegal, of which place his father and mother were natives. He had three brothers and four sisters. He received an excellent education, under his father's care, and completed his studies at Glasgow. His parents were Presbyterians; and shortly after his return to Ireland, being educated for the church, he was appointed minister of the congregation of Grey Abbey, in the vicinity of Belfast. Mr. Porter entered on the duties of his calling, in 1784 or 1785. He married, about 1780, Anne Knox, by whom he had eight children, two sons and six daughters—Eliza, Anna, Matilda, Isabella, Sophia, and Eliza; Alexander and James. Seven of his children survived him.

So far as scientific and classical attainments, of the highest order, were calculated to fit him for professional success, few young men of his day, were better qualified to make a figure in any of the learned professions. That which he embraced, was, probably, the

pursuit for which the nature of his talents and attainments was the least adapted. A minister in the Presbyterian Church, stationed in a remote district, deeply versed in classical literature, a proficient in the natural sciences, a man of polished manners, and high talents, all whose tastes were of a literary turn, was not very likely, either to confine his pursuits to his spiritual duties, or to find in the neighbouring squires, congenial associates, or persons, if they at first courted his society, who might be expected to continue to tolerate his superiority. The young minister of Grey Abbey, soon found himself placed in these circumstances. Some of the gentry, in his immediate neighbourhood, were persons of great political influence in the county; members of the aristocracy, who were accustomed to that kind of homage which landed property then commanded in Ireland, and received, without reference to the worth of its possessors.

The feudal spirit had found, with one exception, its last European refuge in Ireland. Its unrecognised existence there, was worse than its legal one in Russia; for the lords of the soil contrived to exercise that influence over the liberties of the people, by the perversion of law, which formerly they maintained, by the due course of its administration. They did not "sicut alii Barones Hiberniæ" of the good old times, hold "sac and soc," "toll and theam," and "inganthef," with "judgment of water, iron, and the duel;" but the "consuetudo provinciæ," accorded their privileges, of far greater importance than "the sac and soc," the privilege of making the laws in the name, but without the sanction, of the people, and of administering those laws as justices of the peace, sheriffs, and grand jurors, in a manner which circumvented justice, and thus administered, afforded innocence no more protection, than the old judgment by water or iron.

In such a state of things, the great landed proprietor, who was not only the lord of the soil, but virtually, the lord of the law also, was, in reality, the supreme arbiter of life and death in his locality, on

every pretext of popular commotions, when their tenants had grievances to complain of, and at every period, when a pretext was made, for invading the rights of the people in their districts, and consolidating their own privileges. When such power existed, it followed, that it could not degrade, without debasing; consequently, fawning sycophancy and subserviency, were the qualities which recommended dependants, and persons of inferior station, to the favorable notice, and protecting influence, of the seigneur, who was then called the squire. Fealty was no longer acknowledged, by presenting goshawks to the lord of the manor; but allegiance to his electioneering or territorial interests, was manifested, by carrying to him information of every circumstance calculated to affect such interests, and those of the public, which were subservient to the former, but held to be identified with them. A regular system of rural espionage was the consequence, and each district was divided between sycophants, spies, and family-interest supporters of the rural bashaw, and those who were inimical to the sycophants, or accounted inimical to their patrons.

It is difficult to conceive the extent, or the mischief, of this system, especially in the county Down, at the period in question. It tended more, than many of the political evils, which were the subjects of general complaint, to promote the views of the United Irishmen. Men who had been opponents of certain candidates at former elections,—who were on terms of friendship with the other party,—who differed from them in political principles,—who had come in conflict with them respecting grand jury presentments,—who held land which their partizans required,—who had feuds with some member of their families,—or who had been suspected of canvassing their public acts or views, were set down as turbulent or disaffected persons. There certainly is no method more likely to render people disaffected, than by making charges of disaffection familiar to men's minds, which it is difficult to disprove, and which

are felt to be injurious, however undeserved they may be.

Such was the state of society, in the county Down, in the vicinity of Mount Stuart, the seat of the old Earl of Londonderry, in the immediate neighbourhood of which, the minister of Grey Abbey resided; and such was that system of espionage, which Porter lost his life, for daring to satirize.

His acquirements were very extensive. He was well acquainted with experimental philosophy, (as it was understood at the time), and having a popular manner, and good address, he devoted a portion of his time to delivering courses of lectures on natural history, illustrated by experiments in chemistry, optics, mechanics, astronomy, &c., in different towns in the north of Ireland. The opponents of his politics affirmed, that his lecturing tours were, at least, made to answer the purpose of spreading his political opinions, and extending the United Irishmen's society; if they were not undertaken, solely, with a view to that object.

He entered into political pursuits about 1795. The principles of the United Irishmen, so far as Reform and Catholic Emancipation, had always been espoused by him. As they advanced in their vews, and the violent measures of government outstripped their progress, his opinions likewise changed, and he expressed them freely. He was, perhaps, the best public speaker connected with the United Irishmen, in his district; and, as a political writer, he surpassed most of them.

The letters, written by him, signed, "SYDNEY," addressed to the Marquis of Downshire, which appeared in the *Northern Star*, in February, 1794, remind the reader of those, bearing the signature of "MARCUS," in the *Press*. In some of these letters, the style is inflated—the sentiments exaggerated; but, though inferior in point of style and doctrine, to those of "MARCUS," which were unequalled in their day, they are far from mediocrity, in point of literary merit: and if that violence of language, which was

the foolish fashion of the day, had been a little moderated, the thoughts which are clothed in it, would have suffered no injury.

Extracts from Porter's third Letter, in the *Northern Star*, addressed to the Marquis of Downshire, Signed SYDNEY.

"*February, 24th,* 1797.

"That the nation is on the brink of ruin, from which nothing short of a miracle can save it, is a melancholy fact acknowledged in every corner of his majesty's dominions. Were I to point out a public traitor, whose guilt is of a deeper kind than generally falls within the power of mere man to perpetrate—who has exported the precious metals out of these kingdoms—annihilated public credit and commerce—alienated the affections of the people from their sovereign—wickedly confederated with foreign powers to destroy our liberties, to overturn our constitution, and to tear the royal diadem from the head of the house of Hanover: public justice might screen him from popular vengeance, but his life would be a poor compensation for the enormity of his guilt. I shall attempt no picture of the last fourteen years of his life, history will neither be unwilling nor unfaithful. However extravagant these charges may at first sight appear, it does not admit of a doubt, were he tried at the bar of Europe, but that man would be found guilty, whose name your Lordship anticipates, *the Right Honourable William Pitt.*

"Gracious Heaven! my Lord, what a state of stupefaction have the men of great landed property fallen into; duped, confounded, and alarmed, they are blind to the root of the evil; their cause is artfully blended with the cause of a few desperate, proud, hypocritical placemen, who would drive not only the nation, but the universe, to ruin, rather than part with their power, or acknowledge their crimes.

"One desperate step succeeds another, and that

with so much rapidity, that ere long one step more brings certain death, and that, at a point, where to recede a single yard would produce ruin. What confidence should be placed in a crew, who, while the ship was buffetted with the storm, remained in the hold playing a game of hazard? Never was there a period in which your Lordship's loyalty, wisdom, and patriotism, were more necessary than the present. There are back stairs in St. James's Palace. His majesty will see his real interest when real danger threatens; and, at this time every moment is the *tempora fandi*.

"Approach your sovereign, not with the servile flattery of a man who comes to ask a favour, but with the open and dignified carriage of a man who comes to confer one. No service could be done the state,—no favour conferred upon his majesty and family,—no security added to the crown, and no strength given to the constitution equal to what would result from telling the King TRUTH. That such an arduous task would derive importance from its novelty could not be surprising; but that the safety of all I have mentioned would inevitably follow, will admit of little doubt, by those who are sensible of the wisdom and virtues of their sovereign.

* * * *

"You will talk of *Ireland,—of Ireland*, my Lord, not of the blood-thirsty, supercilious, unprincipled ascendancy, who watch over the public that they may destroy every thing great and good in the mind of man; who herd together for the purpose of forging heavier chains for their country; who distrust the people; belie their spirit; scoff at their complaints, and imprudently call themselves *Ireland*. Your duty and inclination, will concur in leaving off this deceitful veil; your sovereign will know the truth from your own lips; he will hear that a few proud aristocrats hold the representation of the country in their own hands; that three fourths of the people are excluded from participating in the benefits of the constitution;

that 800,000 Northerns are insulted and reviled because they talk of Emancipation, Union, and Reform; and, that forced oaths, overflowing bastiles, and foreign troops, are the only means taken for extorting loyalty from his Irish subjects.

"Then, my Lord, you will discant on the invasion which is *past*, and the invasion which is (dreadful thought!) *to come*. The weakness, the disunion, the cold and immoveable spirit of the mass of the people on the late awful emergency, will be shewn as perfectly commensurate to the duplicity, the arrogances, and the hard-hearted tyranny, under which the people groan. Respecting the armament now preparing, should it be destined for the invasion of this country—your love for your king, and the native sincerity of your heart, will prevent you from insinuating that such an event is impossible, from flattering him with the hopes of any resistance, but a partial one, being made—you will state to him that *the people* are unarmed; that they are mistrusted, and that they are disaffected to their present task masters; that while no ear is bent to their complaints—no confidence placed in their courage and patriotism—no attempt at reform, and no prospect of peace, a French invasion will appear to their distracted and despairing minds, as the messengers of heaven to break their chains, and to set their minds and their bodies free. These melancholy truths are now so notorious, that I presume your Lordship will consider any suggestion of them as unnecessary, as the concealment of them from his majesty would be dastardly and dangerous. Hidden evils, while they surprize, they may overcome; when they are seen at a distance, though they cannot be prevented, they may be *shunned*. Should description fail, much aid may be drawn from a simple fable:—to save you the trouble of turning over Æsop, state, 'that it was the *turbulent rapacity of the Dung-hill Cock*, which drove the chickens to seek protection from the eagle who was hovering round.'

* * * * * *

"That the man who contrived this delusion to cover his diabolical machinations, deserves to lose his head—that the plan was dictated to him by the Directory; and that it eventually places the crown and constitution at the feet of the Republicans of France, are the awful truths which his majesty must hear; the truths which he must believe,—and the evils he must avert. Here is a traitor worthy of your talents and your zeal, you will find millions ready to support you in rescuing the king from his faithless servant. I aver it, my Lord, unless this be immediately done, so entwined will he be round the pillars which support the throne, that his fall will overturn the British Constitution. We recollect the temple which the blind man of old levelled to the ground, when the lords and the idols perished in the ruins.

"SYDNEY."

Porter was intimately acquainted with the movements of the leaders of the Society of United Irishmen, and was often consulted by them; he thought his clerical character made it improper for him to take the test, and, for this reason, he declined being admitted a sworn member of the society. Unfortunately, he was well known to aid their cause too freely with his pen; but, except the testimony of an infamous informer, there was no evidence of his ever having taken any more active part, or of having been present at any engagement with the king's troops. The vile system of espionage, which was carried on in his neighbourhood, he exposed with great ability, and ridiculed with happy humour, in a series of letters, called "Billy Bluff, and the Squire," published in the *Northern Star*. These letters were received with extraordinary avidity; they were frequently reprinted, even so recently as 1840.

The characters he introduced, under the titles of Lord Mountmumble, Squire Firebrand, and Billy Bluff, were Lord Londonderry, the Rev. John Cleland, and a farmer in the neighbourhood of Newtownards,

who acted the part of the Jackall to the Lions of his neighbourhood.

These letters gave great offence to Lord Londonderry. Poor Porter paid dearly for his squib. Pasquin himself would have paused, had he been in Ireland in 1798, before he offended interests like those of Mr. Cleland, or his patron—he might have heard "the parson was no jester," and have known the *mos regionis* to be of equal force with any statute of the land; and though there might be no law which declared a political pasquinade a capital offence, that the marked man never "lived exempt from all attainder of suspect," and that suspicion seldom failed to realise its own surmises.

These imprudent publications, it must be admitted, were open to much censure; a great deal of the language was of a character very ill suited to the pursuits of the author. The application of scriptural expressions to a subject of this kind, and the use of names, which one is accustomed to hear pronounced with reverence, in connection with such topics, are much to be regretted.

The following extracts (which are pretty free from the defects referred to) from the letters published in the *Northern Star*, July, August, and September, 1796, styled "Billy Bluff and Squire Firebrand," will give some idea of those productions:—

"Billy Bluff, my neighbour, was up yesterday at the squire's, with his duty hens. 'Well, Billy, what news?' says the squire. 'Troth, sir, plenty of news, but none very good,' says Billy. 'What is your neighbour R—— (meaning me) about now?' 'Why, please your honour, he's at the old cut—railing against the war, against the tythes, and against game-laws; and he's still reading at the newspapers. He is a —— villain, and must be laid fast, by ——; but what more do you know of him, Billy?' 'Why bad enough, and please your honour, him and the Popish priest drank together last market-day, till all was blue again with them; they shaked hands, so they did, drank toasts,

and sung songs.' 'Pretty work, by H——ns! did you overhear them?' 'Ah, that I did so, and listened like a pig. 'What were the toasts? 'First, the priest drank—'*Prosperity to old Ireland,*' and—'Stop, Billy! the toast is infamous; the word *old* never was, and never ought, to be applied to any country but England; and he who would apply it to Ireland is a rebel, and ought to be hanged.' 'He ought, an' please your honour, as round as a hoop.' 'Well, what toast did the villian R—— drink?' He drank, '*Union and peace to the people of Ireland.*' 'Worse and worse, Billy; a —— deal worse: he who wishes union, wishes ruin to the country; I say ruin to the government, and that is ruin to the country. Union, forsooth! that is what never was, and what never must prevail in this country; and as to peace, 'tis flying in the face of government to speak of it.'"

"*July* 18, 1796.

"Billy Bluff has been at the 'Squire's again, Mr. Editor, of which I wish to give you notice, as formerly.

"'Well, Billy, where's the list of what I gave you to spy out for me?' 'Here it is, an' please your honour.—Let me see; aye, well:

"'1st.—To find out all in the parish who have not registered their arms.

"'2nd.—To find out how many United Irishmen there are in Ireland.

"'3rd.—To find out what those people say, who will not register their freeholds.

"'4th.—To find out the United Irishmen's word and sign.

"'5th.—To find out what songs the people sing.

"'6th.—To watch if R—— and the priest drink together at any time.

"'7th.—To put notices on the chapel, church, and meeting-house.'"

* * * * * *

"OATHS! OATHS! OATHS!

"Oaths of all forms, prices and denominations;—great oaths and small oaths, simple oaths and compound oaths, noble oaths and common oaths, purgation oaths and electioneering oaths, bribing oaths and corruption oaths, loyal oaths and disloyal oaths, new oaths and old oaths, oaths for quieting disordered minds, allaying evil spirits, soothing bad consciences, procuring sleep and banishing remorse, oaths for defending the country, for dividing it, for preventing a reform in parliament, for conquering the French, and for stifling public opinion; eating oaths and drinking oaths, singing and laughing oaths; oaths to prevent oaths, and oaths to promote oaths, religious and irreligious oaths, voluntary and involuntary oaths; forced, wheedling, and humbug oaths, all to be had at the above office, from one penny to three shillings each, according to their nature, extent, and efficacy.—*God save the King.*"

* * * * * *

"I do solemnly swear, that the House of Commons, being a branch of the constitution, is a house of wisdom, a house of purity, a house of virtue, and the real, true, faithful representatives of the people.

"And furthermore, I do solemnly swear, that the boroughs, being a part of our constitution, are the great source of our liberties, insomuch as they are never bought or sold; that the men who represent them are freely chosen, and never receive the wages of corruption.

"And furthermore, I do solemnly swear, that the House of Lords, being a branch of the constitution, is endowed with all knowledge, and goodness, and patriotism, to the end of the world and for ever."

* * * * * *

"'*Fire.* Every man must be questioned on his oath. Here are the questions prepared and ready.'

"'Question 1st.—What is your name?'

"'2d.—Do you know any secret which every body else knows?'

"'3d.—Did you ever meet a large body of men where nobody saw you?'

"'4th.—Did you ever take an oath not to tell any body that you did take it?'

"'5th.—Did you ever talk treason with any person in private, where there was no person to hear you?'

"'6th.—How many United Irishmen are yet to join the Union as they call it?'

"'7th.—How long will it be till the whole nation becomes United?'

"'8th.—Is not the silence that prevails in the country a proof of uproar and rebellion?'

"'9th.—Ought not every man that complains of the king's ministers, and who asks a reform, be hanged?'

* * * * * *

"THE GENIUS OF IRELAND.

"'They told me the town I saw to the left was Athlone, and that the spot on which the hill stood was the centre of Ireland. In her right hand she held a branch of olive, which she waved round and round, at which all the people seemed filled with joy, and began to smile. After hovering a little, she rested on the hill, and sat down on the verdant top, that was covered with nothing but shamrocks. The crowds pressed forward, with their eyes fixed on the Genius; as they approached the base of the hill, the throng became greater; they took each other by the hand, and began to ascend. The Genius beckoned with the olive branch, as if inviting them to come forward. They ascended but a little way, when they linked in each other's arms, and the circle narrowing as they proceeded, they pressed closer together, and grasped each other round the waist. There seemed to be mixed all ranks, ages, and professions. The old and infirm were assisted by the young and vigorous. The weak leaned upon the strong, and the rich smiled upon the poor. While this was going forward, I

espied, here and there, several, stop at the verge of the plain, others in the middle; some halted at the foot of the hill, and several were thrown down who had been a good way up. A vast number of coaches, chariots, phæetons, &c., were driving in promiscuous confusion over the plain; some had lost their drivers, and others their owners, who had flown to join the multitudes that were ascending the hill. But the greater part still retained their ponderous load of the dignitaries of the church, the sages of the law, and the lords of the land; they were flying to the dark clouds that still hung over the east, which had now turned to the colour of clotted blood. Then I immediately saw, issuing from the opening of the sky, from whence the angel came, a beautiful transparent azure cloud, bordered all round with alternate shades of crimson, white and yellow, which spreading round, involved the whole hill, and hid from my sight the vast multitudes which covered it, and left nothing to be seen, but the face, neck, and breast of the beautiful angel. At that instant the Genius spoke, with a voice exquisitely fine, that ravished my ears:— THESE, said she, ARE ALL MY CHILDREN. This is the HILL of UNION.' "

On the occasion of the dispersion of the French fleet, off Bantry Bay, in 1796, a use was made of the pulpit, to which, unfortunately in those times, it was too frequently converted. Politics were not only blended with polemics, but the former alone made the subject of a discourse, pronounced in the pulpit of his church at Grey Abbey.

On the "Thanksgiving day," on occasion of the dispersion of the French fleet, at Bantry Bay, Porter preached a sermon, which he afterwards published under the title of "The Winds and the Waves." In this discourse he expatiates at large upon the dreadful dangers that would have inevitably befallen the constitution in Church and State, had the French fleet but reached its destination. He then shews that we owe our preservation, from that catastrophe, entirely to

Divine Providence; human foresight, and human power, had no share in our deliverance: the French fleet met with no obstruction from our navy; and had the armament but landed, no force could have withstood its progress. After all, he intimates that we ought to rejoice with trembling: for the French were still a great nation: their fleet was still in existence, and still capable of action: it had been dispersed, not defeated: not a vessel had been lost: and it might some day revisit our shores, when no storm might be at hand to disperse it for us once more. The whole is in a strain of grave sarcasm, and ironical loyalty, better suited for the pages of Billy Bluff, than for the place where it was uttered. When men, like Porter, were so far forgetful of their sacred office and functions, as to make them subservient to political purposes,—no stronger proof can be adduced, that no common mischief can have so confounded the sense of right and wrong, and that their source must be sought in the gravest of all evils—bad government.

Porter was arrested, and tried by court-martial, at Newtownards, on the charge of intercepting a despatch which had been forwarded from Belfast to Saintfield, during the time that the insurgents were in possession of that town between the 9th and 11th of June, 1798. No attempt was made to connect him in any other manner with the insurgents. The messenger from whom the despatch was taken, was unable to identify him as one of the party, by whom he had been assailed. The alleged fact of the presence of Porter, when the act was committed, was sworn to, by another witness.

The proceedings of most of the courts-martial, in those days, were not publishable proceedings. No report of Porter's trial was given. But the impression, that the proceedings in his case, made on the minds of some of those who were present, is not yet removed. They describe the defence of Porter, as very able and impressive. He declared the evidence given by the second witness, to be false; that the accusation brought against him, was utterly unfounded;

that the fact of his being known to profess liberal opinions had brought on him the malice of their opponents; that those principles had never been concealed, nor needed concealment—they were such as he then avowed and justified.

It palls the sense, to come to the same undeviating issue in every account of the court-martials of those times—the never-failing sentence of death, and the order for immediate execution.

In the brief interval between those events, Porter's wife proceeded to Mount Stewart, to implore the merciful interference of Lord Londonderry, the neighbour, and formerly intimate acquaintance, of her husband. She had been informed, by the authorities, at Newtownards, that Lord Londonderry alone, had the power of suspending his execution. Mrs. Porter succeeded in obtaining an interview with the ladies at Mount Stewart, where he had been, at one period, a frequent and welcome guest. Some of the daughters of his lordship, had frequently attended his lectures on elementary science, and delighted, as well they might do, in the society of such a man. They were deeply affected at the intelligence of his fate; and one of the young ladies, then in wretched health, and a few months later in the grave,* undertook the task of soliciting her father to interfere, for the preservation of Mr. Porter's life. The poor young lady returned to Mrs. Porter, bathed in tears: her father had refused to listen to her entreaties, and no further hope remained.

His wife was permitted to see him, on her return from her unsuccessful mission. After they had remained together for some time, the order came for his execution. He was informed, that part of his sentence, which directed the mutilation of his remains, would be remitted, and the latter would be given up to his family. Porter said to his wife, "Then, my

* Lady Elizabeth Mary Stewart died in her nineteenth year, Dec. 18, 1798.

dear, I shall lie at home to-night." That wretched wife attended him to the place of execution, and was removed from it in a state of distraction.

The place chosen for his execution was selected, in a spirit of fiendish cruelty, unnecessarily wanton, and outrageous to the feelings of the family, and the congregation of the unfortunate Christian minister. They erected a temporary scaffold on the green, midway between his dwelling-house and his place of worship, close to the pathway which led from one to the other, and in the full view of both.

With the exception of those, whose hearts were insensible to the ordinary emotions of humanity, whose faculties were limited to bounds of intelligence, as narrow as those which circumscribed their feelings, amongst all classes, the fate of the minister of Grey Abbey excited universal sympathy. He is buried in Grey Abbey church-yard, where a plain marble slab, with his name, and the date of his death, marks the place where his remains are deposited.

Porter inherited no fortune from his family. His income, by his profession, sufficed for the maintenance of his family; but, at his death, they were left in straitened circumstances. The only passion he indulged in, that crippled his resources, was, the purchase of books, and apparatus, for experiments in natural philosophy. His library was very extensive, and his scientific instruments, and objects connected with the illustration of natural philosophy, were far superior to any of the kind, which, at that day, were known in his part of Ireland. He was on intimate terms with all the nobility and gentry of his neighbourhood, till politics sundered the bands of society; and he maintained his position amongst all, as a gentleman and a scholar, without any approach to servility; but, on the contrary, with the bearing of a man, who was conscious of what was due to himself and to his pursuits. It is evident, from the way in which his old friends speak of him, that his qualities were calculated to gain the friendship of men, who

had some knowledge of their fellows, and ample opportunity of discriminating between the pretenders to worth, and the possessors of it. In his habits, he was strictly temperate. In his political principles, a zealous advocate of civil and religious liberty.

Mrs. Porter died in Belfast, in 1822. His sons, James and Alexander, went, at an early age, to America, and were called to the bar. Alexander became one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, and afterwards represented the State, in the Senate of the United States. In the month of January, 1843, he was again elected, by a large majority. James was long Attorney-General of the same State.

Of the daughters of the Rev. James Porter, one is the wife to Mr. W. D. Henderson, of Belfast. Another married a Presbyterian minister, Mr. Gower, of Ballywalter. Another went to America, and resided many years with her brother, the judge, and died in Louisiana.

If Porter, in his devotion to liberty, loved not wisely, but too well, no enemy of his can say, he was inconsistent in his profession of attachment to it. It was not the acquisition of political privileges for one party, pre-eminence in power or influence for the members of one church, civil rights for one class of men, or those of a religious nature for one portion of the community; but for the children of one common father, of every clime, creed, and colour, believing that they were born free and equal; and having that belief, not only written in the declaration of his independent principles, which bears the appropriate name of "Sydney," not only ready, at certain times and seasons, for utterance on his lips, but in indelible characters, written upon his heart; he sealed, with his blood, the sincerity of the opinions which he professed to hold.

The Honorable Alexander Porter, son of the Rev. James Porter, died at his plantation, Oak Lawn, in the State of Louisiana, on the 13th of January, 1844, at the age of fifty-eight. Judge Porter was one of

those who framed the Constitution of Louisiana; he was a representative of that State in the Senate, a judge on its supreme bench; he refused being placed in nomination for the office of Governor, more than once. He was the only Irishman in the Senate of the United States. On the announcement of his death, the Senate and House of Representatives adjourned, after passing resolutions of condolence, and issuing orders for mourning for the space of thirty days. The national flag, in the Place d'Armes, was suspended half-mast high. When Porter left Ireland, accompanied by his uncle, after his father's execution, he was about ten years old. He was educated in Tenessee, and brought up to the profession of the law, and practiced for many years at St. Martinsville, in Louisiana. He was raised to the supreme bench at the age of thirty-two; and, it is said "fourteen years of intense application enabled him and his co-adjutors, Matthews and Martin, to build up the beautiful fabric of civil law, which has commanded the praises of Kent and Story, and elevated Louisiana to the highest pitch of American jurisprudence." I wish most sincerely, that the code in question was entitled to the praise of a man of the name of Thomas Clarkson, as well as to the encomiums of Kent and Story.

lion against humanity and justice, drove into resistance in the memorable year of 1798.*

In the early part of June, of that year, when the few Northern leaders, who had not then abandoned their cause, had determined on a final effort, arrangements were made for filling up the vacancies in the posts of Adjutant-Generals of Down and Antrim. That of the former was ultimately conferred on Munro. The appointment was made without any intimation to him, in the first instance, of the decision of the leaders. Two persons had been named by them for the post, and the first of these persons who was met with by their agent, was to have the appointment conferred upon him.

When Munro quitted his home, his friends affirm he had no intention to take a part in any insurrectionary movement. The horror of seeing a man, with whom he was well acquainted, scourged at the door of his own house, for the purpose of extorting a confession, was the cause of his flight, having good reason to fear, that a person of his independant principles would be sure to be suspected of disaffection, even if the fact of his connection with the Society of United Irishmen had been unknown. To be suspected of hostility to Orangeism, was then sufficient to deprive the king's Irish subjects, throughout the country, of the protection of the laws; perjury or torture was sufficient, for all judicial purposes, to obtain convictions; it mattered little whether the evidence was procured by the foulest means, or wrung by the severest tortures.

He left his home to escape the enormities he had seen committed by an infuriated rabble of Orange yeomanry; and not only on his trial, but in his communications with his friends, previously to it, he asserted that his meeting with the insurgents, on their way to Ballinahinch, was wholly accidental. If

* The preceding account of Munro's early career is given on the authority of one closely connected to him, by marriage, the widow of a distinguished man of science.

"rebellion lay in his way, and he found it," the Terrorists, whose savage cruelty drove him from his home, and caused any desperate enterprize to come opportunely to him, these were the real rebels, who cloaked their factious designs under the garb of loyalty, and faced the garment of their rebellion, against humanity and justice, with regal colours. Thousands of persons were members of the Society of United Irishmen, whose views did not originally extend beyond parliamentary independance and reformation, and the extension of religious liberty to all classes, but who were driven by the cruelties they saw inflicted on the people, not only with impunity, but with the sanction of the provincial authorities, and the commendation of parliament, into the ranks of the United Irishmen, and, finally, into open resistance to the state.

The people of England are to be conjured, by the historian of those frightful times, before they pronounce judgments on the victims of the laws, or rather of those who administered them; to consider what those laws were, how they were carried into execution, and for what especial object their terror was rendered still more terrific by the mode of their administration. The people of Italy had their Beccaria to appeal to the reason, as well as to the feelings of their masters; but the oppressed people of every country are the clients of Beccaria. The histories of Ireland, its Draconian history, the statute book, will serve for the volume we are told to open in the following passage:—

"Apriamo le Istorie e vedremmo che le leggi che pur sono, o devrebbon esser parti di uomini liberi, non sono staté per lo piu, che lo strumento delle passioni di alcuni pochi o nate da una fortuita e passageira necessita: non gia dettaté da un freddo esaminatore delle natura umana, che un sol punto concentrasse le azioni di un molitudine di uomini, e le considerasse inquesto punto di vista——LA MASSIMA felicita DIVISA NEL MAGGIOR NUMERO."*

* Dec Deletti e delle pene, Introduzione.

spiritual pastor and agent of Lord Londonderry, the tutor of his hopeful son, the panel arranger of the County Down, and the magisterial information hunter of the district. James, or as he is better known by the name of Jemmy Brees, was a small farmer, in the barony of Killinchy, a sporting, rollicking sort of character, famous for wrestling, dancing, fighting, and other similar accomplishments, including the popular ones of taking his glass at wakes, and cracking his jokes at fairs. He was, moreover, a man of great personal strength, and was looked upon, on the whole, as an ugly customer to vex, a useful ally in a quarrel, and on indifferent occasions a good tempered fellow, for whom "the young Lord, at Mount Stuart, had a mighty great regard."

Brees was an humble electioneering agent of Lord Castlereagh's, (then the Honourable Robert Stewart.) He was one of his chair bearers in the Down election, in 1790, and the principal fighting man, whose services were counted on, while the opponents of "Honor and Honesty," (the appropriate motto of Lord Castlereagh,) became troublesome, or his Lordship's own party pressed too rudely on the champion of liberty, (for the young Lord stood on the independant interest.) Poor Jemmy was an United Irishman, but every one said, if half of the United men in the North were to be hanged, Jemmy Brees would escape, for "he was under great protection." A good many people, however, were taken up, and charged with the breaking M'Kee's house, who had no hand in the business; and as I was informed by the late Dr. M'Kee of Belfast, and Mr. Gunning, the real criminal escaped. Whether Brees was guilty or innocent, it is certain that he fully expected to be pardoned by Lord Castlereagh's interference, and complained loudly of being deserted by his noble patron.

The opinion that Lord Castlereagh had taken the United Irishmen's oath, with the view of ascertaining the extent of the danger which threatened the country, was pretty generally believed among the Northern

leaders of the United Irishmen, and is believed by their descendants. I have endeavoured to trace this report to some authentic source, and I find it rests on the assertion of Brees, and the authority of Samuel Neilson. Neilson told Hope, that Brees had informed him, he had sworn in the young lord. It is to be borne in mind that Neilson took a very active part himself, in this election referred to, in favour of his Lordship, and, as will be found in the appendix, acted as secretary, on some occasions, at the meetings, for promoting the return of the popular candidate. Gunning, however, informed me that he was acquainted with Brees, and that he disbelieved his statement.

An eye witness of the assembling of the people at Ballinahinch, gives the following graphic description of the assembling of the insurgents, and of their preparations, during the night, for the engagement which took place at the dawn. It may be proper to premise, that the writer's political views and principles, are by no means in unison with those of the United Irishmen.

Requisitions had been sent by Munro, to all the neighbouring gentry, and small farmers, for provisions; and these were carried to him, at Ballinahinch, by the servants of the former. The writer of this account, then a lad, unknown to his parents, accompanied the servants with the provisions, and remained with the insurgents during the night.

"When we arrived," the writer says, "there were on the ground, a considerable number of females, chiefly servants, or the daughters or wives of cottiers, or small farmers. They were almost all employed on the same business as ourselves; though, it is said, that two or three of them remained on the field, during the night, submitting to their share of its labours or dangers, and performing as valiant deeds as the men: nothing could surpass the delicacy and kindness with which these female visitors were received and conducted through the camp. When those of our party entered the field, they were immediately lightened of

their burdens, and escorted along with them to a particular part of the ground, where the provisions were placed, under the care of persons appointed to receive and distribute them; and two or three young men offered their services to conduct us through the field. Every thing was explained with minuteness; pikes of different constructions were pointed out, and their uses explained, the cannon and ammunition were shewn, and the tremendous effects glanced at, which they were calculated to produce. The leaders were also pointed out; the more distinguished, and the greater favourites among them, with pride and exultation. A mixed and motley multitude met the eye; some walking about, others stretched listlessly on the green turf along the field, a considerable number sheltering themselves from the scorching sun under the shade of the trees with which the field was skirted, and many sleeping on the grass. They wore no uniform; yet they presented a tolerably decent appearance, being dressed, no doubt, in "their Sunday clothes," some better and some worse, but none in the ragged costume that is often to be seen in other parts of Ireland. The only thing in which they all concurred, was, the wearing of green; almost every individual having a knot of ribbons of that colour, sometimes intermixed with yellow, in his hat. Most of them, besides, had their hats and button-holes, decorated with laurel from the adjoining grounds. Their leaders also, in general, wore green or yellow belts, and some of them green coats, and many, both of them; and those under their command, bore accoutrements of various descriptions, and of different degrees of taste and execution, the most of which, had been presented as tributes of regard and affection, and as incentives to heroic deeds, by females, whose breasts beat as high in patriotic ardour, as those of their husbands, their sweethearts, or their brothers. The most common of these decorations were, the harp entwined with shamrock or bays, but without the crown; the British lion and unicorn in a falling attitude, and many other symbolic representations,

with various corresponding inscriptions, expressive of the wishes and feelings of the people; such as, 'liberty or death,' 'downfal to tyrants,' 'freedom to Ireland,' and many others of a similar character. In their arms, there was as great a diversity as in their dress. By far the majority of them had pikes, which were truly formidable instruments in close fight, but of no use in distant warfare. These had generally wooden shafts seven feet long, with sharpened heads of steel of different forms, and commonly ten or twelve inches long: some of these heads consisted simply of one longitudinal piece; but others had another piece, crossing this, and forming a sort of hook, which was thought likely to be of use in cutting the bridles of their opponents' horses; others wore old swords, generally of the least efficient kind, and some had merely pitch-forks. Those of the higher class were armed with guns. There were also seven or eight pieces of small cannon mounted on common cars, which were not calculated to produce much effect."*

The author I have just cited, estimates the number of the insurgents from five to seven thousand; that of the king's troops, from two to three thousand. He says, the number of the former killed in the field, has been stated in the published accounts, to be from four to five hundred; and on the other hand, it is alleged, that only twenty bodies of the insurgents were found in the town and the field of battle, and twenty-eight scattered over the country.

Sir R. Musgrave says, "near five hundred rebels are said to be killed on this occasion." A gentleman lately deceased, of the name of Byers, who took a very active part in the Northern struggle, and was fortunate enough to outlive it, under the name of Gunning, informed me, that the people in arms at Ballinahinch, did not fall short of eight or ten thousand men; and the king's troops, including yeomen, were about three thousand.

* *The Belfast Magazine*, (the second of that name), 1825, Vol. I. p. 57.

CHAPTER II.

MUNRO's first arrangements were judiciously made. He had despatched a part of his force, on the 11th, under a man of known bravery, named Townsend, to take possession of Ballinahinch. No resistance was made: the troops, few in number, fled at the approach of the insurgents. Munro continued to occupy the neighbouring heights. He stationed a strong force at Creevy Rocks, to oppose the march of the troops from Belfast, and to prevent his communication being cut off between Saintfield and Ballinahinch. On the 12th, the troops under Generals Barber and Nugent, were already on their march from Belfast. A party of the insurgents was stationed, by Munro, in an advantageous situation, at Windmill-hill, in ambuscade, consisting of his best musqueteers, under M'Cance; the remainder of his force, was drawn up, on the hill of Ednavady, overlooking the town of Ballinahinch, awaiting the approach of the troops. Their approach was announced by volumes of flames and smoke, extending, as they advanced, as far as the eye could discern: they had fired the houses and cabins along their line of march. The same operation had been performed, on the march of the troops from Belfast to Antrim. On the 7th, the flourishing village of Temple-patrick, was burned down, and has never been rebuilt. Some scattered cabins, few and far between, are now only to be seen in the midst of the ploughed land, where a thriving village stood in 1798. In Ireland every thing was fair in war—conflagration and rapine, almost invariably, followed in its footsteps.

M'Cance displayed extraordinary skill and courage in maintaining his position. He kept the British general in check, for upwards of an hour; and when he did succeed in getting his force out of reach of his opponents, it was with considerable loss. General Nugent's division formed between the hill and the town. Munro, having only a few small guns of little

use, withdrew his men from Windmill-hill, the town, and the several posts in its immediate vicinity, and offered battle to the British troops. Night came on, and no disposition was shewn, to come to an engagement. The troops entered the town during the night, and had no sooner taken possession of it, than burning of houses, plundering of property, and intoxication ensued. "All discipline seemed sunk in licentiousness."

The people rested all night on their arms. Munro went about from rank to rank, cheering his men, and communicating his orders. In the early part of the night, an inhabitant of the town brought Munro the intelligence of the disorders of the troops, their being scattered in an unguarded state over the town, and at the mercy of their enemies. The officers were called together, and the general cry was, for an immediate attack. Munro at once opposed it; vanity, or generosity, or fatuity predominated in his decision. He said, it would be disgraceful to avail themselves of the advantage of a night attack, under such circumstances. "They would meet them in the face of day; they would fight them like brave men." Munro's determination proved ruinous to himself and his cause. The people complained loudly of it, and began to desert—seven hundred in one body, under their leader, left the field that night. The only chance of success for them, was in the proposed attack: there was not sufficient ammunition for the expected battle the next day, and it was not required for the night attack.

Next morning, the 13th, Munro commenced the action, by a discharge of eight small pieces of cannon, which were promptly replied to by the heavy artillery of their opponents. One division of the people made an attempt to penetrate the town, while Munro, at the head of the remainder of his force, charged the main body of the king's troops. They displayed the greatest courage in this charge, drove back their opponents, and effected an entrance into the town, though under a very heavy fire of musketry and grape shot,

which swept away whole ranks, which were as rapidly replaced. Munro made his way to the centre of the town, where, being still exposed to a heavy fire, from the market square, he ordered a charge with the bayonet and the pike: the charge bore down all before it. The British general ordered a retreat. The sound of the bugle for the retreat was mistaken, by the insurgents, for the signal of a new charge of the troops, and they instantly fled in all directions from the town, by the southern exit, while the troops were, as rapidly, evacuating it on the north. This extraordinary mistake led to the defeat of Munro, and the utter ruin of his cause. This was the last effort of the United Irishmen in the field. Munro, hotly pursued, endeavoured to rally his men on the heights of Ednavady; but the hill was surrounded by the troops, one opening only, affording him a retreat. By this, he led off the small force that still remained with him, then not exceeding one hundred and fifty men. Numbers, as usual, fell in the retreat, more than in the field.*

I must now refer for an account of the events which followed the battle of Antrim, to the statement of an actor in them, communicated to James Hope, which contains some additional information, and corroborates what is material in the preceding statement.

"The first authentic account the people of Down had of the movement in Antrim, was from William Kean,† a native of Belfast, who crossed the Channel

* For the account above given of the battle of Ballinahinch, I am chiefly indebted to the "Personal Narrative" of my venerable friend, Charles Teeling.

† William Kean and John Templeton had been employed as clerks in the *Northern Star Office*. Kean took a distinguished part both at Antrim and Ballinahinch. He was taken, along with Munro, near Castlewellan, and was, probably, not recognized; he was sent to Belfast, and confined in the Provost, now called the Donegal Arms. On the 2nd of July, he effected his escape, and was sheltered in the house of an Orangeman, with whom, in the guise of a sailor, he walked through the town to the place of embarkation, where he was put on board a vessel, bound for America, by his generous pro-

in a boat to Holywood. On his arrival, he found that the man on whom the people of that district depended for direction, had fled on board the Tender, then stationed in the Lough. The news reached Bangor on the 9th of June, and the people, immediately after its arrival, assembled.

"A company arrived from Ballymaconnell, commanded by James Scott; they seized some guns from the barge that lay off Bangor, and marched to a neighbouring hill, where they were joined by men from Holywood and the surrounding country, and then marched forward to join a body that had defeated a party of the York Fencibles, near Saintfield; but learning that some of their body had received a check at Newtownards, they took that place on their way; the enemy fled on their approach, leaving their drums, baggage, and arms, with which the country people marched to Scrabo Hill. This was on the 10th, and on the 11th they joined the Kilinchy men at Creevy Rocks, where Munro unexpectedly appeared, and was appointed, by acclamation, to the chief command. Having made the necessary preparations for an attack on Ballinahinch, he marched for that town, dividing his men in two parties, in order to enter the town at both ends. At their approach, the troops in possession determined on flight; but before they fled, *they seized on the only baker in the town, and hung the man to prevent his baking for the rebels.* They then fled, at the approach of the people, in the greatest confusion. The main body then took post on the hill of Ednavady. On the 12th, about two in the afternoon the troops appeared, horse, foot, and artillery, from Belfast.

tector. The act of sheltering him was one which was punishable with death; for a notice, bearing the name of James Dermam, Colonel-Commandant, was posted, immediately after Kean's escape, declaring that if "the said traitor (William Kean) had been concealed by any person, or persons, or by the knowledge or connivance of any person, &c. such person's house will be burned, and the owner thereof hanged."—*History of Belfast*, p. 470.—R. R. M.

"Munro ordered his party to stop them with all their musquetry, at the Windmill-hill, which they did by a well-directed fire. The troops retreated, and were pursued some distance; but, their artillery coming up, they regained the town, contenting themselves for that evening, by placing out-posts, to prevent surprise; one of which was stationed near the people. A company of young men, called the 'Broom-hedge,' from wearing sprigs of broom in their hats, volunteered to dislodge the party stationed at this post. They accomplished this object, with the loss of seventeen on their side, and thirty-six on the other side, with some prisoners, for the people gave quarter, though the king's troops gave none. A picquet of horse fell by one of Munro's out-posts, in the night, and that was all that passed until next morning, when Scott, of Bangor, (who afterwards went to New York,) led a select party into the town, under a heavy fire of grape-shot from the guns in the principal street, and of musquetry from the windows on each side of the street. The cannon had been once taken by the people, and re-taken by the troops. Another desperate charge was made when the opponents sounded a retreat, which the people mistook for the sound to return to the charge. The people, slackening their fire, the troops kept their ground. The numbers of the people were fast diminishing, by the constant fire of the soldiers, who had taken shelter in the houses. At length they retreated, and the panic reached the hill: the people fled in all directions, and were pursued by the yeomanry cavalry, who had thronged into the vicinity from all quarters, waiting an opportunity of slaughtering their neighbours, many of whom were their *sworn brethren.*"

"The above," says Hope, "is a faithful account of the movement in Down, from its commencement to the dispersion at Ballinahinch, given to me by James Niall, a native of Bangor, who was an eye-witness from the first, and one of the party who stood the last charge, led by Scott.

"The Killinchy men," he adds, "had left Ednavady during the night, so that the morning attack fell on the men from the neighbourhood of Bangor. A party, which was assembling near Rathfriland, was advised to disperse by John O'Niel, of Eight-mile Bridge; they did so, and traitors represented them as Catholics who had deserted the people. There was another false report industriously spread, and which is current to this day, that Maginnis had gone to Ballinahinch, with a body of Catholics, but in consequence of a dispute with Munro, had abandoned the people, and taken away his party with him. Maginnis was not there at all, nor any body of men, exclusively Catholics; the Catholics that were there were mixed with the Dissenters, and fought side by side with them, in a common cause, and exposed to a common danger, as they might be expected to do.

"Munro had a Catholic, named Francis Walsh, for one of his Aide-de-Camps. The Killinchy people were the men who deserted; they did so in a body, and they were Dissenters. When the enemy advanced to the Windmill Hill, they took some prisoners who were posted there, and who had remained faithful to their trust, and these men on the spot were hanged on the hill."

The following official account, published by government, of the Saintfield and Ballinahinch engagements, as given in the *Collectanea Politica*, vol. iii. p. 289, will put the reader in possession of sufficient data, to form some opinion of the preceding statements:—

"On the 11th of June, Major-General Nugent marched against a large body of rebels, who retired, on his approach, to a strong position on the Saintfield side of Ballinahinch, and there made a shew of resistance, endeavouring to turn his left flank; but Colonel Stewart arrived from Down, with a pretty considerable force of infantry, cavalry, and yeomanry; they soon desisted, and retired to a very strong position, behind Ballinahinch. General Nugent attacked them the next morning, at three o'clock, having occupied two

hills, on the left and right of the town, to prevent the rebels having any other choice than the mountains in the rear for their retreat; he sent Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart to post himself, with a part of the Argyle Fencibles and some yeomanry, as well as a detachment of the 22nd Light Dragoons, in a situation from whence he could enfilade the rebel line; whilst Colonel Leslie, with part of the Monaghan Militia, some cavalry, and yeoman infantry, should make an attack upon their front. The rebels impetuously attacked Colonel Leslie's detachment, and even jumped into the road, from the Earl of Moira's demesne, to endeavour to take one of his guns; but they were repulsed with slaughter. Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart's detachment was attacked by them with the same activity, but he repulsed them also; and the fire from his howitzer and six-pounder soon obliged them to fly in all directions. Their force was very considerable, about four hundred of them were killed in the attack and retreat, and the remainder dispersed all over the country; their principal leader, one Munro, was taken. Part of the town of Ballinahinch and Saintfield was burnt. In this engagement Captain Evatt, of the Monaghan Militia, was killed, and Lieutenant Ellis, of the same regiment, wounded. The loss of rank and file, was *five* killed, and fourteen wounded. Major-General Nugent acknowledged the services received from Lieutenant-Colonel Peacock, and Major of Brigade Machinnon.

"On the 11th of June, the Portaferry yeomanry, under the command of Captain Matthews, made a most gallant defence against a large body of rebels, who attacked the town of Portaferry, the yeomen having taken possession of the Market-house, from which post they repulsed the rebels, who left behind them about forty dead, and many more were carried off. Captain Hopkins, of a Revenue Cruizer, brought his guns to bear upon the town, and was of great service in defending it.

"On the 16th of June, advices were received from Major-General Nugent, by which it appeared that the

rebels who had been defeated at Ballinahinch, petitioned for pardon, and offered to surrender up all their arms and ammunition. The Major-General, in reply, promised to accept their submission, *on the condition of their giving up their leader, Munro, and the other principal traitors*, who had instigated them to their late wicked practices; they were to have surrendered on the 15th, by twelve o'clock; however, Munro was taken by General Nugent early on that morning. The General stated his acknowledgments for the services of Major-General Barber; and mentioned, with great satisfaction, the conduct of Mr. Boyd, of Ballycastle. The General went, on the Friday before, to Coleraine, where he collected the Dunsevenich and Giant's Causeway corps, with which, together with his own, he returned to Ballycastle, and beat the rebels of that place, and then proceeded *to punish them* between that town and Glenarm.

The rebel commander, Munro, was tried by a Court-martial, and executed. On the trial, the following proclamation was produced, and proved, viz.:—

"'GENERAL MUNRO'S PROCLAMATION TO HIS ARMY, AND THE INHABITANTS OF THE COUNTY DOWN.

"'Not to pay any rent to the disaffected landlords, as such rent is confiscated to the use of the National Liberty War.*

"'*Head Quarters, Ballinahinch,*

"'*12th June*, 1798.'

"The following curious letter from Munro, directed to Citizen Townshend, of Ballynahinch, was also produced, and proved:—

"'WORTHY CITIZENS—We have some small reinforcements, say three hundred men; I hear your's is

* This proclamation, as it is termed, was probably a fabrication, devised and executed for the purpose of exasperating the minds of landlords, who were the prosecutors, and principal members of the court before which he was tried.

much more; I hope the Defenders have rallied to you; send me express. I send some ball-cartridges. You must press for provisions, as we do. I will send you some more to-day, and any thing that can be got here.

(*Signed*) "'MUNRO.

"'*Tuesday Morning.*

"'The Citizens are in choice spirits, longing for action.

"'Health and respect.'"

The Tory journal of Belfast, "*The Belfast News-Letter*," gives the following information, among the ordinary occurrences of the day :—

"June 15th.—When the army returned from Ballinahinch, on Wednesday, many of the soldiers were loaded with plunder, taken from the houses of the insurgents."

If this had happened in India, or the insurgents had been savages, and Pagans of a dark complexion, the inhabitants of some country, ten or twelve thousand miles afar off, the pillage of the huts of the defeated, or deluded peasants, would have been execrated as an act of barbarity, and the officers permitting it, reprobated by their countrymen.

Another authority, of the same political principles as those of the editor's of the journal just cited, M'Skimmin, the historian of Carrickfergus, a man the most strongly opposed to the United Irishmen, and most disposed to believe every thing that was bad of them individually, I ever met with, gives the following instance of "burning loyalty," and predatory zeal of the military, subsequently to the Antrim battle :—

"Early on Sunday, (10th June,) about three hundred of the military, with two pieces of cannon, set out for Ballyclare, where they burned a number of the houses, and also burned and destroyed some others in Doagh and Ballycastor; and, in several

instances, those unconnected with there bellion were the chief sufferers. The country, at this time, appeared almost deserted, scarcely a man was seen, and very few women or children. In the evening the military returned, many of them loaded with plunder, taken from the houses that had been burned or demolished."*

There was no quarter given to the fugitives from Ballinahinch; and amongst those who perished, was a young girl of extraordinary beauty, and daring courage, who had accompanied her lover, and his faithful companion, her own brother, to the field.

This girl is described by Teeling, as the pride of a widowed mother, the loved and admired of the village, where to this hour the comeliness of the fair Elizabeth Grey is spoken of as the perfection of female beauty. Her fate, her beauty, and her heroism, have been the theme of one of the most touching pieces of Miss Balfour's poetry.

The following account of this village heroine, whose memory will yet be done honour to in Ireland, I received from Miss M'Cracken, and on her authority the facts stated will be held entitled to credit.

"Elizabeth Grey, of Killinchy, went to the camp of the people at Ednavady, near Ballinahinch, with some things for her brother, and an associate of his who was her sweetheart, on the Saturday before the battle. She remained with them, and determined to share their fate. They procured a pony for her, and thus mounted, she went into action bearing a green flag. On Wednesday, the day of the fight at Ballinahinch, after the people were defeated, she and her friends fled, and on their retreat they were overtaken by a party of the Hilsborough yeomen, within a mile and a half of Hilsborough. The young men were at a little distance from the girl, seeking a place for her to cross the river, and could easily have escaped. But when they saw her in the hands of the yeomen, they

* M'Skimmin's Carrickfergus, p. 98.

ran to her assistance, and endeavoured to prevail on the men to release her, offering themselves as prisoners in her stead. Their entreaties were in vain, the girl, her brother, and her lover were murdered on the spot. The two wretches, who perpetrated this brutal act, were Little, and Thomas Neilson, of the parish of Anahilt. The young woman was the first who suffered, Neilson shot her through the right eye, the brother and lover were then despatched, and their dead bodies were found, and buried by their friends. (Little's wife was afterwards seen wearing the girl's ear-rings and green petticoat.) An officer of the regulars came up shortly afterwards with the party, and he reprobated their conduct in the strongest terms. These particulars were communicated to me by a man on whose veracity I could entirely depend, whose friends had been at the battle, and who lived in the neighbourhood of the yeomen."

CHAPTER III.

Munro fled to the mountains. Musgrave states he was captured by three Orangemen, who discovered him where he lay concealed under some litter in a potato field. The object of making a display of Orange zeal, and an exhibition of the abject condition of a *defeated* rebel chief, is more apparent in the preceding statement than its veracity. The family of Munro are likely to be better acquainted with the circumstances of Munro's capture, than Sir Richard. From the nearest surviving relative of the former, I received the following account.—

"Munro was taken by a party of military, sent for the purpose, to the house of poor people, where he had taken shelter the Sunday after the battle of Ballinahinch. These people gave information in Lisburn of his place of concealment. He was tried by a court-martial, condemned, and executed, the same day. Doctor Cupples administered the sacra-

ment to him, immediately after his sentence was passed, according to the rites of the Established Church. His father-in-law was the only friend who was admitted to see him, and that for a very short time in the presence of the guards; and this gentleman expressed his surprise and sorrow at seeing him in so distressing a situation. He answered, 'There has been a fatality attending it, when I left Lisburn, to avoid seeing Hood flogged, I had not the smallest intention of joining the insurgents.' Hood was a respectable tailor, on intimate terms of acquaintance with Munro, and a member of the Freemason Lodge, of which he was master. After recommending his wife and infant child to his father-in-law, he parted with him, and shortly after he was led to execution. He died as it became a brave man.* His head was cut off, spiked, and placed over the market-house, where it remained for some months, until a Scotch regiment happened to be quartered in Lisburn, commanded by Lord Bredalbane, when this nobleman had the humanity to order all the heads there, similarly spiked, to be taken down, observing, 'that it was a bad way to conciliate the people.' Others say they were taken down to gratify the Scotch soldiers, as Munro was of Scotch descent, the former I believe was the reason.

"The circumstances attending the execution are painful even now to think of. He ascended the scaffold with a firm step, adjusted the rope himself, and exclaiming in a loud voice, and in a clear emphatic tone, 'I die for my country,' threw himself off the ladder. A temporary scaffold for his execution had been erected before his dwelling house door in Lisburn, (where his mother, his sister, and wife were living.) His house and property in Lisburn, being subsequently completely wrecked and destroyed by the yeomen

* Musgrave states, "When brought to the place of execution, he recollected that he had left an account unsettled with a neighbour, he requested pen and ink, and wrote some lines respecting its adjustment with all 'the coolness of deliberation.'"

and military, his papers, &c., were destroyed at the same time. Mr. Munro's eldest sister Margaret, was obliged to leave the country for a length of time after her brother's death. On returning she was imprisoned for twenty three weeks in Carrickfergus, and was only liberated on procuring bail to a large amount. His youngest sister, Anne, married a Mr. Rolleston, who resides in the vicinity of Coleraine: her children, four promising sons, went abroad on arriving at the age of manhood. His widow died on the 5th of February, 1840, in the house of her nephew, Alexander Arthur, in Belfast. His daughter married an Independent Minister of the name of Hanson.

"Munro in childhood had imbibed a passion for military exercises. During the period of his service, as a Volunteer, he became a proficient in the use of military weapons, and every kind of military exercise. The knowledge of his talents in this way, no doubt led the United Irishmen to consider he would be useful to them. Though, I believe, with my sister, that when her husband first joined the United Irish Society, his views were limited to Catholic Emancipation, and reform in Parliament, still we know that owing to the disappointment of their hopes, and the irritating conduct of the government of that day, in refusing all concession to the just demands of the people, that the United Irish, with equal want of wisdom, depending on their numbers, did extend their views to the great dissatisfaction of many of their friends. Had this issue, and its accompanying evils been foreseen, I am sure that many sincere patriots would have hesitated joining, both from prudence with respect to their own personal safety and their property, as well as the idea of the horrors of a civil war, but it was the fashion of the day, and fashion even in matters of political opinion, we all know has a great influence over our actions.

"In conversation with my sister, she imformed me that her husband was aware of the change which ultimately took place in the councils of the United Irish, and had been appointed to a command as colonel

in the County Armagh.* In such a situation he would have been invaluable to his party, as all he required was a superior officer to say 'take this, or defend that,' and the order would be executed at the hazard, or the sacrifice of life.

"It is distressing to look back on those awful times and remember how many valuable lives were lost, for no useful purpose, and their nearest and dearest friends left exposed to all the malice of a worthless mob, and all kinds of contumely heaped upon them, but if it serve as a useful lesson to a future generation, we may still profit by it."

* A district about two miles from Lurgan, in the County Armagh.

MEMOIR

OF

BENJAMIN PEMBERTON BINNS.

"The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel."
Hamlet—A. 1. S. 3.

CHAPTER I.

THE materials of this memoir were communicated to me in a letter, and a subsequent narrative by Mr. Binns, in the form in which they are presented to the reader.

Some of the statements of Mr. Binns, respecting the Scullabough massacre, and the trial of Messrs. Coigly, O'Connor, Allen, and O'Leary, are of such importance, that I thought it best to give the whole of the information communicated to me in the words of the person from whom I received it.

"*Philadelphia, January 30th*, 1843.

"I perceive by the work which you have published, and which has been reprinted here, called 'United Irishmen,' &c.; that in one of your notes therein, you refer to the 'Memoirs of the Rev. James Coigly,' (erroneously, generally, spelled 'Quigley,') whose fate has been so loudly denounced both here, and in Europe, and to which you have nobly devoted a portion of your work, and made with great truth some remarks on his fate.

"The *subscriber* is the identical person referred

to, by the informer John Hughes of Belfast, who, with the rope about his neck, by General Barber, became the paid spy of the Irish Government of that day, and whose deposition you partly gave in the above work. In that deposition some actions of mine are falsely stated at that period. I am the man whom Mr. Coigly was much pressed by his brother clergyman, (Mr. Griffiths,) to implicate, offering Mr. Coigly his life, if he would criminate me, agreeable to the instructions of the government, which proposal he indignantly refused to accede to; though heavily ironed, he pushed the gentleman out of his cell where he then lay under sentence of death.

"The pamphlet of his, which you refer to, was printed in London, after his execution, the manuscript copy of which was entrusted to his fast friend Mr. Derry, subsequently of New York, to which place he emigrated, shortly after Mr. Coigly's execution.

"You may boast of your Hampdens and Sydneys, but while I live I will speak and write with respect, of him who laid down his life for his friends.....

"I think, Sir, you have slurred over the burning of the *Barn at Scullabogue*. I can tell more of that affair, than any man I believe now living. The odium of it rests at present, on the broad shoulders of the Catholics. But I know better, Sir; though I am a Protestant, I can rescue that body from so foul a stain. I have done it in part, and will finish the task.....

"Yours, &c. &c.

(*Signed*) "B. P. BINNS.

"Irish Citizen Office,
"Philadelphia."

Narrative of B. P. Binns,

(*In a subsequent communication.*)

"In answer to your queries, respecting my dear friend, the Rev. James Coigly, the burning of the barn at Scullabogue, and requesting some information as to my own career, I will endeavour to comply with your wishes.

"I am the eldest son of John Binns, of Dame-street, ironmonger, of the city of Dublin, and was born on the 18th of January, 1771, in that city. My mother was the daughter of Benjamin Pemberton, of Mount Olive, near Raheny, county Dublin. My father lost his life in the bay of Dublin, coming over in the packet from Holyhead, about the year 1775. He was a sheriff's peer, and an active member of the corporation. My father died without a will, and left freehold property and assets to some amount. I think my mother remained a widow some five or six years, and went to live with her brother, William Pemberton, builder, of Park-place, who was married to Miss M'Entegart, of Drogheda, and whose brother, George, she wedded, I recollect, much against the wishes of my father's relatives, and soon after, went to live in Drogheda, and took me and my brother with them: my sister Mary, was left in the care of John Pemberton, of Raheny.

"During our residence in Drogheda, my brother and I were sent to school, to Dr. Norris, in Laurence-street, for a year or so; but the continued ill-treatment we always met with, from Mr. M'Entegart and his brother, at length determined us, though so young, (I being about eleven, and John, nine years of age,) to run away; which we did, on a Sunday morning, under the care and guidance of the servant girl, who witnessed our cruel usage. We started for Dublin, twenty miles distant, with no money but what she had, only a shilling or two in her pocket. While on the road, near Swords, she brought us into a little *shebeen house*, to get homely fare, when, from the window, we perceived M'Entegart on his grey horse, galloping by in pursuit. We slept there that night; and rising early, reached Dublin about breakfast time; and not a little surprised, our dear grandfather, Jonathan Binns, and family, were. The girl told our sad story. He clasped us in his arms, wept over us, and declared we should never return. He provided for us, and was soon appointed, by the Chancellor, our guardian and

next friend. Shortly after, we were boundapprentice, myself to Mr. William Pike, of Great Ship-street, plumber; and John, to Mr. Vickers, tallow-chandler and soap-boiler, of Francis-street. We served our seven years faithfully, and shortly after, went to England, in the early part of 1794, when we got engaged in politics.....

"I was accredited as delegate to Ireland, the latter part of the year 1797, to present to the executive of the Irish 'Directory,' the address of 'The United Britons to the United Irishmen,' and other very important verbal communications, which have never *oozed* out, *and never shall.* I received the appointment from a congregated delegation, composed of United English, Scotch, and Irish members. The paper appears in the report of the secret committee of the Lords and Commons.

"I cannot say the precise motive of the government of that day, for inflicting such severe treatment on me, after my arrest, as compared with *all the rest* of the state prisoners confined in England; except, that they utterly failed in obtaining evidence to criminate me: which, had they received, would justify them to the bulk of the people of England, in introducing strong coercive measures into that country, by establishing the treasonable intercourse between the people of both countries. They did not succeed. I kept good company. Neither *Hughes,* nor any of their Battalion of Testimony, could acquaint them, *who was the actual delegate.*

"I travelled from London to Dublin then, in company with Coigly and Captain Bailey. John Hughes did not speak truly, when he said, 'that I told him I had distributed most of the printed addresses—'United Britons to the United Irishmen,'—and gave him a copy, and directed him to print an edition of them.' *No;* the lying traitor. I gave that document into the hands of Henry Jackson, the intermediate between the executive and those having any communication to present; and had nothing further to do with it, but

deliver it as instructed. He never saw any copy of it, but in the *Press* newspaper.

"I received a reply to that address, and I safely delivered it into the hands of the chairman of the 'United Delegates of England, Ireland, and Scotland,' immediately on my arrival in London; and two days after that, I was arrested.

"This *scared traitor*, John Hughes, however, has not, to my knowledge, disclosed to his employers, the name of the owner of the house, where I was introduced to him by Coigly; and where Lord Edward and others used to assemble, I might say daily, in the city of Dublin.

"In your introduction, you speak of the 'Society of United Englishmen, consisting of forty divisions.' A formidable movement was contemplated in favour of Ireland, the manner and direction of which was known only to a few of the 'National Committee.' I became a member of the "London Corresponding Society,' in the autumn of '94.

"The address of the United Irish Society, to the Volunteers of Ireland, in Dublin, in December 16th, 1793, beginning with the words, 'Citizen soldiers, to arms,' which Hamilton Rowan was tried for distributing at a public meeting in January, 1794, was read by my brother from the gallery, in Cope-street, and distributed by him; he was then about twenty years of age. Rowan was found guilty on Lester's evidence, which was as untrue, in part, as John Hughe's was relative to me.

"In the year '98, I still remained in Dublin, until February, and until the newspapers announced the deplorable intelligence of my brother and Coigly's arrest in England, when I posted from Dublin to Cork, before I went to England, being the bearer of an important communication, intrusted to me by Henry Jackson, to Roger O'Connor, who was then confined, as a state prisoner in Cork jail. I ran much risk, in doing so, at that period; but I gave it to him myself in his dungeon. The way was this,—a Scotch regi-

ment was then on duty there, and a friend of mine happened to be acquainted with the officer commanding the guard, at that time stationed to guard the jail, and through him I saw the man I wished. I then took a circuitous route to Waterford, and got safely landed, in a small fishing boat, at Milford haven, and from thence posted it to London, where I was for ten days, before I was arrested by the King's messenger. When at breakfast with him at his house, the morning of the day I was brought before the Privy Council, he jocosely said to me, 'why, Mr. Binns, I have had a long journey to overtake you; I dare say I have travelled fifteen hundred miles after you. I lost sight of you in Cork; but, for all that, I can tell you where you have breakfasted, dined, supped, and slept for the last twelve months.' And he mentioned the facts so correctly, that I assented, and, smiling, said, 'my dear sir, you have taken vast trouble in your anxiety to meet me; but we are together at last.' 'Oh,' said he, 'I am well paid for it.' He showed me a minature likeness of myself, and said, 'there are none of you, that we have not the likeness of, in our possession; so that, go where you will, if we only see you, that is enough.'

"Respecting 'Bird and Newell,' the travelling members of the battalion of testimony, or 'the men in mask,' I would say a word or two. I was one of the persons who negotiated with them, (when they abandoned the Major's service,) and got all their papers, which were published, in pamphlet-form, afterwards by the United Irishmen, and widely circulated. These two men had the shameless audacity, the very night the negotiation was closed, and when they were leaving Dublin in a post-chaise, to drive into the Castle-yard, to Cook's office, and to demand their pay, which they received up to the very hour they deserted their employers. We had not left their lodgings half an hour, when Major Sirr was there; 'who found the nest, but the birds had flown.'

"Respecting Henry Grattan. A Mr. Harricks, a

Lieutenant in the Bray Yeomanry, told me when I was in Bray, near Dublin, in 1803, that he brought his men, in the year 1798, to Tinnehinch, for the purpose of arresting Mr. Grattan, and if they had laid their hands on him, they would have hung him, '*sans ceremonie*,' upon one of his own gate-posts; but, fortunately for him, a friend, Peter Kearney, offered him a safe retreat in Dublin, in his hotel in Fownes's-street, where he remained for two weeks before he went to England.

"I had not been long in London, after my return from Ireland, when, in the spring of 1798, I was arrested on the charge of high treason. I was brought before the Privy Council. At the end of the chamber, to which I was conducted, there was a drop curtain, like that of a theatre, and I could occasionally perceive the faces of persons partly concealed, peeping from behind it. The Lord Chancellor, (Loughborough,) was in the chair. After asking me if I was not the brother of John Binns, then confined in the Tower of London, and replying in the affirmative, he began by putting some trifling questions, as to whom I travelled with from London to Dublin, and what my business was there, and what packet we sailed in from Holyhead, &c. Then were exhibited some papers to me, which were taken with me at the time of my arrest. I fixed my eye on a long bill of costs, that was furnished me, while in Dublin, by my attorney, for his services in conducting a suit in Chancery against my step-father, George M'Entegart, (who was the Orange Mayor of Drogheda in 1798,*) amounting to £300 (duly paid to him.) That document afforded some evidence that my private affairs had brought me to Ireland, and left a fair impression on the council, and

* Who will long be remembered in Drogheda, particularly when he was Mayor in 1798; hiring horses, and well paid satellites, whom he dressed in French officers uniform, galloping through the country to entrap and deceive the credulous peasantry, and having once got them into his meshes, he flogged, imprisoned, and disposed of them otherwise at his leisure.

they ordered me to withdraw. In a short time I was conducted back again, and desired to sign a paper, binding myself, in my own recognizance, in the sum of £200, to appear, if called upon hereafter, which I did, and was released.

"In the London newspapers, of that period, you will find some account of those matters, and of one of more serious importance, in these terms:—

"'John Binns, Arthur O'Connor, James Coigly, Roman Catholic priest, &c., have been arrested on a charge of high treason, with a quantity of baggage, &c., and 2,000 guineas in a strong mahogany box; and Binns acted as a guide to the above party, procured a vessel for 300 guineas to take them to France; Binns and all the rest were provided with arms. Coigly had taken from his person a large strong sharp serpentine shaped dagger; the parties were taken separate in the same house, King's-head Tavern, and conducted under a military escort to London. The Privy Council assembled at Whitehall, where they underwent a slight examination. It is supposed these boxes contained many important papers, respecting a traitorous correspondence between Ireland and France; considered of high importance, addressed to the Directory of France. Binns refused to answer any questions, and they were all committed to separate prisons.'

"Yesterday morning, at eight o'clock, two of his majesty's messengers, and two police officers, Fugion, and Revitt, went to Mr. Thomas Evans's dwelling, in Fetter-lane, Holborn, and arrested Benjamin Binns, brother to John Binns, now confined in the Tower. He was taken in bed, the officers having burst open the doors of his bed-room. Binns, who was seized, had only arrived a few days in London from Ireland, where he had received information of the arrest of the prisoners in less than forty-nine hours after his brother and the other prisoners were committed to the Tower. At nine o'clock in the evening the Privy

Council met, and Binns was shortly examined by them, and discharged about eleven o'clock.

"In relation to which discharge, I might say with Plutarch, 'to deceive a friend is impious.' But to outwit an enemy is not only just and glorious, but profitable and sweet.

"When at large, as may be naturally supposed, I hastened to render what services was in my power to benefit my brother, and the rest of the state prisoners. The next day I went to the Tower Wharf, and looking up I saw my ever lamented friend Coigly, for the last time, at a grated window, over what is called 'Traitor's Gate,' who held up a white handkerchief much stained with blood. The sentry perceiving me looking at the prisoner, ordered me away. The very next morning I was again arrested, brought before the Privy Council, and refusing to answer any questions, was rudely hurried away. *William Pitt*, starting up from his seat, which was on the right hand of the Chancellor, and stretching his arm across the table, pointed to me, calling aloud most vehemently, '*Commit him, commit him.*"

The following "instructions" were transmitted by the Duke of Portland, to Mr. George Andrews, Keeper of the Dorchester Prison.

"*Whitehall, August 6th*, 1799.

"Sir—I lose no time in transmitting to you the following instructions, for the direction of your conduct towards Mr. Benjamin Pemberton Binns, whom I have committed to your jail for treasonable practices; to which you will not fail to pay strict attention, during such time as he shall remain in your custody.

"You are to take especial care that he be confined *alone;* and that he be on no account allowed to hold any intercourse or communication with any person whatever, either within or without the prison, without an authority from one of His Majesty's Secretaries of State. Should he at any time have more money than is sufficient for his current expenses, you are to

take it into your charge, giving him a regular receipt thereof.

(*Signed*) "PORTLAND,
"One of the Secretaries of State
"for the Home Department."

"I am now on my seventieth year, and it yet makes me shudder to recall my sufferings, during the three years I spent in solitary imprisonment, without the use of books, pen, ink, or paper, and without having been put on my trial for any offence—*and this took place in England.* The details of my imprisonment, in Dorchester jail, appeared in a public print, in this country, in 1840. I was removed from Newgate, London, on the 7th of August, 1799, very early in the morning, in custody of Mr. Slater, a king's messenger. Particular severity, in my treatment, had been enjoined. I was removed, manacled with heavy irons, called 'bassils,' rivited to each leg above the ancle, which were small for me after a journey of a hundred miles; these fetters so swelled my feet that I could not walk for three weeks afterwards; indeed the king's messenger had to get assistance to lift me out of the post-chaise, as I journeyed along the route. On our arrival at Dorchester, the jailer had orders to take away my money: he took from me sixty guineas, and gave me a receipt for the amount. I never got back one cent—though Alderman Pemberton, (since, Lord Mayor of Dublin,) my near relative, was at the time of my liberation, on my own recognizance, over in London, on municipal business, and showed the jailer's voucher to Sir Richard Ford. His reply was, 'Mr. Pemberton take no interest in this matter, if you do, the business you are commissioned here on, may be jeopardized.'

"I do not think that I have ever rightly recovered from the mental sufferings which I endured, during my three years close and rigorous confinement. When I was taken from Dorchester prison, by a king's messenger, to London, to be liberated, our post-chaise

stopped at an hotel, in Piccadilly, and we walked from thence to Charing Cross, till we reached Whitehall; and on passing persons, who were going along the streets, I used to avoid getting between any two passengers in our progress, always making a circuit to the outer individual, from an apprehension I cannot well describe. It seemed to me I should be *flattened, pressed together*, crushed, as it were, by their touching my person. Another strange sensation I well remember feeling. When I went to Carmarthenshire, in South Wales, on my liberation, to recruit my health, I used to feel unaccountably uneasy, restless, irritated, whenever a door or window was left open, even partly, for at least *twelve months after*. These remarks may appear as trifles. I put them on paper, and leave philosophers, and medical men, and lovers of their kind, to draw their own conclusions; I state facts—let such persons ponder on them: and I declare now, in the presence of, and before my Creator, that sooner than suffer what I have survived, (now in my seventy-third year), I would entreat, implore, consider it *mercy* bestowed, *to take away my life at once*—dear as we prize it, the older we become—than suffer what I did.

"You refer to the Scullabogue massacre, and to my expression, that 'you slurred over that matter.' I think so still. That perfidious act was designed by the agents of the Irish government, to palsy the efforts of the North, at that most critical period of the people's cause. You say, Sir, 'but the *history* of that sickening period enters not into the purposes of this Introduction.' Why not, Sir, as well as the rest of your narrative?*

"That massacre was concocted in the Castle of Dublin!!! and the concoction of it, was entrusted to Mr. Secretary *Cooke*. I will state to you, Sir, word for word, what my sources of information on that sub-

* However proud I might be, of being considered the author of that Introduction, it is only just I should set Mr. Binns right on that point. I was not the author of it; and that Introduction was not the place for the details in question.

ject were, and by whom, and when, I was informed about it. I was passing through the Castle-yard, in Dublin, in the year 1805, where I lived from 1802 to 1817, when I was spoken to by a friend of mine, and an old schoolfellow, Bartholomew Corbey, Esq., register to one of the Masters in Chancery of that day, Mr. Westby, (both these gentlemen are Protestants), and both of them were standing together, on the occasion I referred to. My friend introduced me to Mr. Westby. While we talked of the news of the day, Mr. Westby suddenly arrested our attention, by calling on us to look at two men, who were then standing at the office door of the Under Secretary of State. He said, 'LOOK AT THOSE TWO FELLOWS—THEY ARE THE VERY MEN WHOM COOKE SENT DOWN TO THE SCULLABOGUE BARN, AND CAUSED IT TO BE SET ON FIRE BY, ON THE 5TH OF JUNE, 1798, WHEN SEVERAL RESPECTABLE PROTESTANTS, AND LOYAL MEN, WHO WERE THEN PRISONERS TO THE REBELS, WERE DESTROYED; AND A REPORT WAS CIRCULATED, BY ORDER OF GOVERNMENT, THAT IT WAS DONE BY THE CATHOLICS, BECAUSE IT WAS A CATHOLIC REBELLION.'

"The object was gained by this infernal scheme. The Northern Presbyterians, believing the story, gave up their arms, saying, 'we did not take them up for any such purpose.' They got protection, and became excessively loyal men: so the insurrection faded away, and the rebellion shortly after ended, believing the cause of national independence had been superseded, and had merged into a religious warfare. This account I then, *and do now, firmly believe.*

"I cannot verify the fact myself, for I was then a prisoner in England; but my authority is unquestionable. The governor of Moscow, Rotchtopkin, acted on a similar hint to that from the Irish governor, and saved Russia for his master, by a conflagration, as *Cooke* had acted in Ireland for his; but the latter in a more base, infamous, and atrocious manner—destroyed his friends to subserve his policy, with the view of sowing division, as usual, amongst the people, and ruling by

means of the dissension. They acted on the principle, that 'the end justifies the means.' Oh, horrible! most horrible! but so it was. Bagnall, Harvey, and all his officers at the time, and on the spot, did every thing in their power, used every exertion and means in their power, to discover the perpetrators of that tragedy, amongst those who were under their immediate command; but no discovery took place—their inquiries proved fruitless;—it was not done by them. What was the ejaculation of Harvey the next morning surrounded by his officers, and his brave companions in arms, when viewing the ruins of the barn, he wrung his hands, and said, 'Innocent men were destroyed there: our exertions for freedom are at an end.'

"During the struggle, in Ireland, for independence in 1798, only five counties rose, out of thirty-two, to combat the best of Britain's troops; and they reduced their numbers to 30,000. One regiment of dragoons, called the 'Ancient Britons,' mustered 1,500 strong on their arrival, and by their return made at the War Office, when the rebellion was over, their numbers were reduced to 57.

"Some of these particulars have been published by me, in the *Irish Citizen*, under the signature of 'One Who Knows.' I was a state prisoner in Newgate, London, at the time of Coigly's execution, June 7, 1798, where I remained, till August 7, 1799, from March 10, 1798, when I was taken to Dorchester prison, as I have stated, heavily ironed, where I remained during the renewed suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, *without trial*, until April, 1801, when, after the peace of Amiens was proclaimed, I was conveyed to London, and liberated.

"You say, Sir, 'The Volunteer artillery corps, in 1782, in Dublin, *had labels on the mouths of their cannon*, bearing the words, 'Free Trade, or Speedy Revolution.'' Near the touch-hole, the following words, 'Free Trade—or else,' were cast with the gun itself. I read them myself on the cannon.

"The leaders of the United Irishmen were not so much alarmed at the prospect of foreign influence in their councils, as some imagine. Have I not seen, in Henry Jackson's foundry, in Church-st., in January, 1798, heaps of cannon-balls ready for use, made to the exact calibre, forwarded to the Directory, for the expected French ordnance? These were exultingly pointed out to me, by Mr. Jackson himself. Did that imply distrust of foreign influence?

"In truth, it is difficult to come to a just conclusion, as to whether leaders are honest, or whether the Minister, looking at the opinions imputed to them, or their suspected plans, or disclosed proceedings, takes advantage thereof, and moulds his policy to them, and thus counteracts their effect. Look at O'Connell; let him still continue to persevere in *his individuality*. His doing so will redeem his country; he trusts in none. His mind reposes on its own resources, and needs no other for the guidance of his struggle.

"I did not get acquainted with Coigly until 1796; he was then passing through London, on his way to France; my brother and I having been residing in London since the year 1794.

"Coigly returned to Ireland from France; the first time, in the latter part of 1796; and the second time, in November '97, to apprize the Irish Executive of the intended sailing of the fleet of the Bavarian Republic, under Admiral de Winter; who had, at the time of his intended departure from Holland, 15,000 troops on board, for the invasion of Ireland, in the vessels then laying in the Texel, but which were debarked, and de Winter ordered to put to sea. There was treachery, I believe, on the part of the Dutch Directory. De Winter was defeated by Admiral Warren, in the British Channel, as I conclude the matter was arranged by the members of the Dutch Directory.

"The object of Coigly's going to France, as he purposed doing, when he and O'Connor set out together, was to displace Lewins. I heard from himself,

and one of the Irish Executive, that he was commissioned by the Executive to supersede Lewins in Paris, whom some suspected of betraying the interests of Ireland. It was on that business he went from Dublin to London, on his way to Paris, when he was arrested with the others at Margate. We had information, two days before Coigly left Dublin to displace Lewins, that the ports of Ireland were to be closed to prevent his going, and that this measure had been determined on by the Privy Council, in the Castle of Dublin. This information was given to us by one of the Privy Counsellors themselves, and he, in consequence, got orders to start for England, which he did, after being entertained at a large dinner party of his friends, by Barney Coyle, at his house. Oh, that he had attended to my parting advice.

"Coigly was acquainted with most of the leaders of the United Irishmen; he was no stranger to L., he made him a United Irishman in his father's house, in Merrion-street, Dublin.

"He became acquainted with my brother in 1797, in London, and with me in 1796, in London also. He was likewise acquainted with Dr. Crossfield, of the Corresponding Society, (Peter Nepos *versus* Peter Pindar). Coigly saw him shortly before he left London; it was he, Dr. Crossfield, who wrote the address that was found in Coigly's coat-pocket, and it was in his hand-writing, too.

"There is no truth, as to the alledged hoax of Crossfield's putting this paper in his pocket for a joke. He asked Coigly to take a packet for him to Paris, and Coigly, in the way of politeness, only received it from him; he wanted no such introduction in France. He set no value upon it, but carelessly thrust it, as a piece of waste paper, into the pocket of his outside coat, and thought no more of it.* The paper found in the

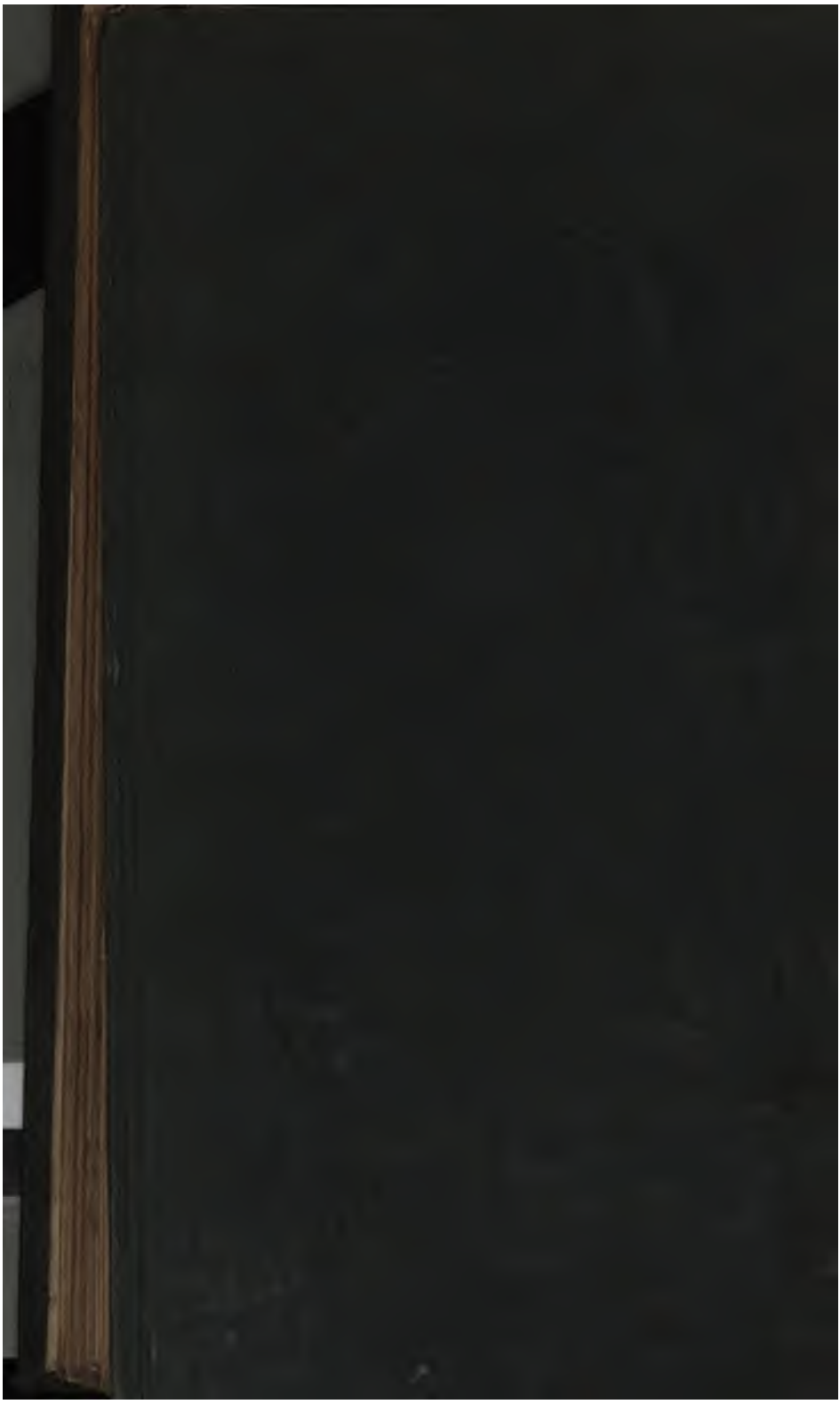
* There is much to be said on this subject. The reader is referred to the Memoir of Coigly.—R. R. M.

great coat did not emanate from the Corresponding Society. I may truly say, that society was not then in existence; it professes to be from the 'Secret Committee of England.' That committee was composed of delegates from England, Scotland, and Ireland, as a 'Directory,' the same which delegated me to Ireland.

"The address states, that the citizen who was the bearer of it, had borne another, on a former occasion. Coigly was the bearer of one, of great political import, from England to France, in 1796.

"John Binns was never in France; and was not going there when he was arrested. He was a United Irishman, as well as myself; he became one in London, in 1796. The Corresponding Society, and that of the United Irish, were not in communion.

"After sentence of death was passed upon him, on his being brought back to the prison, the manuscript, entitled 'Memoirs of the Rev. James Coigly,' written by himself, were conveyed from his dungeon, in Maidstone jail, by his friend, who never left him, to the day he was executed, (the late Mr. Derry, of New York, the proprietor of an Academy on the Broadway,) and 40,000 copies of it were printed by Fenwick, a junior editor of the *Courier Newspaper*, and published in London shortly afterwards.

"Sentence of death was passed on Coigly at night. The court-house was lit with lamps. Coigly was near escaping; 'the terror in the court was extreme;' the cry of 'put out the lights,' was heard; there were swords drawn in court, and, in the scuffle, O'Connor received some blows; Lord Thanet was arrested for rioting in court. The fact is, preparations were made for effecting the prisoner's escape, and post-horses were engaged, and in readiness on the road, to facilitate Coigly's flight.

"I offer no opinion, and express no preference, with respect to the publication of any facts herein stated, to be selected for your work. I advisedly, and with my full consent, give you leave, *a carte blanche*, to select, omit, publish, or not, any or all, or none, of